Collier's
JUNE 27, 1942
TEN CENTS

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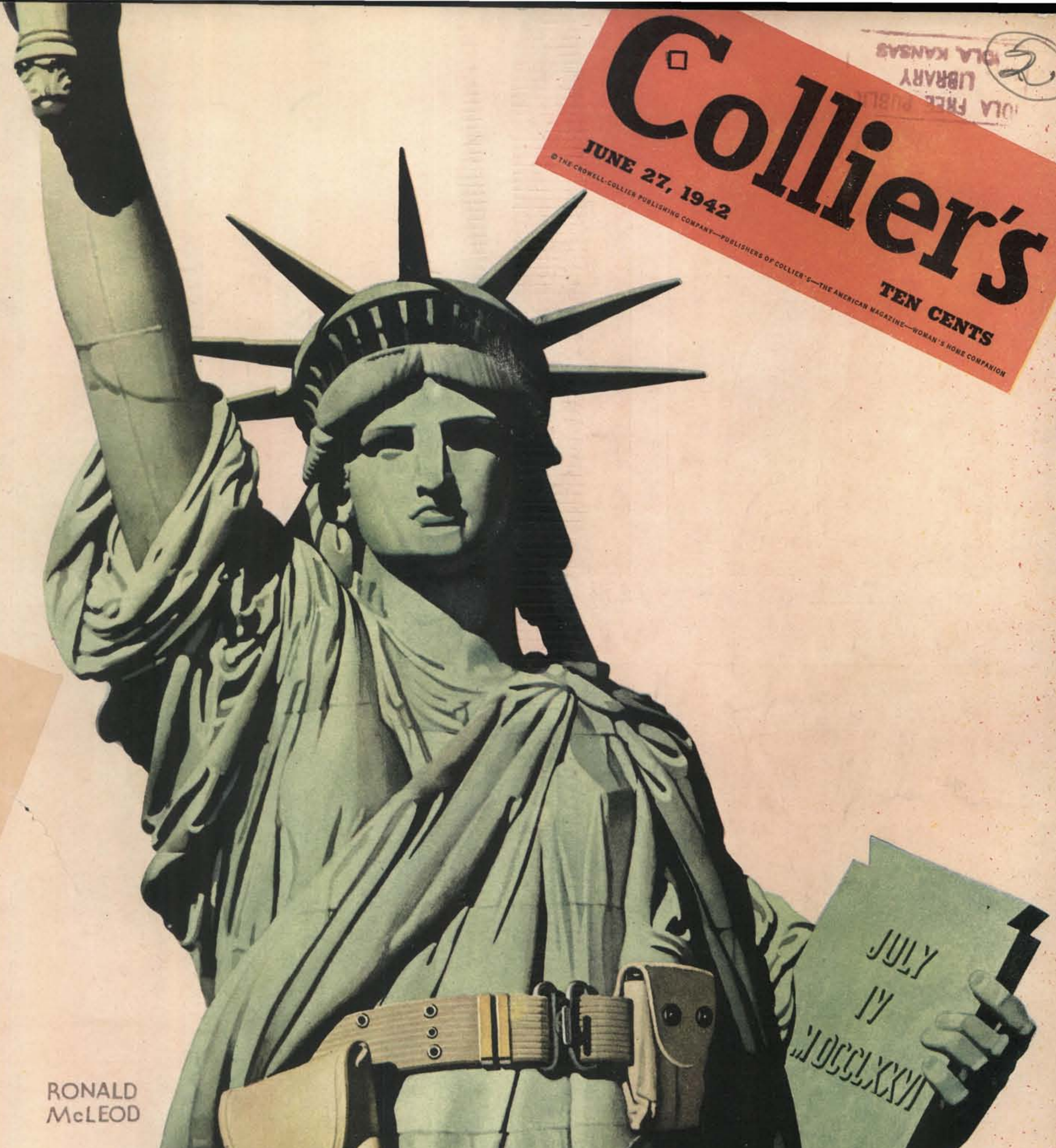

# WHY WE'LL HAVE ENOUGH TO EAT

BY CLAUDE R. WICKARD, SECRETARY OF A

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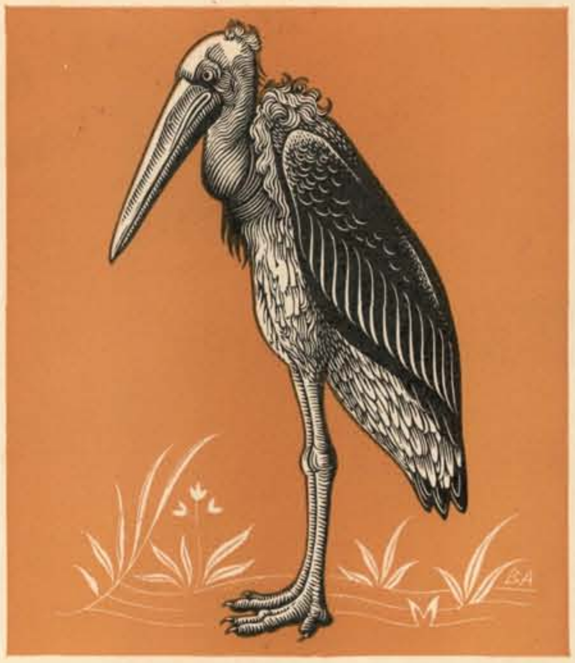
June 27 '42.

# Know your M's



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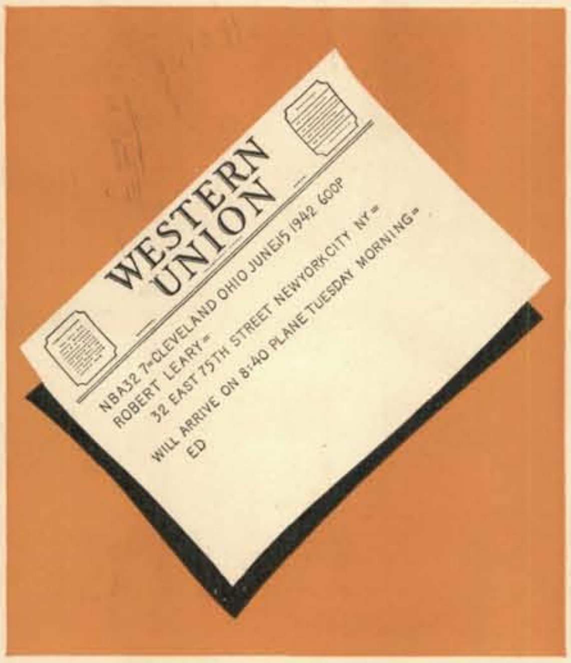
WESTERN UNION
NBA32 7=CLEVELAND OHIO JUNE15 1942 600P
ROBERT LEARY=
32 EAST 75TH STREET NEWYORKCITY NY=
WILL ARRIVE ON 8:40 PLANE TUESDAY MORNING=
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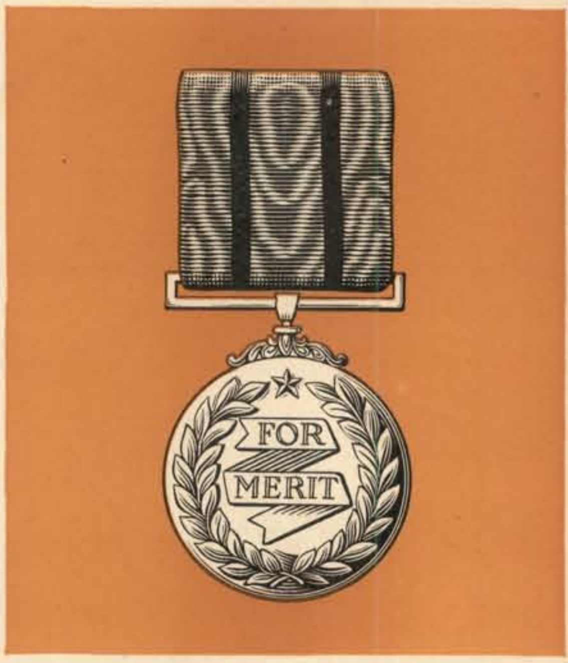

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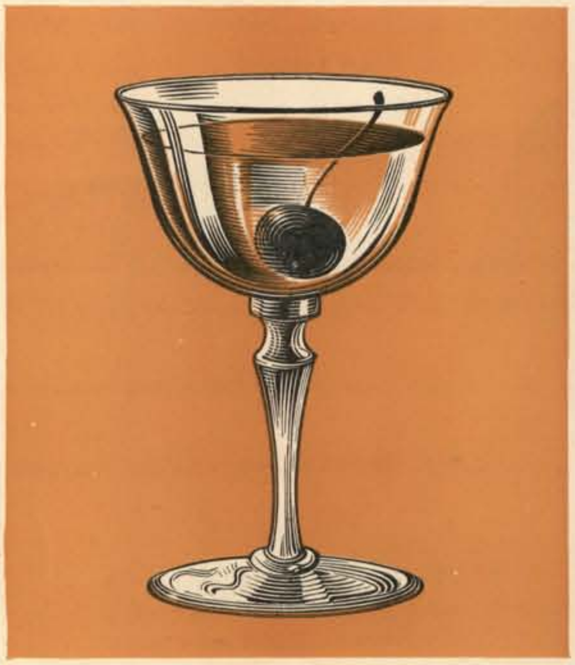

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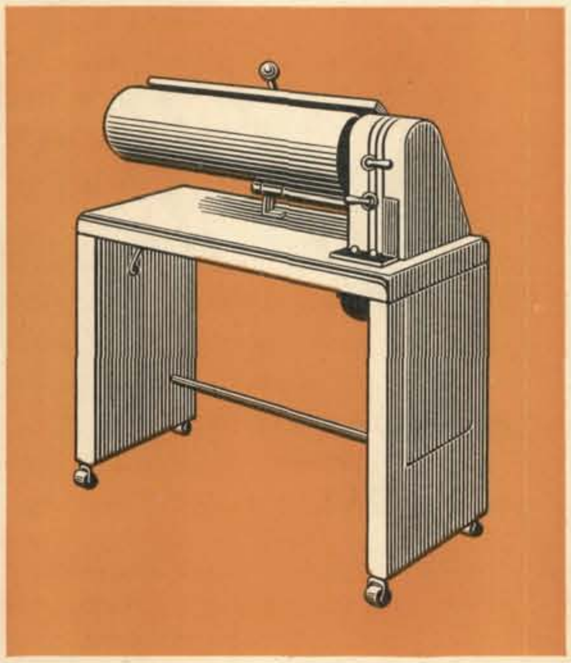

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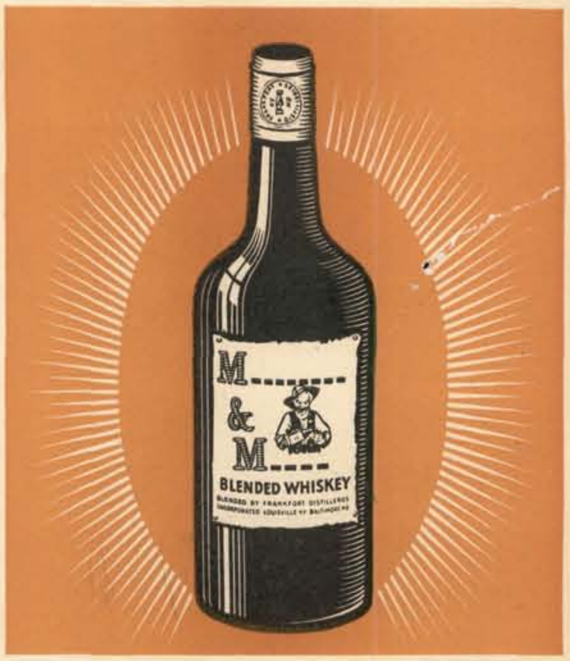
M________
&
M____
BLENDED WHISKEY

*6. This is M_________ & M____*

The whiskey that's Mild,
Mellow, Moderate-priced.

**DON'T LOOK NOW** and we'll tip you off to the answer to number 6. And if you got it right, you're a man of wisdom and sound judgment, regardless of the rest of your score. It's *Mattingly & Moore,* the whiskey that's mellower and milder than many much more costly brands.

Now here's how to score:

All six right, you're a superman; five, amazing; four, superior; three, above average; two, average; one, you could do better, unless, of course, it was *M & M* you picked right. Here they are...

**ANSWERS:** 1, *Marabou;* 2, *Message;* 3, *Medal;* 4, *Manhattan;* 5, *Mangle;* 6, *Mattingly & Moore, probably the outstanding whiskey value in the land.*

**The Best of 'em is**

**M&M**

## –Know Mattingly & Moore

*Blended Whiskey—86 Proof (also 80 Proof)—60% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore*

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Pratt & Whitney Engines ★

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**CONTINENTAL**
Pratt & Whitney Engines ★

# 10
# great manufacturers team up with
# UNITED AIRCRAFT

Engines, propellers and airplanes are among the items of equipment most vitally needed by our armed forces. The faster they can be made, the sooner this war can be won.

United Aircraft recognized this fact as far back as the summer of 1940, and started enlisting other manufacturers as emergency production sources. Under this program ten great manufacturers, whose names are household words, have teamed up to build several billion dollars worth of Pratt & Whitney engines, Hamilton Standard propellers and Vought-Sikorsky airplanes *per year*. This emergency production will be without profit to United Aircraft, which has gladly contributed its proven designs, technical experience and manufacturing "know-how."

This foresight is bringing results today. Precious months have been saved. A number of these manufacturers are already shipping engines and propellers in quantity, and the others are rapidly gearing up for production.

All this is in addition to United Aircraft's own vastly expanded production, which has increased many fold since 1940.

This teamwork typifies the cooperative spirit of American industry in this emergency, about which the *New York Times* says:

> *"The whole manufacturing picture with regard to aircraft is an encouraging example of American industrial spirit rising to meet an emergency, with full cooperation and interchange of design, personnel and equipment between previously competitive elements within the aircraft industry and the automobile industry, and between the two great industries themselves."*

In enlisting the full-out efforts of these ten organizations, United Aircraft has helped to create what is probably the greatest manufacturing team the world has ever known.

**UNITED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION**
EAST HARTFORD · CONNECTICUT

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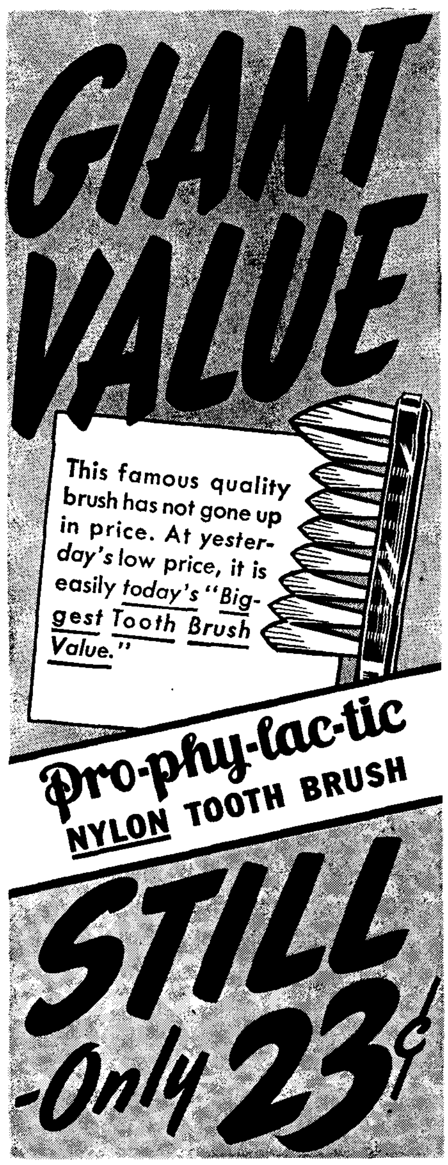
Engines

Vought-Sikorsky
Airplanes

Hamilton Standard
Propellers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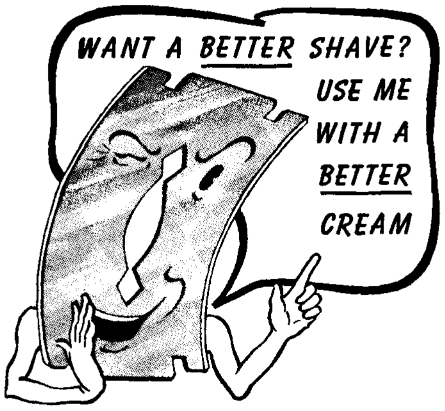
This famous quality brush has not gone up in price. At yesterday's low price, it is easily today's "Biggest Tooth Brush Value."
Pro-phy-lac-tic
NYLON TOOTH BRUSH
STILL -Only 23¢


WANT A BETTER SHAVE?
USE ME WITH A BETTER CREAM

DON'T BLAME YOUR BLADE

**If you get poor shaves** too often . . . if your beard doesn't always "come clean", or your face feels raw and tender and irritated, don't be too quick to blame your blade. Blades today are really well made. It might be simply a matter of getting the right cream for your face, so

**Change your cream.** Try Listerine Shaving Cream *with the same blade you were complaining about!* No matter how tough your beard, no matter how sensitive your skin, if you're not 100% satisfied with Listerine Shaving Cream, just send the partly used tube to the Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo. Your money will be promptly refunded. *That's* how sure we are that this *different* shaving cream will delight you!

LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

*Brushless and Lather*

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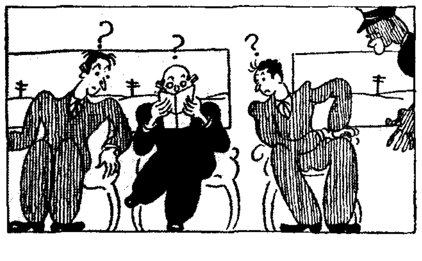
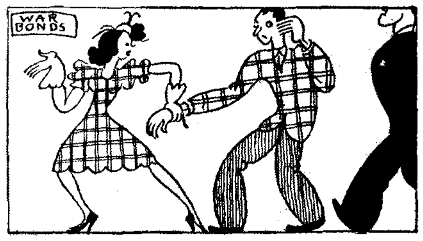
# ANY WEEK

WE HAVE just dropped in on friends of ours to see how their new baby was getting along. The kid is as lusty as a new born llama, which is to say healthy. And nobody on this reeling globe could be much lustier than its mother. But the father is still low in body and mind. He told us about it. They live in—well, let's call it the suburbs of Brooklyn. You've got to be durable in the suburbs of Brooklyn. But his story is that without much warning the child began to get itself born. He piled his wife into his car, started for the hospital—in Brooklyn. Taking the shortest route he arrived at one of the many bridges only to find that there had been a nasty motorcar accident thereon and that the police had closed it to traffic. Our friend detoured. This roundabout way was ten miles longer and packed with paving hazards. The car hit a break in the road, going fifty-five miles an hour, plunged, swerved, remained upright. But his head hit the top of the car, carving a nasty gash in his scalp and incidentally doing his wife no good. Dazed, he arrived at the hospital, where his wife was carried into the maternity section, and where he fainted. His scalp was sewed up and, still dazed, he was driven back home. What with his minor concussion and the heavy sedative they gave him he went to sleep immediately. He awoke the next morning, still groggy. In his blurred way he tried to remember what had happened. After some mental groping he recalled enough to telephone the hospital, got the nurse on the phone. "How's my wife?" he yelled. "What about the baby?" Of course he couldn't see the nurse but he tells us that he could hear her yawn. "Listen, Dodger," she replied. "We're okay on this end. Where've you been? How did our Beautiful Bums make out yesterday?"



WE'VE been going over the war situation with one of those practical psychologists, a Pullman conductor. As we get it, as long as the government will permit you to travel at all, rail transportation is becoming pleasanter. This is due, our conductor explained, to the duration disappearance of the club-car-compartment raconteur, the all-wise passenger who introduces himself, tells you what a hurricane he is in his own line, inquires into your business connections and proceeds to tell you how to run your affairs. Our conductor assures us that the fellow has been silenced. He still exists, but he has been badly discouraged. The latest one our conductor noticed broke the grim silence in a club car not long ago by introducing himself to his neighbor; he demanded his neighbor's name and "line" (which he didn't get) and then, ignoring the snub, proceeded to outline in considerable detail how the Philippines could have been saved, how to destroy Japan, what really happened in the Coral Sea, the lowdown on Russia, what's going to happen after the war and so on. This took him all of a half-hour and when he stopped, a terrible silence greeted him. This lasted a long frigid minute. Then a fellow halfway up the car said, "Brother, why don't you be a good fellow and take a contract to win the war." Our conductor told us that it is not that the traveling public is tiring of club-car wise guys but is merely tired of talk in all forms. "Everybody," said he, "is sure that the guy sitting next to him is an enemy agent. In fact everybody hopes that his neighbor suspects him of being an enemy agent —either that or a G-man or a military intelligence man. War makes men romantic."



FROM Omaha we learn through Mrs. Aimee Bienstock that an elderly and wealthy masher went a-hunting not long ago. His luck was merely so-so until in the lobby of a hotel a lovely young woman smiled at him. He pursued her into the street and presently caught up with her. When he spoke to her, she became quite indignant. She called him by his name and reminded him that his reputation was none too wholesome—that he had been reported several times for accosting innocent young women. Recognizing the truth, he was about to take it on the lam, pretty well alarmed. But she grabbed his arm: "Oh, no you don't. I am about to give you your choice between hearing me call a policeman and buying a nice one thousand dollar War Bond, thus aiding a most worthy cause. Will you come quietly to bond headquarters or in any way you like to police headquarters?" We hope this story is not true, feeling that it would mortify our soldiers, sailors and marines beyond words to know that money for

*(Continued on page 31)*

# THIS WEE

JUNE 27, 1942

SHORT STORIES

**VEREEN BELL**
**The Night Horse.** A thoroughbr has one last fling. Page

**LUTHER DAVIS**
**The Defense of Frederick.** Mr. Sme en's militia chalks one up agai the Japs. Page

**JOHN WELD**
**Fly Away Home.** Love comes in t strangest places. Page

**THE SHORT SHORT STORY**
**Potluck,** by Kyle Crichton. Page

SERIAL STORIES

**JOHN P. MARQUAND**
**It's Loaded, Mr. Bauer. The third eight parts.** Page

**JAMES ALDRIDGE**
**Flight to the Sun. The sixth of t parts.** Page

ARTICLES

**KATE HOLLIDAY**
**Farmer's Daughter.** Hollywood p zles about Donna Reed. Page

**CLAUDE R. WICKARD**
**Why We'll Have Enough to E** Your government takes steps to ke you from going hungry. Page

**HOWARD HARTLEY**
**All Hands on Deck!** How Ameri turns out able seamen for her M chant Marine. Page

**JIM MARSHALL**
**Hurry-Up Joe.** General Joseph St well, who has a little unfinish business in Burma. Page

**THÉRÈSE BONNEY**
**Roses from France.** Raoul Dufy ca tures the unquenchable spirit France. Page

**ARCH MURRAY**
**Red Flag in Brooklyn.** Umpi George Magerkurth, the scourge Flatbush. Page

**OUR FIGHTING MEN.** Page

**HANNAH LEES**
**Good and Married.** How to be ha pily married—for keeps. Page

**J. BRYAN III**
**Castle in the Air.** Death-defyi thrills on the bounding wire. Page

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**FRELING FOSTER**
**Keep Up with the World.** Page

**WING TALK.** Page

**EDITORIALS**
**Radio Fights Back.**
**Rationing and Rot.**
**White Feather and Glass Eye.** Page

**COVER** RONALD McLEO

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# How to serve better meals—and help Uncle Sam

ONE OF the most effective ways to co-operate with the wartime nutrition program is to increase your use of fruits, vegetables, milk and its products.

Governmental and private health agencies have two good reasons for wanting every family to eat more of these foods in addition to the meats, breads, cereals and other elements which should continue to be a substantial part of a good American diet.

First, *your health.* Fruits, vegetables, and milk, important in times of peace, are even more vital to the health and efficiency of our nation in times of war. They contain an abundance of the elements which help to protect us from disease, and also to attain that robust good health which enables us to do our work more effectively.

Second, *our war effort.* Responsible officials tell us that using more fresh fruits, vegetables and milk, especially those produced locally, will release shipping facilities. It will also help provide larger reserves of easily transported foods such as meats and various dehydrated foods, for shipment to our armed forces and to our allies.

Even though you think that your family is already well fed, it will pay you to *make sure* that they are eating enough fruits, vegetables and milk, along with the other essential foods. There are some suggestions on this page for getting more of them into your family's diet. Metropolitan will send you a free booklet, "Three Meals a Day." It contains much information about planning nutritious meals.

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, 72-C, "Three Meals a Day."

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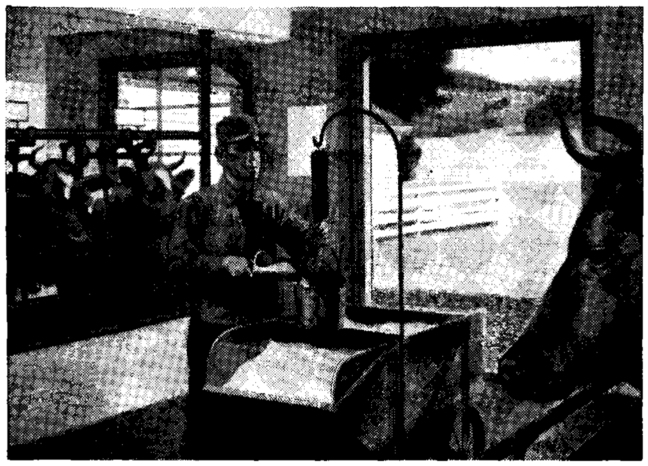
*An interesting 10-minute Technicolor movie on food and health*—"PROOF OF THE PUDDING—" *has been produced by Metropolitan in co-operation with the United States Public Health Service. It is a contribution to national nutrition education. See it when it comes to your neighborhood.*

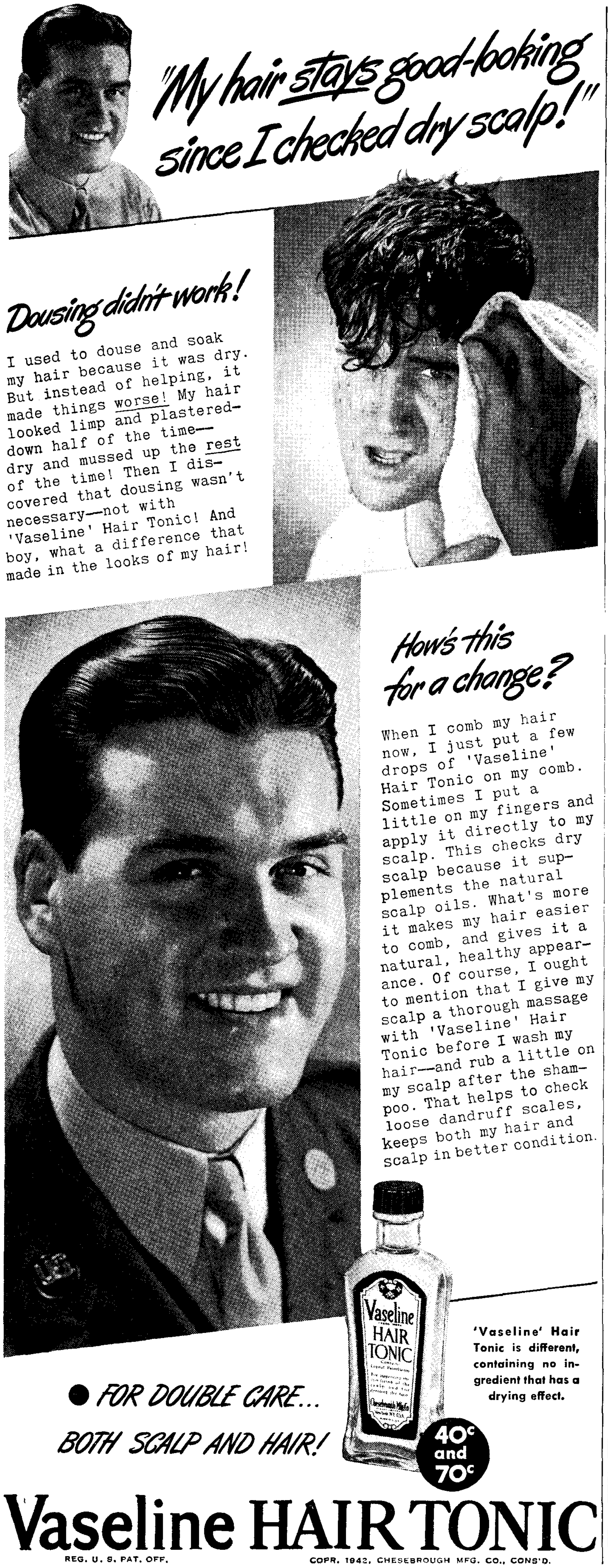
**This advertisement is published in the interest of the National Nutrition Program of the Federal Security Administration**

**FRUITS** Every part of the body needs vitamin C. Oranges, grapefruit and tomatoes—fresh or canned—are rich in this vitamin. Nutritious menus may include one or more of these, or their juices, every day. Tomatoes may be added to soups, stews and gravies. Serve one other fruit daily—fresh fruits in season, canned fruits or cooked dried fruits. Canned and quick-frozen fruits retain their vitamins.

**VEGETABLES** Plan your menus to include one or more servings daily of potatoes and two servings of other vegetables—a leafy, green one frequently. It is suggested that some vegetables be served raw—as appetizers or in salads, for instance. Chefs advise cooking all vegetables in small amounts of water, in covered vessels, and only until tender. Use the juices, too. Store fresh vegetables in the refrigerator. Canned and quick-frozen vegetables retain their vitamins.



**MILK** The best source of calcium is milk. Calcium is the mineral most used by nature in building our bodies. Use milk, fresh, evaporated, dried, or in the form of cheese and ice cream. Five ounces of American cheese equal a quart of milk in food value. Adults require the equivalent of a pint of milk daily, children a quart. In figuring your family's quota, count the milk used in cooking, too.



"My hair stays good-looking since I checked dry scalp!"

Dousing didn't work!

I used to douse and soak my hair because it was dry. But instead of helping, it made things worse! My hair looked limp and plastered-down half of the time—dry and mussed up the rest of the time! Then I discovered that dousing wasn't necessary—not with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic! And boy, what a difference that made in the looks of my hair!

How's this for a change?

When I comb my hair now, I just put a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on my comb. Sometimes I put a little on my fingers and apply it directly to my scalp. This checks dry scalp because it supplements the natural scalp oils. What's more it makes my hair easier to comb, and gives it a natural, healthy appearance. Of course, I ought to mention that I give my scalp a thorough massage with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic before I wash my hair—and rub a little on my scalp after the shampoo. That helps to check loose dandruff scales, keeps both my hair and scalp in better condition.

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is different, containing no ingredient that has a drying effect.

● FOR DOUBLE CARE... BOTH SCALP AND HAIR!

40¢ and 70¢

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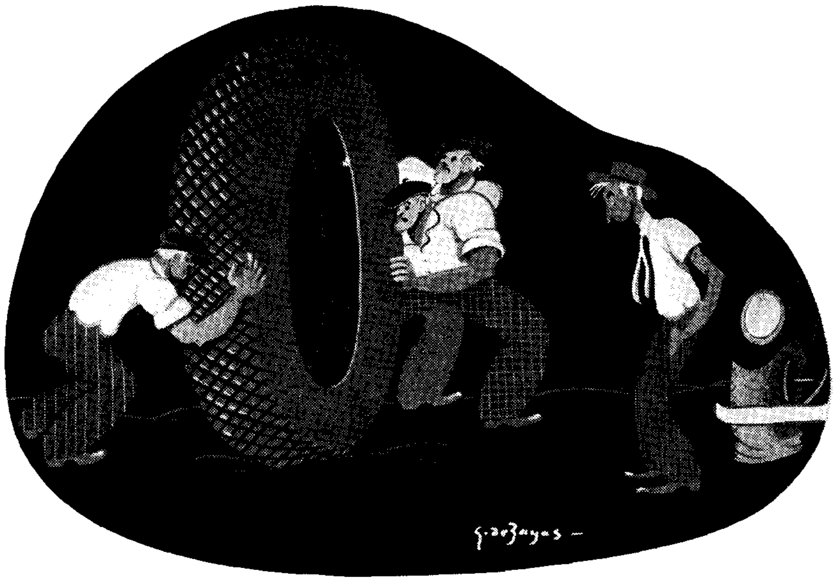

# KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

## By Freling Foster

*The* largest rubber tires ever made for actual use are those on the giant excavation trucks employed on dam projects. They are 9½ feet in height, of 34-ply construction, weigh 3,487 pounds and take a 186-pound tube. Costing $6,073, including tube and taxes, to change them requires a special derrick and the work of three men for five hours.

*In Egyptian* hieroglyphics, the character representing the sum of 1,000,000 is a picture of a man with his arms upraised in an attitude of astonishment.—*By Oscar Shumsky, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

*India*'s second ranking monarch, the famous Maharaja of Mysore, would greatly humiliate his chef if he made the man eat, drink or smoke with him. The chef belongs to a higher caste and, therefore, cannot degrade himself by engaging in social activity with an inferior.—*By Dorothy Swift, Madison, Wisconsin.*

*After* being "dry" for several decades, Granite Falls, Minnesota, the home town of Andrew J. Volstead of national prohibition fame, is now not only "wet," but one of the few municipalities in the United States today that own and operate their own saloons.—*By Fred Hamann, Pekin, Illinois.*

*The* world's smallest mammal is the American pygmy shrew, *cryptotis parva,* which is an inch and a half in length and weighs one seventh of an ounce. Although resembling a mouse, it is not a rodent, but an insectivore; and its litters contain from five to seven young, each about the size of a pea. Incidentally, this animal twitches its snout so rapidly that photographs of it, even when taken at 1-200th of a second, are blurred.

*Saccharin,* which is five hundred times sweeter than sugar, but which is neither a sugar nor a food, is still permitted in the manufacturing of foods and drinks in Great Britain and many other countries. Between 1917 and 1919, Europe consumed enough of this artificial sweetening agent to replace 300,000 tons of sugar.

*London* authorities have estimated that, even when their city is being bombed heavily and at random, the odds are 280,000 to one against a bomb landing within a distance of 150 feet of any particular individual.—*By Jeanette Smith, Washington, D. C.*

*The* slang expression "cockeyed," when applied to an intoxicated person, is literally true. The alcohol progressively weakens the muscles that draw the eyes outward and, consequently, the pupils gradually converge and the drinker actually does become cockeyed.

*Canada*'s Hudson Bay is not a bay, but an inland sea; the flying fox is not a fox, but a bat; the funny bone is not a bone, but a nerve; wormwood is not a wood, but a herb; and the white whale is not a whale, but a sturgeon.

*Carbon* dioxide seeps from the ground in many places around the world, and, when not carried off by the wind, forms about a four-foot layer on the ground, asphyxiating most animals that happen to wander into it. Among these death traps are a ravine in Yellowstone Park, a valley in Java and a grotto near Naples.

*The* "Messengers of the King" of England, the men who carry documents between London and her embassies and consulates, wear a badge called the Silver Greyhound, which gives them authority to demand and have placed at their disposal a motorcar, airplane, special train or even a battleship, in times of peace, in any part of the British Empire.—*By T. Burt O'Bryan, Ellwood City, Pennsylvania.*

*All* persons in the United States Army must use the official title of a superior when addressing him. The one exception to this rule is the warrant officer, who is addressed simply as "Mister."—*By Lieut. Frank Storm, Washington, D. C.*

**Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.** **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**

# These can often be the Saddest Words in the World

All their lives they had saved for it . . . a little home of their own with red tulips in the front garden. . . .

Now, two years after the last payment was made, a tragic sign must be posted in the yard: *For Sale.*

It happened suddenly as an earthquake. A darting child . . . too late, the screech of frantic brakes . . . a nightmare of court proceedings.

The judgment was for $7,000. To meet it, the dream home must be sold. All because a man thought he was too good a driver ever to have an accident.

This is happening every day. It can happen to you . . . if your car is not insured.

## *How to Safeguard Your Future Security*

**explained by G. J. Mecherle**
**Founder and Chairman of the Board**

"Today there is no reason for jeopardizing the security of your family by driving your car without adequate insurance.

"Back in 1922 we founded State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company to make insurance protection so reasonable in cost that no automobile owner could truthfully say he couldn't afford it.

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"By pioneering many economies, State Farm Mutual has been able to offer more auto insurance for your money . . . *broader protection* and *better service.*

"For instance, we save you money by not reissuing a new policy every year. We renew it instead, so long as the risk remains the same. Hence you pay the acquisition cost of your policy once a lifetime *instead of once a year.*

"Altogether, economies like this have saved State Farm policyholders in excess of $50,000,000 in the cost of their auto insurance. We do business today in 40 states through 7,000 licensed representatives.

"Whether your car is now insured in another company or whether you carry no insurance, you should get the facts about State Farm's *More Protection for Your Money Plan.* Just mail the coupon."

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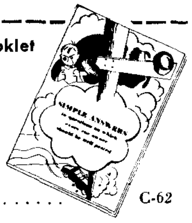
**FREE to Drivers—New Informative Booklet**



Mr. G. E. Mecherle
State Farm Insurance Companies
Bloomington, Illinois

Please send me your new booklet presenting basic facts about automobile insurance. I understand this request will not obligate me in any way.

*Name* . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . C-62

*Address* . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

*City* . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *State* . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

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Save every piece you can!

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*Save engine wear!*

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Gas and oil are going to help America win this war. So, save all you can. One way to save is by installing Sealed Power Piston Rings in your car. These famous rings, now available in packaged sets, save gas, oil and engine wear. They're individually engineered for your make and model of car—so they fit properly. Sealed Power Rings are used in leading cars, trucks, airplanes, Diesel and marine engines. You can't buy better piston rings! Ask for them by name! Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Michigan and Windsor, Ontario.

*Piston Rings for all types of Automobile, Aviation, Diesel, Stationary, Marine Engines*

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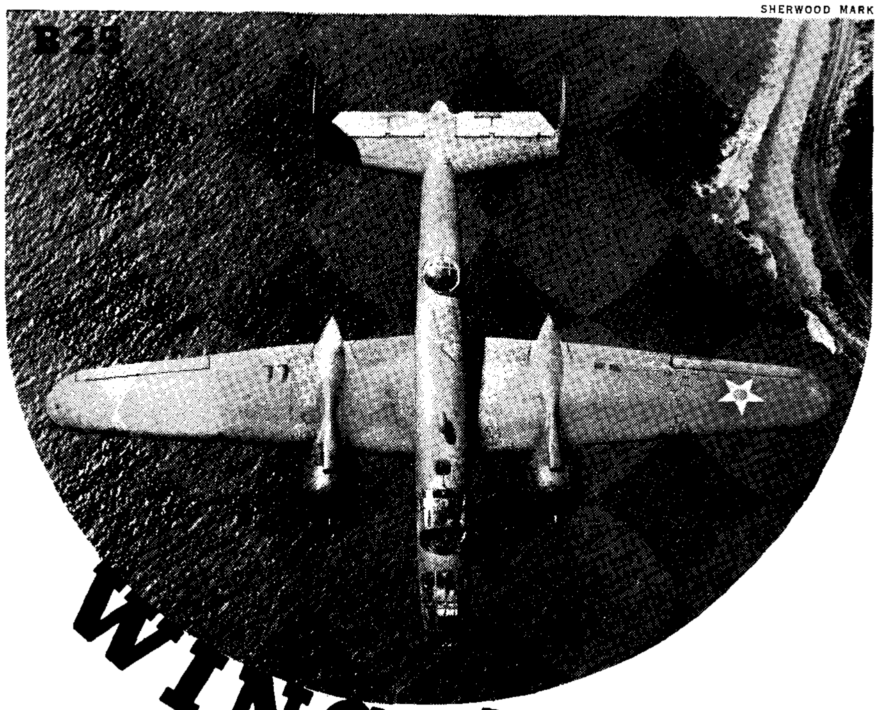
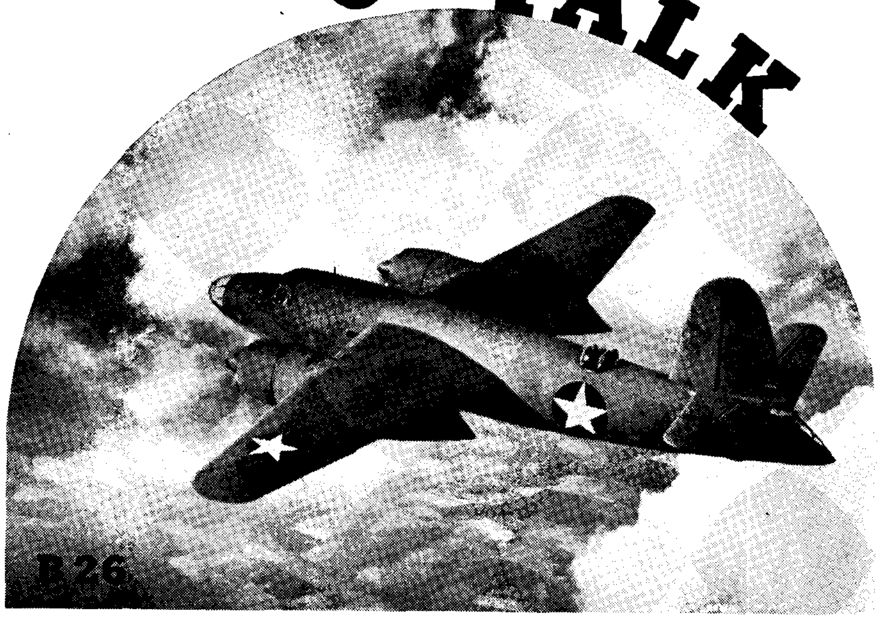
SHERWOOD MARK



# WING TALK



**The North American B-25 and the Martin B-26 medium bombers carry heavy bomb loads, hit hard, get away fast**

AVIATION people who have examined the salvaged Zero fighters that have been shipped back here are willing to bury the long-accepted myth that the Japs are a bunch of parrots who imitate accurately but are unable to create anything. They say it is a good airplane, with good workmanship and good performance.

The Zero is much lighter in weight than our fighters. It grosses about 5,000 pounds (whereas ours run from seven to thirteen thousand), has an air-cooled radial engine of 900 horsepower that is not a copy of any well-known model. It carries two 20mm. cannon and two machine guns. It has a high rate of climb and excellent maneuverability, due to low weight and low wing loading.

Protective armor and leakproof tanks were notably absent on the Jap fighters. That is why they are such meat for our fighters and bomber gunners. American combat planes are protected with heavy armor plate, bullet-proof glass and self-sealing fuel tanks. This runs up the wing loading and takes a bite out of performance, but it saves priceless American airmen for the next fight.

ANY small American boy instantly can tell the difference as they flash by in the sky, though most of us have to stop and figure out whether it's a B-25 or B-26, both of which are the Army Air Forces' medium bombers. The North American B-25 is named Mitchell by its builders after General Billy Mitchell, and the Martin B-26 enjoys the characteristic name of Marauder, a designation by the British, who are very good at naming aircraft.

The B-25 Mitchell and the Boeing B-17 four-engined Flying Fortress made up the flight led by Brig. Gen. Ralph Royce from Australia in his inspiring raid on the Japs in the Philippines. B-25s also flew over Japanese cities without permission under the leadership of Brig. Gen. James H. Doolittle and left a few reminders of American air power. As for the B-26s in action, more will be heard from our fronts.

To tell them apart in the air, the first thing to look for is twin rudders if you want them to be B-25s, or single rudders with engines extending far out from the leading edges of the sweep-back wing if you prefer to see B-26s. Both are twin-engined jobs, the B-25 using Wright double-row Cyclones of 1,600 horsepower each, and the B-26 powered by Pratt & Whitney twin Wasps of 1,850 each. The former swings three-blade props and the latter four-bladers. Both have a wing spread of about 70 feet, have tricycle landing gear and fly at

(Continued on page 47)

*The information in this advertisement has been reviewed for publication by government authorities*

# Miracle in the night

IT IS NIGHT AT A HIDDEN AIRFIELD.

The hangar doors open, and a huge bomber rolls forth. A shadowy figure signals, and the plane roars down the dark runway. Hours later it returns and circles above the field. Not a light shows—yet its wheels unerringly find the runway its pilot never sees.

*How can men fly like this? How can they take off in darkness, accurately bomb their objectives, return to an unmarked field, land safely without lights at a hundred miles an hour?*

The answer, of course, is *instruments*—precise, delicate dials and indicators that are the eyes and ears of our fighting forces.

In the cockpit of every American bomber are more than 200 of these instruments. In ships, submarines, tanks, in every type of artillery, instruments perform a thousand essential tasks. This, truly, is a war of instruments.

If we are to have planes and tanks and fighting machines by the thousands, we must have instruments by the *millions*. Yet building precision instruments is a delicate, painstaking process. Manufacturing tolerances are frequently so small that machining and fitting of tiny parts must be done by hand, under powerful microscopes.

Before the war, America had no facilities for making electrical instruments on such a tremendous scale—yet *today*, America is getting the instruments it needs. And Westinghouse is proud to be contributing to this vital war effort.

In Westinghouse plants long devoted to instrument manufacture, and in others now converted to that task, precise, careful hand workmanship has been put on a mass-production basis—the job men used to say could never be done.

Westinghouse is doing this job *24 hours every day.*

### Again it's Westinghouse "know how"

Wherever American troops go into action, Westinghouse "know how" is on the job.

What is this "know how"? It is the ability to get things done in the best possible way. It is a combination of pride of craftsmanship, untiring research, industrial ingenuity, and a world of experience.

Today, Westinghouse "know how" has a single task and a single aim: to provide the weapons that will keep this nation free.

**Westinghouse**

**Every Westinghouse plant is producing equipment for the Army, Navy, or Merchant Marine. Here are some examples:**

Blackout Plant Air-Conditioning Equipment
Naval Ordnance
Field Hospital X-Ray Equipment
Army Camp Refrigerators
Instruments for Battleships
Aircraft Instruments
Binoculars
Mercury Vapor Lamps
Military Radio
Marine Turbines and Gears
Fluorescent Lighting
Ship Searchlights
Water Coolers
Ignitron Rectifiers
Motors and Controls
Electronic Tubes

**WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.**
**Plants in 25 cities—offices everywhere**

# A Message of Confidence

The war has brought many changes to the Bell System. The nation needed telephone facilities in new places. It needed more facilities in the usual places. It needed all facilities in a hurry.

Shortages of essential materials brought new problems and new achievements in research and in manufacturing. Telephone calls increased about ten million a day.

Yet all this has been done without great change in your telephone service. Millions of subscribers have felt no difference. The record as a whole has been good. That is the way it should be and the Bell System aims to keep it that way.

But when war needs delay your call, when you can't get just the service or equipment you need, let's put the blame right where it belongs — on the war.

**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

*Service to the Nation in Peace and War*

# The Night Horse

### By Vereen Bell

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

**John Healy was not up when Khamsin made his last run. John Healy was over the border in a land where there are no fences too high to carry**

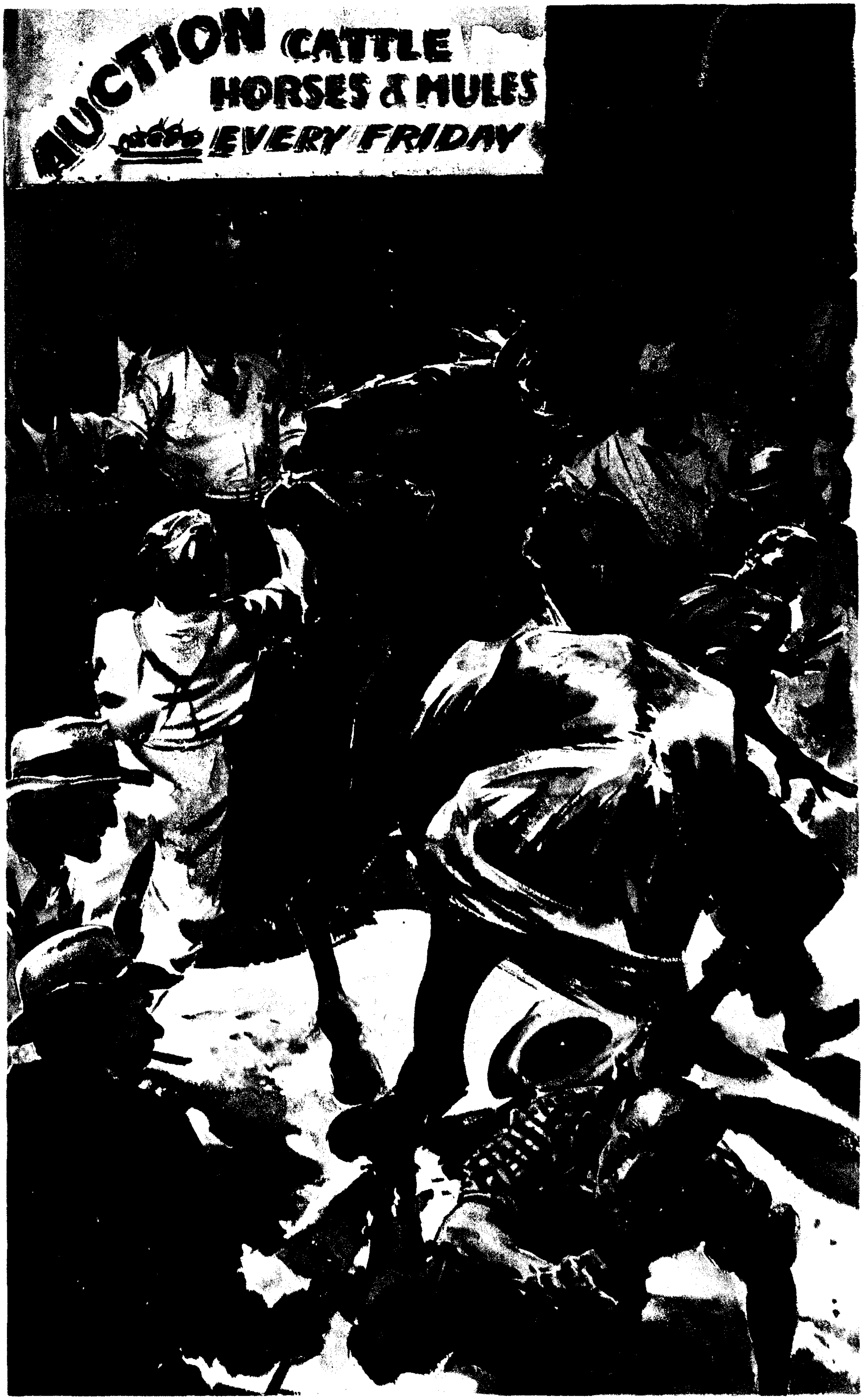
OUTSIDE the door, the superintendent said to the new doctor, "Now in here is John Healy. Quite a sportsman, I understand, until his mind—and most of his money—went. Ironic for a man to survive falls in the hunting field and finally go down to mental trouble. He's very little trouble, a likable fellow, not bad at all."

Inside there were old hunting prints on the wall. The room was bright, with clean and gay curtains moving in the windows, and green drapes, flowers on the white-mahogany table in a green glass vase, and a white-mahogany bed in which lay John Healy. His face was long and somewhat red, and his hair was well on its way to whiteness, and in his gray eyes there was a look that reminded one of the gay curtains.

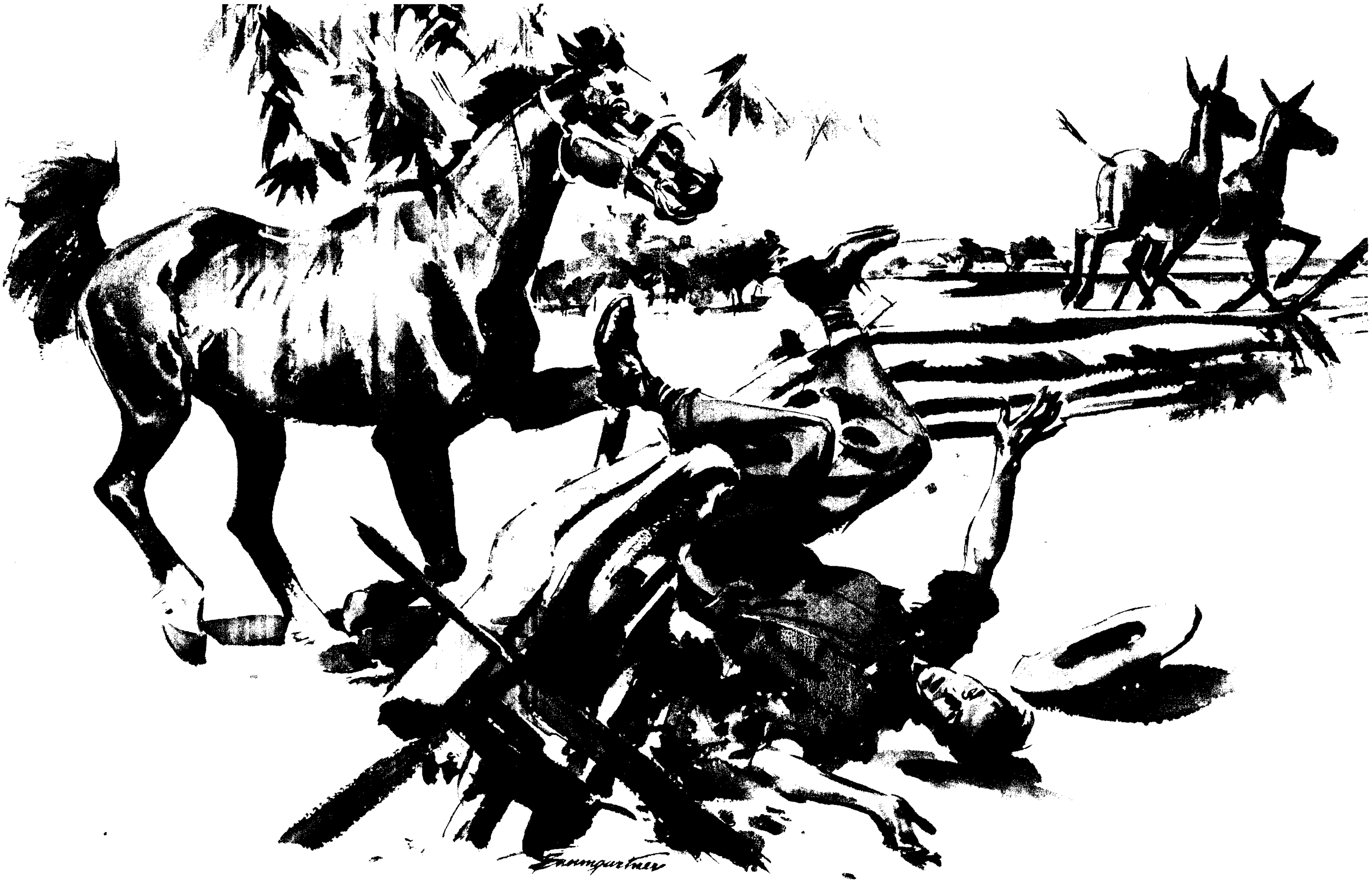
Healy talked quite rationally as, of course, he often did, and he seemed attracted to the new doctor. He asked him, finally, "Ever been in Ireland, Doctor?" and seemed disappointed when the doctor had not been there. "Ah, anyway, it's a fine, fine country. That is to say, it was a fine country. Perhaps it still is, war or not. I think of it often."

The superintendent had gone out now and they were alone. Healy moved about in the bed, as if he were too warm. One of his legs protruded from the bedclothes, the dark green pajamas pushed back to his knee, exposing his gaunt shank. The doctor noticed that there was almost no hair growing on the inside calf of his leg, from much riding, and he knew why John Healy had spoken of liking Ireland.

LENNIE BRANDON waited for his older brother, Matt, and then Matt's wife, Flora, to finish the paper. First Matt read, his spectacles with the broken lens sitting loosely on his small nose. Then Flora came in and took the chair near the kerosene lamp, and while she read, Lennie went out on the porch and listened to the mockingbird, the first he had heard, singing in the catalpa tree. Far across Tired Creek, the hounds of Bob Redman and his sons were chasing a fox; last spring they had treed one near the branch beyond the back field,



The horse jumped as if the switch had been a hot wire, knocking two men down. The man holding him put his weight on the rope, crying, "Don't hit him with that switch no more"



Big Boy came charging, ears laid flat as a cat's. Matt stumbled over the fence, crawled weakly home

in a black gum tree. Lennie thought of the back field, *his* field; it was only half broken with planting time almost here.

When he went back inside, Flora had finished the paper, but she made no move to let him sit by the light. Squinting, he read the news about happenings on the other side of the world. Some of it he read aloud, in indignation.

"Don't git all worked up," Matt said sarcastically, "you'll be into it before long."

"In town they said I might not be drafted," Lennie said in disappointment, "on account of being a farmer."

"A farmer!" Matt said, and Flora sniffed. "Here it's March and your land ain't even broke."

Lennie wondered what Matt thought he could have done to prevent the death of his mule when even the veterinarian couldn't prevent it, but he said nothing. He had long since quit wrangling with Matt. When their father died, the two brothers had tried farming together, but that had been far from satisfactory. So Matt had taken the sixty acres and the branch head woods, and Lennie had taken the forty and the pasture. Now Matt coveted the forty acres, for he had seen that the land was better than his, and he intimated that Lennie had tricked him although he himself had suggested the terms of the division.

"Tomorrow is Tuesday," Lennie said, "the day of the mule auction. I'm going in to buy me a mule."

"You better git Matt to go with you," Flora said. "You'll end up with one that's spavined or got the hollow-tail."

"I don't want to be no trouble to Matt," Lennie answered. So next day he walked to town alone. When he got to the livery stable, he said to the stableman, "I'm in a right smart of a fix. With my ground half broke and planting time nigh, my mule up and died."

"We got plenty of mules and work horses, Lennie."

"I just got through buying my fertilizer and seed. Didn't leave me a whole heap of money. About sixty dollars."

"That won't buy much of a mule, Lennie, sixty dollars. But we got all kinds. If a good working horse comes up, he might do better than a mule for what you got to pay. You be on the lookout."

The auctioneer, in his pulpit, began the selling, calling the bids in a rattling drone and occasionally thumping the pulpit with a piece of bicycle tire in synthetic enthusiasm. The mules and horses were trotted back and forth in front of the buyers, while stable hands twitched at their rumps to show how active they were. Most of the buyers were professional mule traders, leaning upon their canes and bidding by winks and nods; there were farmers, like Lennie, trying to buy a good strong animal cheap, somewhat bewildered by the noise and the swiftness of the selling, and there was a man from the Florida quarters of the big circus, buying old ten-dollar mules to slaughter for the show beasts.

The stableman found something about each mule or horse to brag on. "Now here's a mule that's sound, made a crop last year, he's a little frosty about the head but he'll still work, single or double," and about the next one: "Now here's a mule that's what you want, boys, good mouth, good short teeth, them rough places on his hide ain't nothing, they'll go away . . ."

Lennie kept watching, but with waning hope. He didn't want a thirty- or forty-dollar mule, that might turn out to be stringhalted or might drop dead in the furrow. The kind of mule he wanted sold for a hundred dollars or more.

Now a lull came in the selling as a new animal was brought out. This one was a horse, a great ugly creature that needed clipping. They looked at him curiously, trying to decide what manner of horse this might be, for although he was tall as a Percheron he was not built like a draft horse. His head was big, and his withers quite high, making him look somewhat swayback, and his croup was incredibly wide, so that you could have almost hung your hat on his hipbones.

THE horse was calm, phlegmatic until the hostler touched his rump with the willow switch. Then he jumped, as if the switch had been a hot wire, wheeling on the woven grass halter and knocking two men down. The man holding him put his weight on the halter rope, crying, "Whoa, whoa! Don't hit him with that switch no more!"

The horse became quiet again. The stableman said, "Who's selling this horse?"

"Me. It's one the old man had sent down just before he went off his head. I don't know nothing about that horse, just that the lawyers said sell the farm and stock and everything. Once the old man sent a pair of Belgians down and I figured this'n's another one of them kind."

"Will he work?" the stableman asked.

"You know as much about him as me. We was going to hitch him up and try him, but then everything happened like it did."

"Can he be rid?"

"I tell you I don't know nothing about him. Let your nigger git up on him and see."

The Negro said, uneasily, "I don't believe I better, Cap'm. He too big."

The stableman said, "All right, boys. Here he is. A good sound horse." He looked at his teeth. "He's got a little age on him, but not too much. What am I bid?"

Nobody made a bid. The buyers were not interested in a horse, they said, that wouldn't for certain wear a collar, and one of them confided that he figured the horse had a floating eye, which Lennie understood to mean that he was treacherous.

"All right, I start it off with fifty dollars," the stableman said. "Cain't waste time on him."

Lennie got interested then, and walked around the horse. The great, flat thighs attracted his eye, and he realized the strength of the big-boned hindquarters. The horse could pull a moldboard plow by himself, if he just would. Lennie wondered if he should gamble on him.

The auctioneer was singing the fifty-dollar bid; he vainly looked for a buyer trying to catch his eye. The stableman observed Lennie's interest, and he shouted, "For all I know, Lennie, this is the blue-ribbon champion plow horse of wherever he come from. Go on and buy him. If he don't suit you by Tuesday, bring him back."

Lennie said, "I'll give fifty-one dollars for him."

Now, leading the big horse homeward, Lennie was troubled by his bargain. A foolish thing he had done, buying a plow

*(Continued on page 44)*

# Farmer's Dau

### By Kate Holliday

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

**Hollywood offers had to wait until Donna Reed completed her secretarial course. That's how lightly she takes movie business**

EVERY once in a while, a kid turns up in Hollywood to whom the studios, the big names and the phony glamor of making motion pictures mean exactly nothing. The Grade A production is merely a business proposition. Publicity is only the frosting of a cake which may or may not be edible. A "name" is the result of a strange whim of the American people, plus the services of thousands of unheralded workers who have focused the cameras flatteringly, shot from the proper angles, taken pains over make-up, and played complimentary games with lights.

When Hollywood runs into a youngster who views it in this fashion, it is completely nonplused. For the town takes itself much too seriously to believe that it is a laughing matter to the rest of the world.

Consequently, as I say, it is baffled. It rubs its bald pate in wonderment. It pats its fat tummy bewilderedly. It ends up by handing the neophyte in question a contract which would choke a brontosaurus.

And, thus, after a snatch of philosophy, we come to Donna Reed.

Donna, happily for her bank account, is possessed of the astounding aloofness of which I spoke. The result is that she is the Fair-haired Girl of M-G-M. She has made eight pictures in only a little over a year. She has played opposite such box-office octopi as Mickey Rooney, William Powell and Ronald Colman. She's the dame they dream about in the back room.

## A Gal from the Prairies

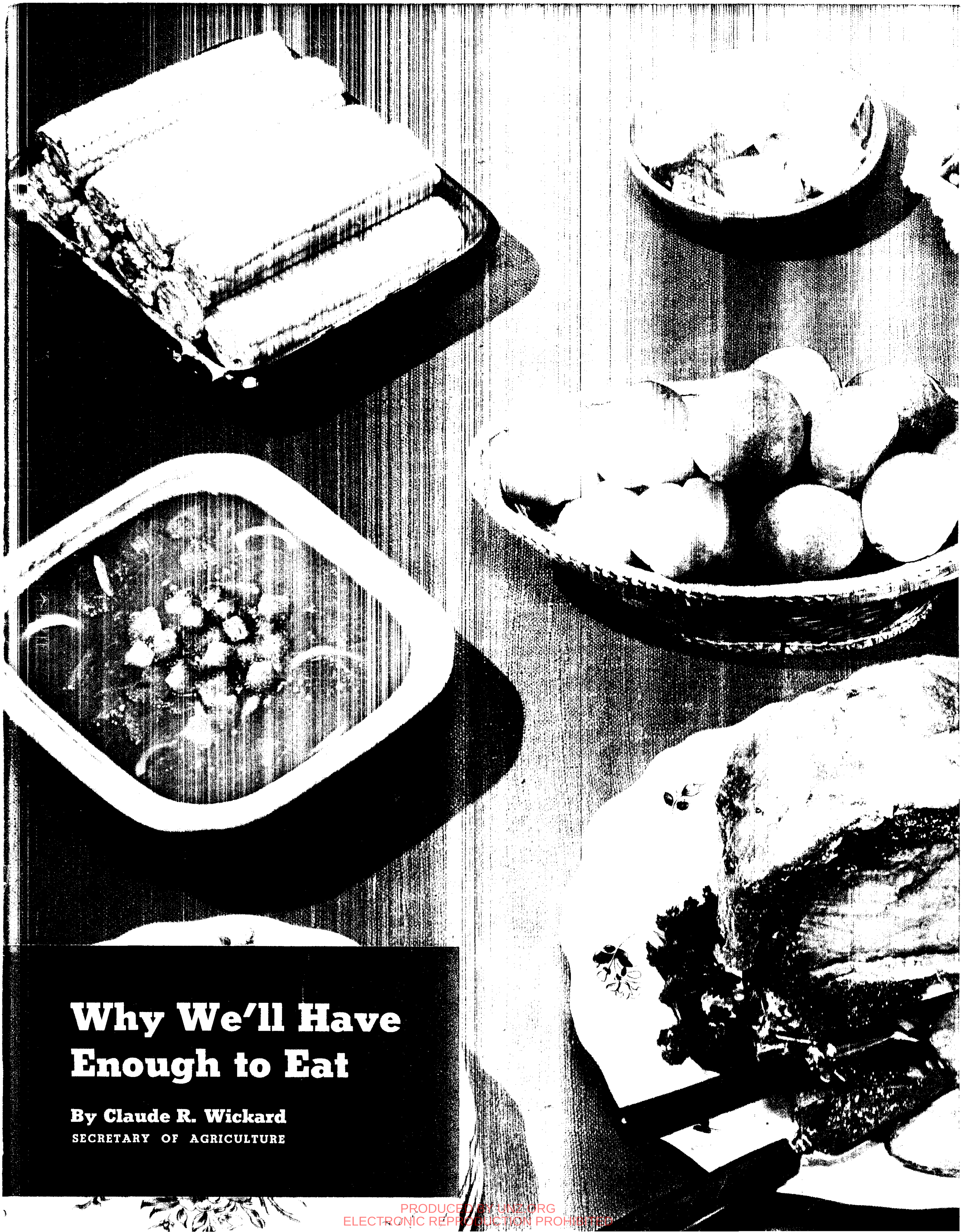
The answer to all this is the fact that The Reed is a gal from the prairies. She got her training for Hollywood when she was in a pinafore. With the exception that the scene changed a bit, her mind functions precisely as it did in her childhood.

Donna was born and raised on a farm seven miles from Denison, Iowa, a town of about five thousand in the middle of the corn and hog belt. (The publicity department would have you believe that she never saw a sow, but pay no attention.) Her father is an Irishman named Mullinger, whose ancestors vacated the peat provinces generations ago. Her mother is of Scotch, Irish and English descent, far removed. Both are the sort of people one calls "native American."

Donna grew up surrounded by one hundred and forty acres of excellent rolling farm land, some hogs, cattle, horses, chickens, and two brothers and a sister. When she was a child, it was her job to feed the egg-laying characters, gather their output, milk the cows of an evening, and generally make herself useful. She went to the country schools, learned her fractions and how to find Brazil on a map, and beamed at the boys in the class when the teacher

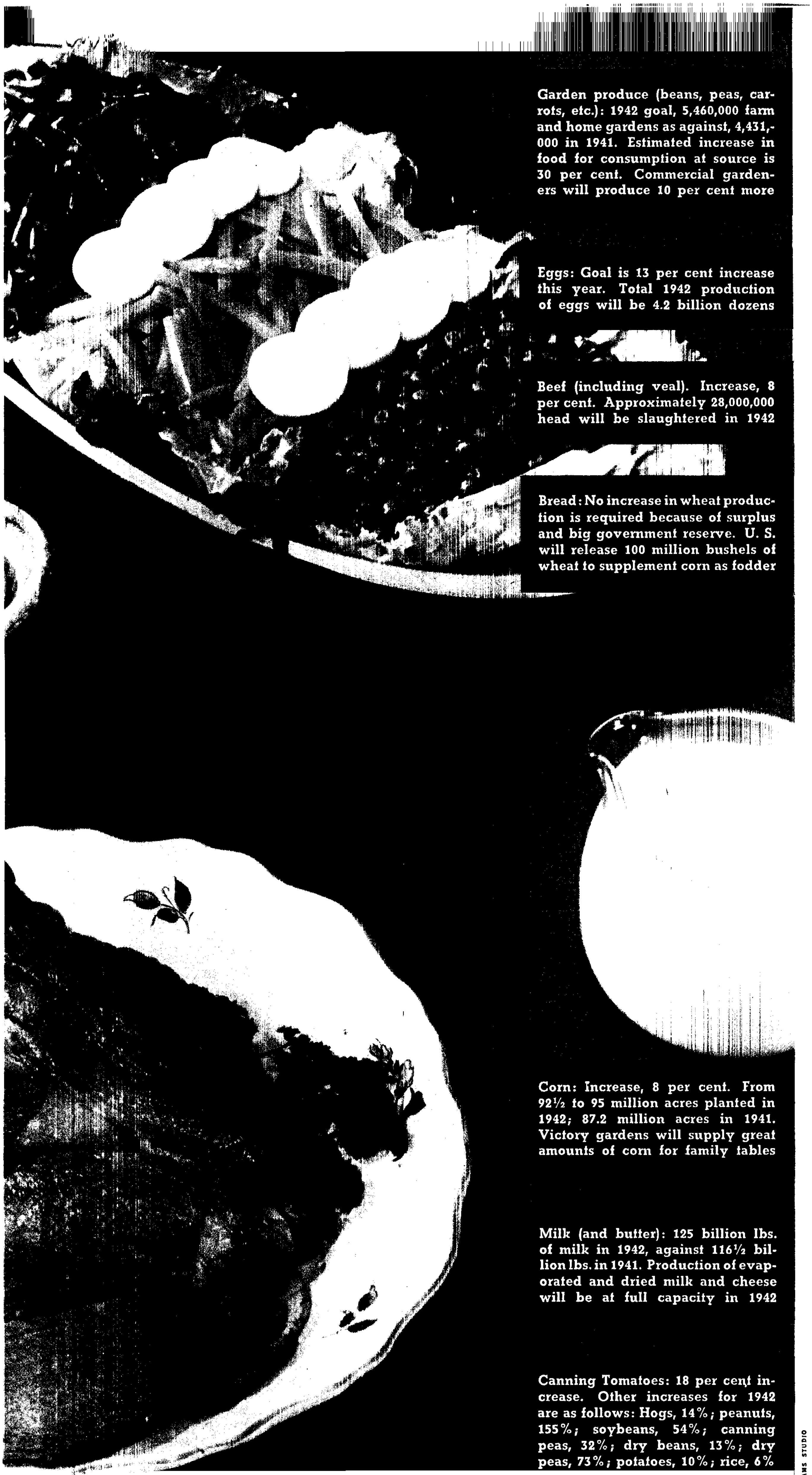
*(Continued on page 56)*

**Reared on an Iowa farm, the lovely and levelheaded Donna Reed has a healthy disrespect for Hollywood's foolishness**



# Why We'll Have Enough to Eat

**By Claude R. Wickard**
SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE



**Garden produce (beans, peas, carrots, etc.): 1942 goal, 5,460,000 farm and home gardens as against, 4,431,000 in 1941. Estimated increase in food for consumption at source is 30 per cent. Commercial gardeners will produce 10 per cent more**

**Eggs: Goal is 13 per cent increase this year. Total 1942 production of eggs will be 4.2 billion dozens**

**Beef (including veal). Increase, 8 per cent. Approximately 28,000,000 head will be slaughtered in 1942**

**Bread: No increase in wheat production is required because of surplus and big government reserve. U. S. will release 100 million bushels of wheat to supplement corn as fodder**

**Corn: Increase, 8 per cent. From 92½ to 95 million acres planted in 1942; 87.2 million acres in 1941. Victory gardens will supply great amounts of corn for family tables**

**Milk (and butter): 125 billion lbs. of milk in 1942, against 116½ billion lbs. in 1941. Production of evaporated and dried milk and cheese will be at full capacity in 1942**

**Canning Tomatoes: 18 per cent increase. Other increases for 1942 are as follows: Hogs, 14%; peanuts, 155%; soybeans, 54%; canning peas, 32%; dry beans, 13%; dry peas, 73%; potatoes, 10%; rice, 6%**

ADAMS STUDIO

**In a special article for Collier's the Secretary of Agriculture explains how more than 6,000,000 farmers, operating the finest food-producing plant in the world, are building impregnable defenses against hunger**

BECAUSE some housewives can't believe there's going to be enough food to go around, they are having extra shelves put in pantries on which to place hoarded food. Fortunately, all housewives aren't buying more than they need. If they were, not even the record high production expected in 1942 could provide food for consumption and for the hoarders too.

In our society, when a government hoards—for example, to fill up our Ever-Normal Granary, it makes sense; whereas when an individual hoards, it makes trouble. Our hoarding housewives don't know their own strength. Last year, for example, as *Collier's* has pointed out in a recent article, they appear to have whisked about a million tons of sugar off the grocers' shelves and into cupboards and cellars all over the land.

So let me hasten to assure uneasy housewives that the answer is yes, there will be enough food. It's still yes, despite some selfish and unpatriotic hoarding—not only by consumers, but by processors and middlemen all down the line—which, if continued, is likely to cause temporary shortages, to hasten the necessity of rationing, and to complicate the problem of price control. It's yes because our six and a half million farmers own and operate the most productive agricultural plant in the world. They'll do the job, but there must be no waste of land, labor, or materials; moreover, they'll need the understanding and co-operation of all of us, from the housewife in her kitchen and the clerk in the corner grocery to the nutritionist in his laboratory and the country Triple-A committeemen working nights to make sure that farmers reach their 1942 production goals. Perhaps it will help to promote this mutual understanding if I try to describe how the machinery of our planned agricultural production operates. It is relatively new. Like most working farmers, I remember well its beginnings and why it was necessary.

During the twenties I was out in Carroll County, Indiana, raising corn and hogs. I had good land, good hogs, and poor markets. Like other farmers, I bought high and sold low. I've seen the time when it was cheaper to knock pigs in the head than it was to try to market them. Farmers and farm land took a lot of punishment and by 1931 both were pretty well worn out.

Consumers were worn out, too, if you remember. True, food was cheap when the average housewife had anything to use for money, but too often she had little or nothing. Most consumers didn't realize it, but one reason they were broke in that depression year of 1932 was that during World War I, instead of planning our agricultural production, we ran wild through a disastrous cycle of boom and bust.

We shan't do that again in this war. We don't have to. We have our national farm programs, wrought out of bitter experience and now firmly rooted in the conviction and practice of American farmers.

Originally our farm programs concentrated on cutting down surpluses. That was the immediate job in the middle 1930s. But as time passed, the programs put more and more emphasis on

*(Continued on page 40)*

# All Hands On Deck!

### By Howard Hartley

SANDY GANDY

**One of the last of the square-riggers, the Joseph Conrad is a floating barracks for trainees at the St. Petersburg school**

**To man our ever-growing merchant fleet we need thousands of seamen and engineers—and in a hurry. Training them is the job of the Maritime Commission's schools now operating at full speed**

THE white sails of a ketch, beating across the St. Petersburg harbor, hung limp. On the parade ground of the Maritime Commission's new million-dollar training school for apprentice seamen, the sixteen youngsters of Platoon Four, spotless in white jumpers and flaring bell-bottoms, stood rigidly at attention under the burning Florida sun.

The platoon's right guide was Trainee Wallace Wade, a tall, raw-boned youngster from Mountain View, Arkansas (Pop. 1,500). Six months ago, this 19-year-old son of an Ozark farmer had never seen navigable water, unless you count the spring floods of the Arkansas lowland meadows. Tomorrow Trainee Wade and his fifteen shipmates of Platoon Four would receive their graduation certificates. They had been assembled to hear a baccalaureate sermon from Chief Bos'n William Joseph Donegan, facing the formation in resplendent dress blues, with the four gold hash marks on the sleeve denoting sixteen years' service in the United States Coast Guard.

Flanking the east side of the parade ground were the eight white concrete-and-steel barracks and the hospital and administration buildings that house the staff and the 400 trainees. Behind the platoon were the long wharves, where the historic sailing ships—the old Joseph Conrad and the equally ancient Tusitala—tugged gently at the mooring cables. Both ships had been saved from the graveyard to serve as floating barracks.

The Joseph Conrad is one of the last of the square-riggers and a relic of the days when American clipper ships ruled the seven seas. In the afternoon sun that flashed from her brightwork she seemed a sedate grandmother. Just down the wharf were some of the Coast Guard's sleek, gray cutters and swift patrol boats.

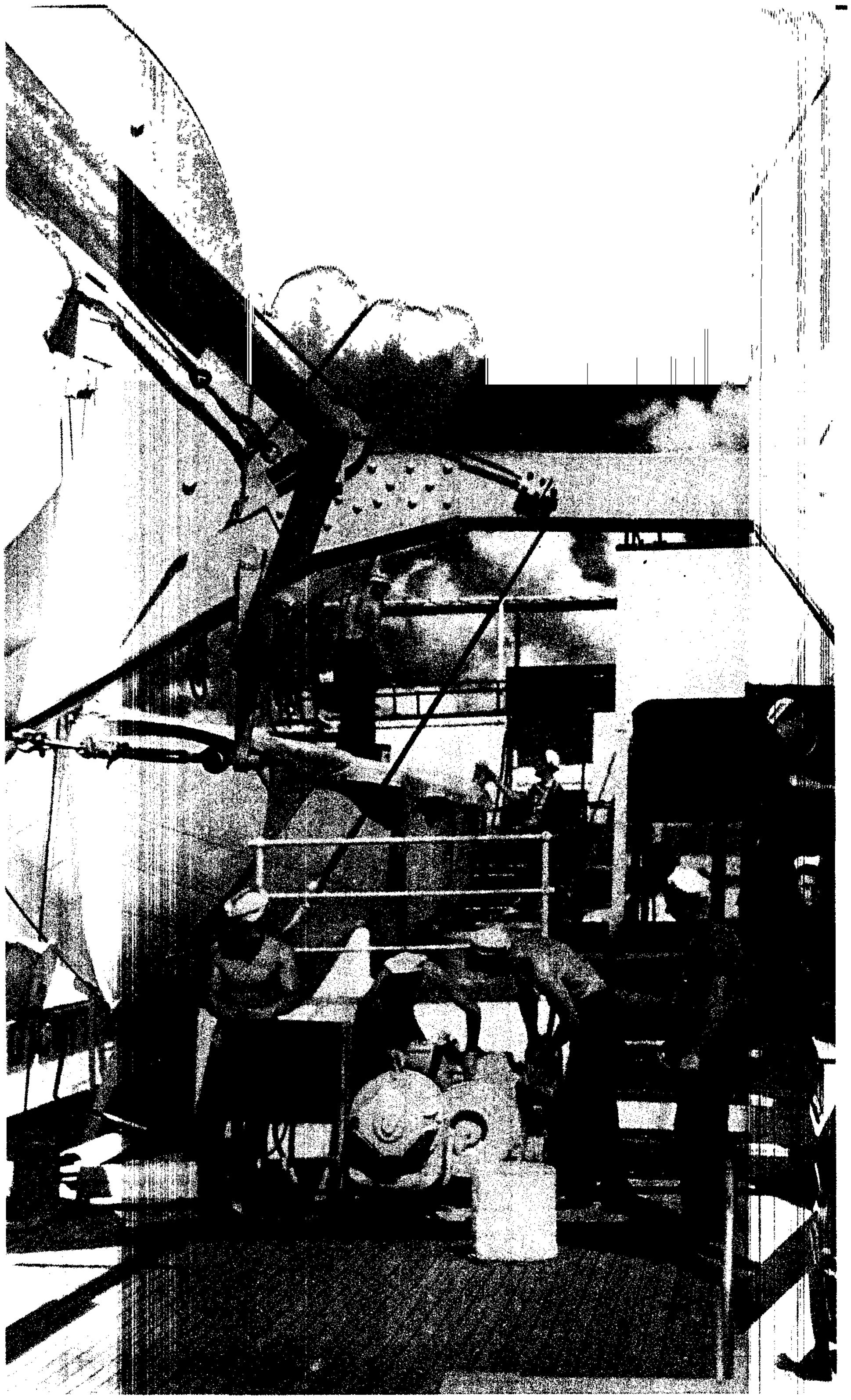
For six months the boys of Platoon Four had been plastic lumps in the hands of Coast Guard sculptors, with the molding beginning on the day Trainee Wade and his fellow recruits arrived from the Maritime Commission's far-flung enrolling offices. That was the day Trainee Wade met Chief Bos'n Donegan, and for two hectic months the Coast Guard veteran had been the platoon's Simon Legree or kindly godfather, depending on how the recruits took to the Donegan brand of discipline.

Whether they loved or hated him made no difference to Mr. Donegan. His job was to help train the 20,000 new seamen and 5,000 new officers our fast-expanding merchant fleet must have by December 31, 1943.

This is the biggest mass-production training project in maritime history. It is costing around $8,000,000 a year, which isn't much when you remember what we're spending for new ships. It is one of the most important and least publicized phases of our national war effort. Ships are not robots. They must be manned, from engine room to bridge, with deck and engineer officers, seamen and stewards, cooks and oilers, radio operators and wipers called into service from the farms and shops and offices.

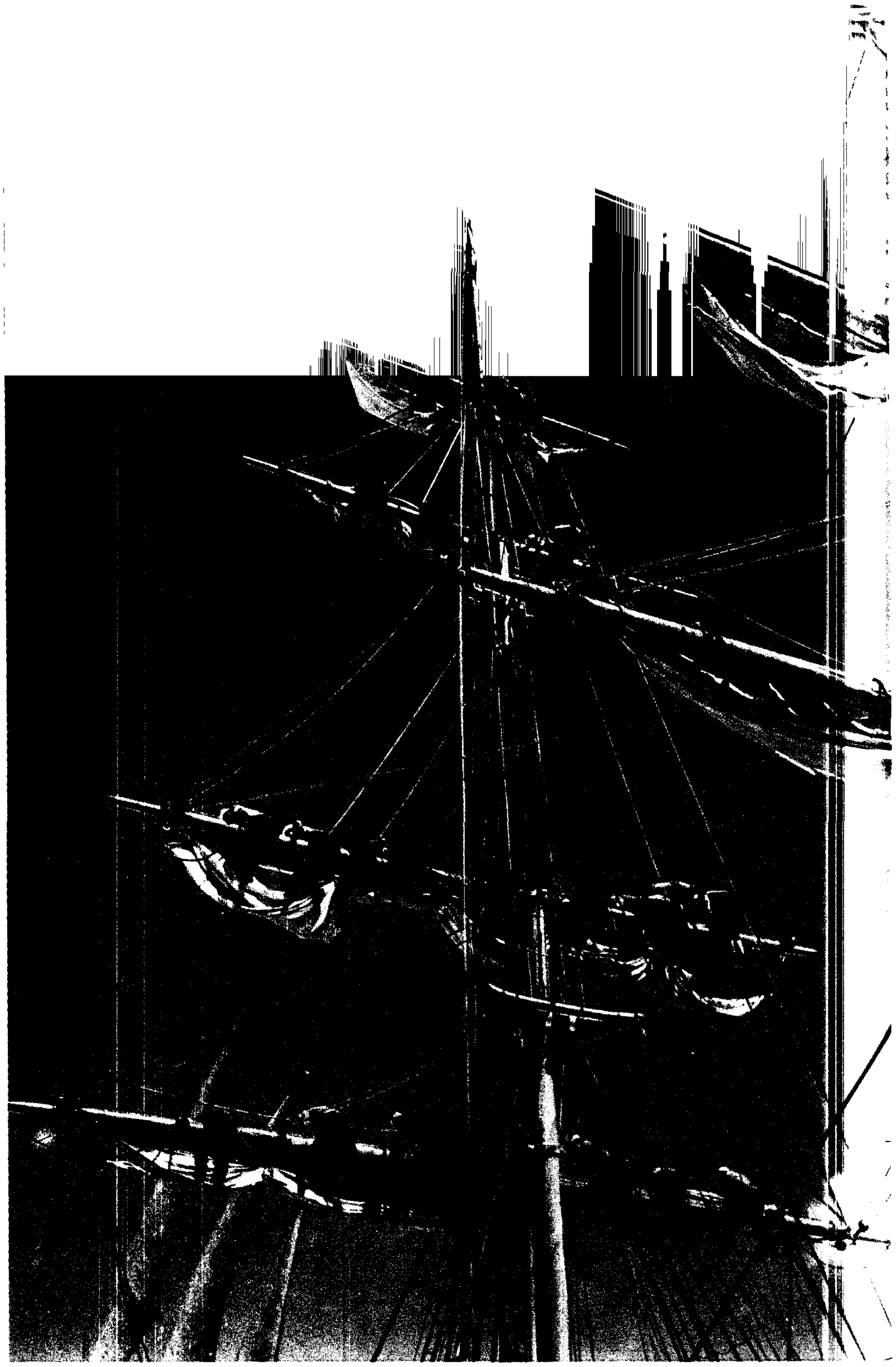
The program is important because our merchant fleet, when the war is over, will be the biggest and finest afloat. It will number between 2,500 and 3,000 ships, from the smallest freighter and tanker up to fast passenger liners. When the war ends, this gigantic fleet will

*(Continued on page 54)*



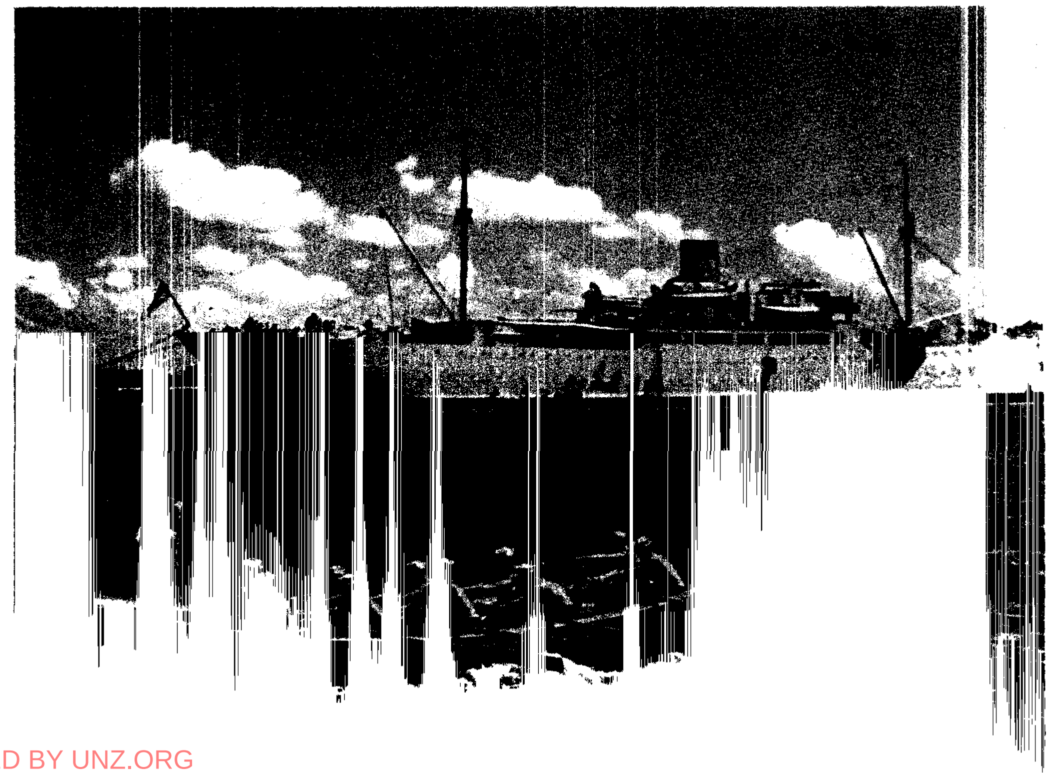
pprentices on training ship American Seaman working around davit winches. rainees quickly learn that all equipment must be kept in first-class condition

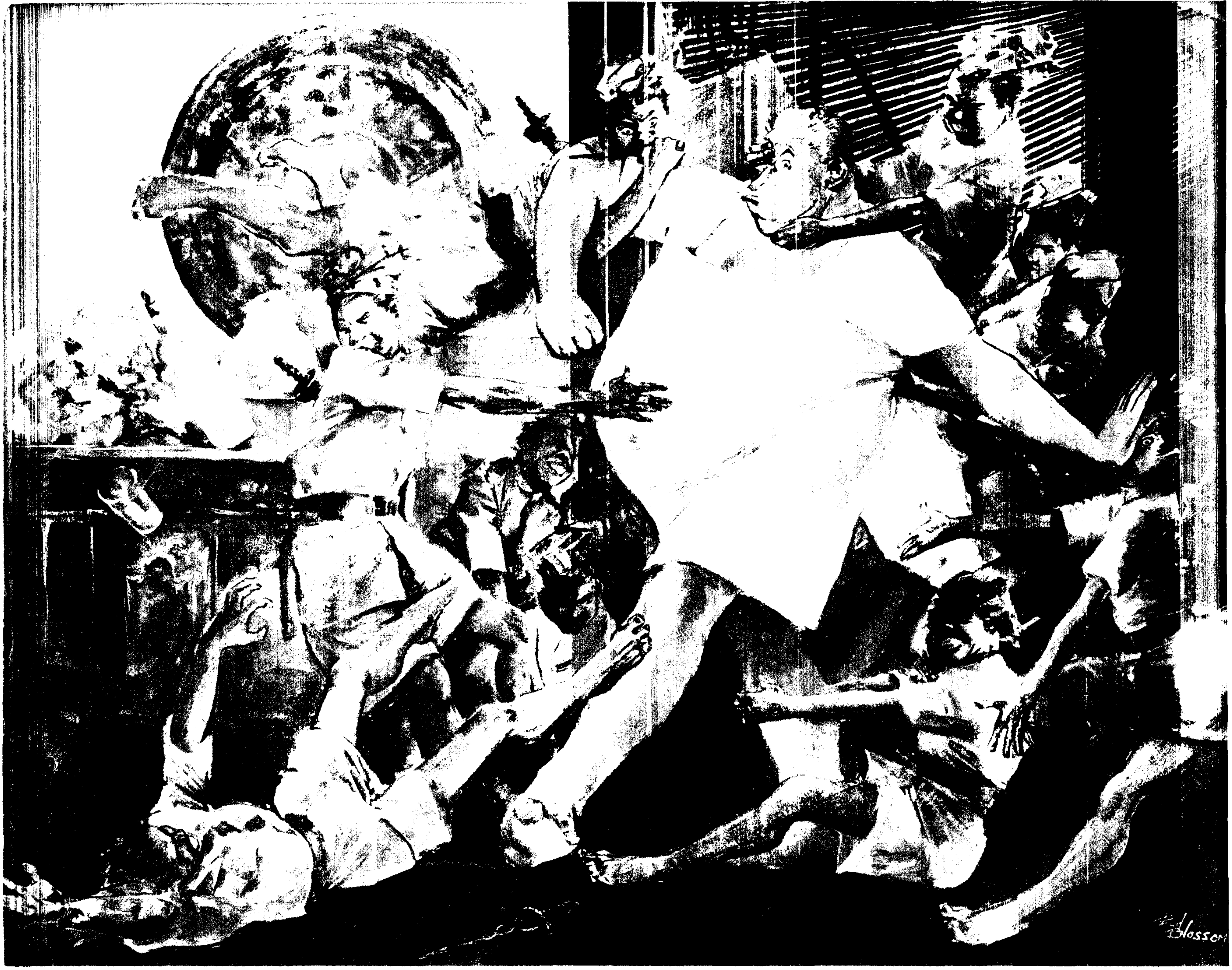
hief Bos'n Mate John Noble, Maritime Service (left), explains to Seamen imenez and Champion the whys and wherefores of the maze of halyards



Furling sail high on the foremast of the training ship Joseph Conrad. The boys are taught the elements of sailing early in their schooling

All apprentices must learn how to handle lifeboats and other small boats. In the background is the American Seaman, since camouflaged and armed





A flying knife knocked the gun out of Smeeren's hand. Within a second he was covered all over by nearly a ton of busy Balinese

# The Defense of Frederick

## By Luther Davis

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

**Frustration on the Isle of Bali. The Japanese staff overlooked the peculiar quality of the native defenses**

MRS. VAN CLERCQ gave a little scream and almost dropped her gin sling. "Look!" she said anxiously. "Something terrible's the matter!"

She pointed down the road toward an enormously fat Dutchman approaching by bicycle. Clad in acres of gleaming tropical whites, he looked like a blimp on roller skates, but Mrs. Van Clercq and her companions on the porch of the Bali Hotel were not amused.

Mrs. Van Clercq's husband, the manager of the hotel, glanced at his watch, noting that it was exactly nineteen minutes before ten. "Nearly twenty minutes early this morning!" he said in a hushed voice. "Perhaps an air raid!"

Frederick Smeeren, the perspiring object of all this, was a towheaded pink man in his fifties and his personal achievements were two. First, he was chief of police of the slightly malarial town of Den Pasaar, Bali, Netherlands East Indies. Second, for twenty-five years he had managed to cycle past the Bali Hotel at precisely ten A. M.—fair, monsoon or typhoon.

On this humid morning in January, 1942, no one could think of a reason for his lapse from routine—except disaster. By the time he reached the porch, most of the town's thirteen resident whites, who had gathered there as usual for gossip and a drink, were on their feet. A few of the ladies seemed about to faint.

Van Clercq hurried toward him. "What the devil is it, Smeeren?"

Waving a loaf of a hand in a signal for him to follow, Smeeren went directly into the manager's office. "Hah!" he said, closing the door behind them. "Tell no one, but we're dead! All of us goners, may heaven help the Queen!"

"The Japs have attacked Bali?" Van Clercq said in a tired voice.

"Worse! Just now I got orders to arm the natives!"

"So?"

Smeeren stared at him in horror. "As soon as they get guns they'll—why, they'll slit our throats!" he said wildly.

"Nonsense! They might straighten you out, though I don't think they'll bother. As for harming the rest of us—*we're* their friends."

It was an established fact that, alone among the Europeans there, Smeeren didn't like the Balinese. The natives returned the compliment and it was just as well that Frederick never bothered to look at any of their world-famous carving. Much of it featured the figure of a ponderous white man astride a pygmy bicycle. All were caricatures—a few definitely vulgar.

"Natives aren't any white man's friend," Smeeren told Van Clercq. "They're yellow. All of 'em. And snaky to boot."

Van Clercq stared at the chief for a moment and then shook his head. "You're a fool. I don't like you and never have."

"Fine thing to say! And when I came here to ask you to keep my will and testament in your safe!"

"Leave it on the desk!" Van Clercq turned on his heel and left the room.

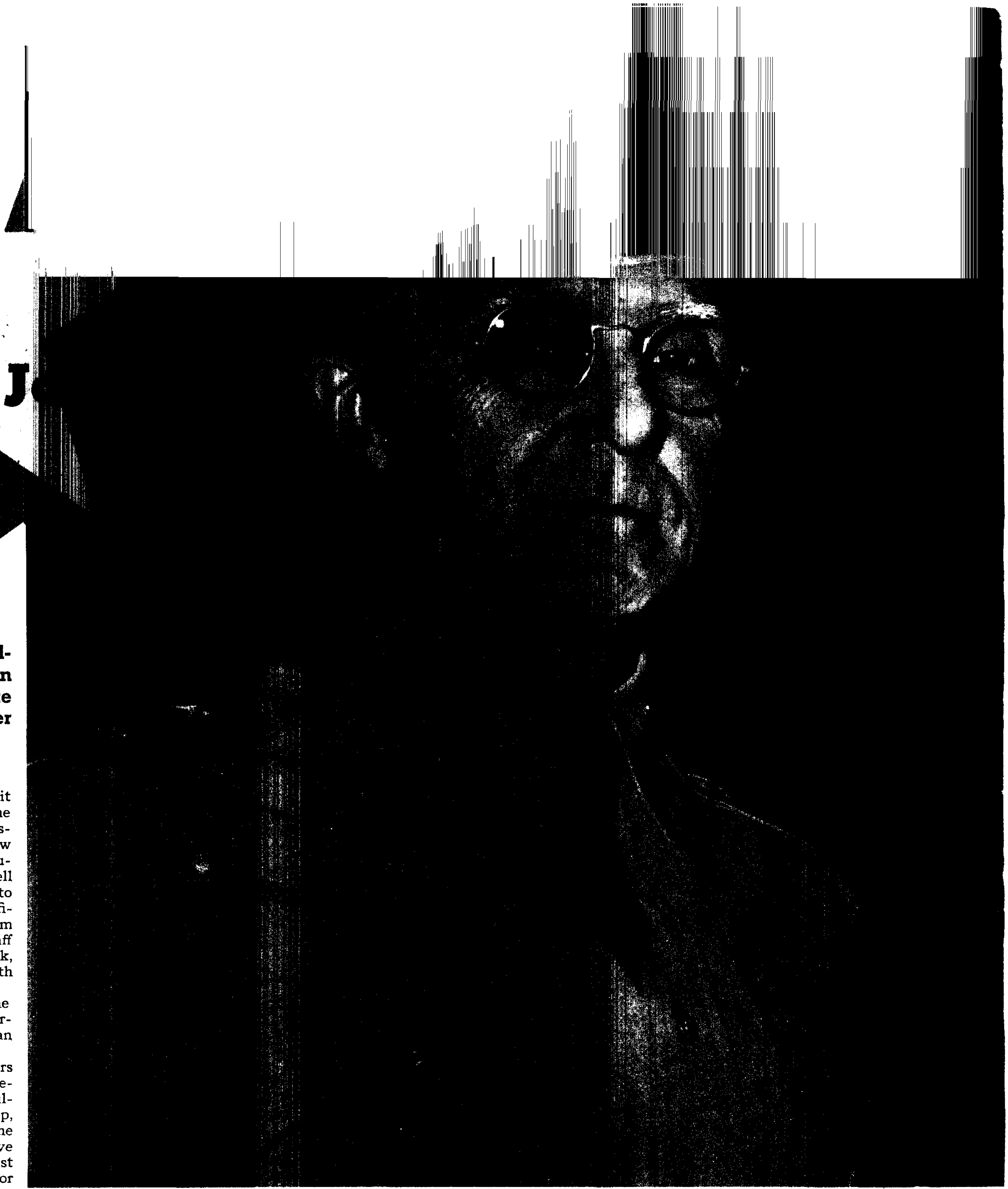
Alone, Frederick sank into a swivel chair, leaned far back, and began to cry—wetly, but very quietly. After a while he sniffed back his tears and took a document from his pocket. It went into a hotel envelope on which he wrote:

*(Continued on page 48)*

# Hurry-Up J

By Jim Marsh

**Meet General Joseph W. Stilwell, a man with a mission—in Tokyo. And he intends to waste no time in fulfilling it, either**



EMMETT D. GRIGGS

**Deceptively mild in looks, Gen. Stilwell believes attack and not defense is our formula for victory**

"WE GOT run out of Burma, and it is humiliating as hell!" said the wiry old gentleman with the bristling gray hair. The scene was New Delhi, India, and the speaker was Lieutenant General Joseph Warren Stilwell (Uncle Joe to his boys and Ol' Pappy to his family). He had just finished a difficult 140-mile cross-jungle trek from Burma, where he had been Chief of Staff under Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, with command of the Fifth and Sixth Chinese armies.

"These Japs aren't supermen," he said. "If we go back properly proportioned and properly equipped we can throw them out!"

When Stilwell reads in the papers about heroic retreats, stubborn retirements to prepared positions and brilliant rear-guard actions, his eyes snap, his chin juts out and he barks, as he did to his men recently, "Our objective is to put up an intelligent fight, not just a stubborn fight. We're not looking for praise as good losers. The country wants us to win and, in order to do it, there can be no let-up."

When the general says he likes tough soldiers, he means fighters who are as hard as nails physically, fighters who use their heads realistically and who know you can't fight a 1942 war with 1842 rules. The thousands of selectees who got their training under Stilwell on the Pacific Coast, before he went to the Orient, still remember with awe the terrific grind they went through to become the smart, gritty fighting men they are today.

Down at Fort Ord on Monterey Bay, California, where Uncle Joe whipped a bunch of run-of-the-mine selectees into the crack Seventh Division, a visiting officer once looked over a headquarters board on which training schedules were posted.

"A lot of work for next week," he remarked to the general's aide, with a meaning smile.

The aide gulped: "Next week! Heck, why, man alive, that's the schedule for tomorrow!"

In the Army, Uncle Joe is known as the greatest argument against the jeep. On the level, he can travel almost as fast as one, and in rough territory he easily strides ahead. During Army maneuvers in the West last summer, the usual reply to "Where's the general?" was "Probably half a mile ahead of the advance skirmish line." And the lad is fifty-nine years old, remember. Wears specs, too.

Stilwell was born in Florida, where his parents had gone for a vacation from their home in Yonkers, New York. They were Dr. and Mrs. Benjamin Stilwell. The boy, brought up north, got his early schooling in Yonkers and wanted to go to Yale.

But a background of twenty-four Stilwells who served as officers in the War of the Revolution changed that. Old Dr. Stilwell took young Warren—as he was called then—to visit West Point, and the Army bug in the boy's blood did the rest.

Just as West Point changed the name of another soldier—a man named Grant—so it changed J. Warren Stilwell into Joseph W. A cadet officer did that, probably as a whim, but it stuck. At least, it stuck until the inevitable nicknames started to attach themselves. The most pungent of these is "Vinegar Joe," which the general attained for being impatient about stupidity.

After graduating as a lieutenant from the Point in 1904, Stilwell went to the Philippines with an infantry outfit; came back to the Academy as an instructor in '06; went back to the Islands in '10, and returned two years later for a three-year hitch at the Presidio of Monterey in California. He still has a home near there—"Llanfair"—to which he looks forward to retiring after he and his men have out-toughed and outsmarted the Japs, something about which Uncle Joe has no doubts whatever.

He went to France early in the other war and was assigned to a British outfit at Noyon, serving for some months. Then he went to the A.E.F. Military Intelligence at General Headquarters and had a lot to do with planning the great Saint-Mihiel offensive. He never believed in defensive warfare at all. For this work, he got the Distinguished Service Medal and a citation:

"For exceptional merit and distinguished service during the Saint-Mihiel offensive and later during operations near Verdun . . . Great energy and zeal . . . excellent performance."

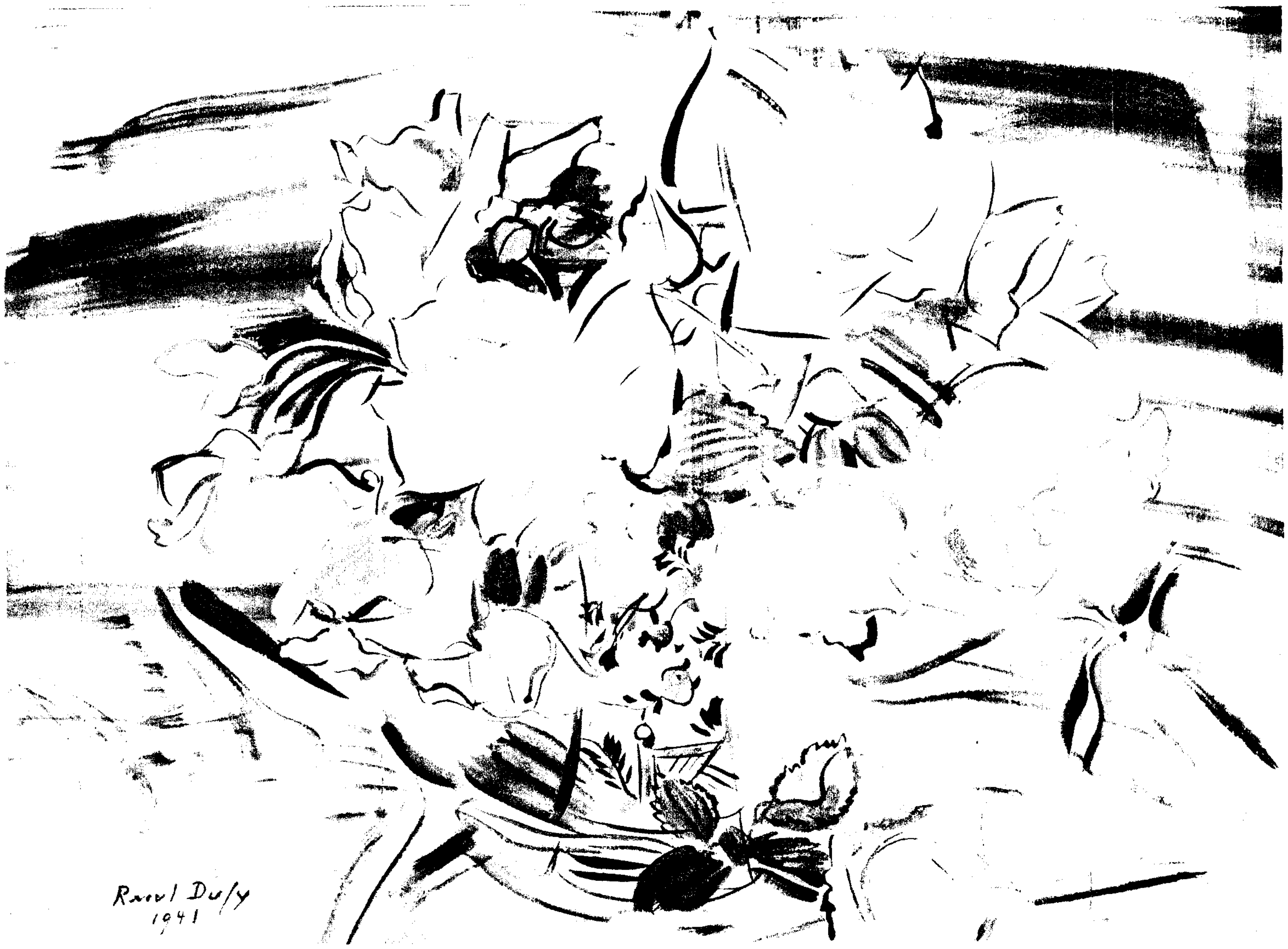
After the Armistice he went into Germany with the Army of Occupation and got back home in the fall of '19. Being idle wasn't in his book, so he went to

*(Continued on page 53)*

# Roses from France

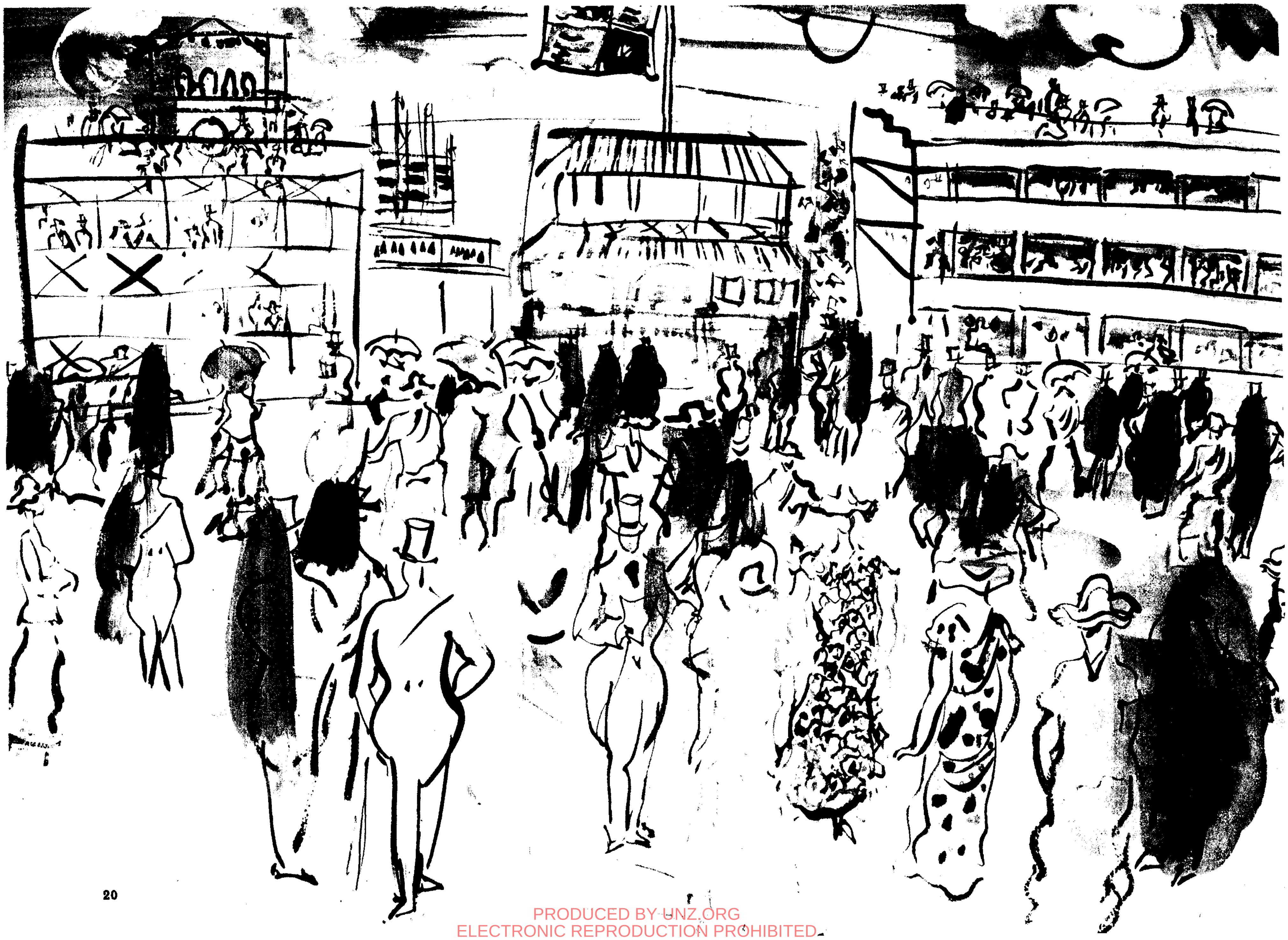
### By Thérèse Bonney

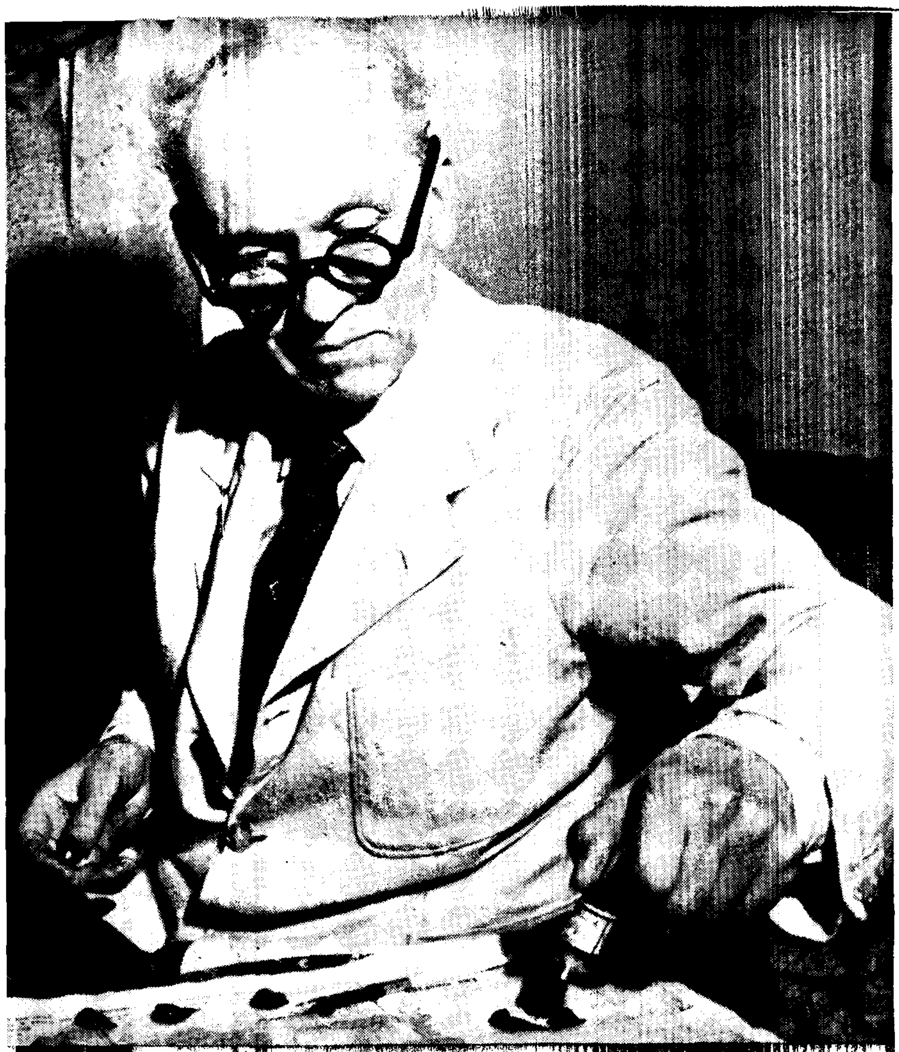
PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



These are Dufy's Roses from France the first important flower painting the artist has ever done, and one that migh well be considered a message from those who work silently and hopefully

Ascot, 1935 (below), a caligraphic record of the races at Ascot that is one o the outstanding examples of Raou Dufy's versatile talent. Dufy delight in painting racing and regatta scene





[illegible] his Perpignan hospital room in 1941, [illegible] ill [illegible] with a newspaper palette and pitifully [illegible]

Dufy in his prime was engaged on what was to be his greatest work—the great triptych ordered by the French government for the Trocadero. The invasion caused him to abandon it

EVERYONE agreed that the young man from Le Havre painted very odd canvases. "Extravagant and improbable," people said, looking at his beach scenes. But the next time they looked they saw something there they had not seen before. The dance of light and color, the gay fantasies of design that young Raoul Dufy put on canvas were not imaginary: you could see them too—if you had enough understanding.

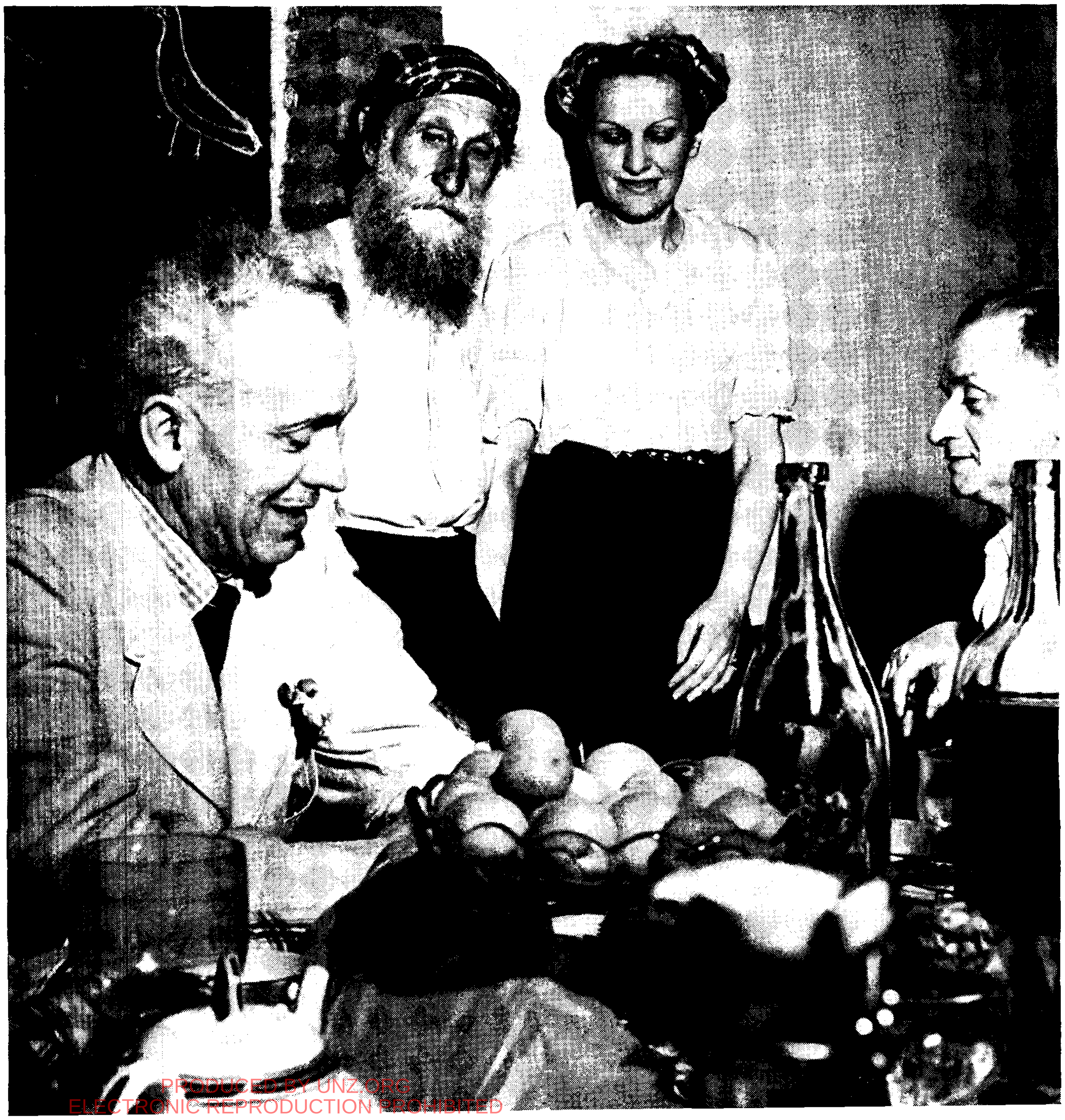
That was forty years ago, and Raoul Dufy has gone on showing people things they have never seen before. His subjects were various—improbable street scenes, figures, flowers, seascapes, racecourses, regattas, rarely a portrait. It made no difference; the same lighthearted humor sparkled in them all. He recorded the impression of the instant and lifted it out of time; he dealt in essences, untouched by age or trouble.

Recognition came to him as a master of French Modernism. His captive essences danced, not only in oil and water color but also in silk, ceramics and in the illustrations for books. He created designs for Beauvais tapestries and vivid fabrics for Poiret and Bianchini. He worked ceaselessly with tremendous gusto and he lived in Paris, the city he loved and which today he misses so much.

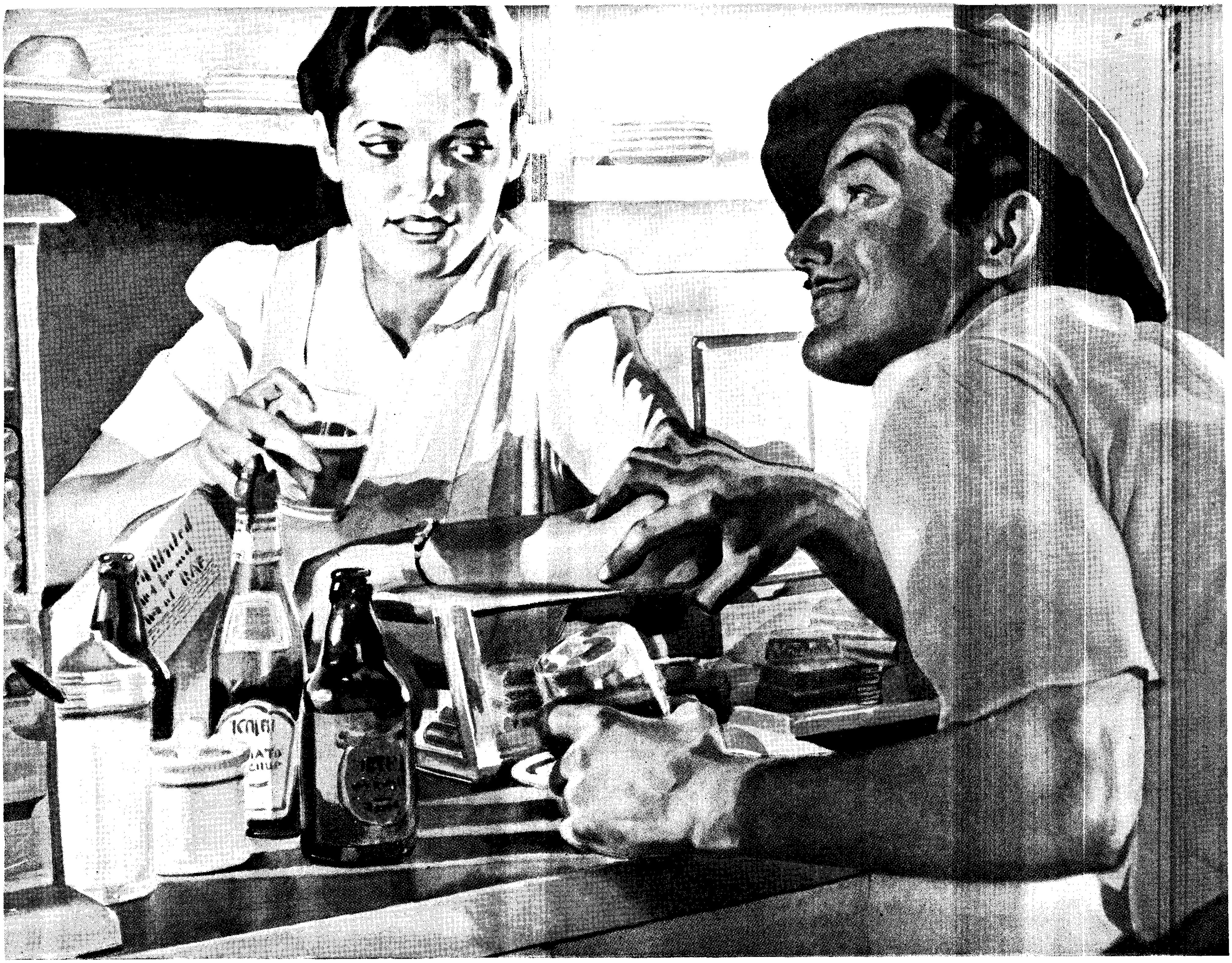
I have known Dufy for twenty years. Six months ago I went to look for him in France. I knew he would not be in Paris. With difficulty I found him in a small town in the south. I photographed him. The man Dufy was changed. But the artist Dufy was the same or greater. At sixty-five he seemed more aged than Maillol, France's greatest living sculptor, who is in his eighties.

Dufy had hardly any materials. He was using (as you can see) a newspaper for a palette. He was twisted and tortured by arthritis, supposedly not allowed out of bed. But he had begun to paint again. And once more he was dealing with essences, untouched by his country's misfortunes.

I brought back ten of his paintings, ten pictures of roses. One of them is reproduced here. These ten water colors, fragile refugees of war, bear the imprint of the spirit of France, as though that spirit had lightly touched them with her finger tips—the spirit of France that is both unquenchable and unquenchably gay. ★★★



**Accompanied by his doctor and his wife, Dufy, on the first day he was able to spend entirely out of bed, visited the revered Maillol, France's greatest living sculptor, at the latter's home at Banyuls, in southern France**



ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

"You no know me. I no know you either." He laughed, feeling good. "I like you. I give you job. You come cook for me"

# Fly Away Home

## By John Weld

**Their break came when they least expected it. And it was engineered by their hearts, not by their heads**

THE white roadside shack had HAMBURGER in large black letters across its façade. Inside, a woman sat on a stool behind the counter picking her teeth with a wooden pick and reading the green front page of a Los Angeles newspaper. She was about thirty-five and her Spanish skin was the color of olives, her hair black and shiny. She wore a pretty apron over her dress.

Someone went by singing Home on the Range. A car passed, headed south, toward San Diego, its bearings knocking. She looked up as the screen door opened. A man came in. He wore faded blue jeans and shirt, an old sweat-soaked felt hat. The neck of his shirt was open at the throat. He had a swarthy skin, dark, furtive, frightened eyes and a shy, obsequious manner.

The woman got up. "Good evenin'," *she said pleasantly and came down the* counter. There was about her smile and her voice a sincerity, a warmth that was not commercial—a real friendliness.

The man's "'Ello," was spoken with a strong Mexican accent. He smiled timidly and sat down on one of the stools.

"Nice evenin'," she said, and looked out, her hands on the counter, waiting.

"I take hamburger," he said, and pushed his hat back on his head.

The woman turned and lit the gas stove with a kitchen match, brushed the black, grease-encrusted grill with butter leavings. She opened the icebox and brought forth a meat patty on a piece of waxed paper. The meat was ground up and there was a lot of fat and suet in it. She slapped it on the grill, mashed it flatter with a spatula, opened a roll and flopped it face down beside the meat. "With or without?" She turned to look at his face.

He nodded. "Sure. Everything," he said.

She sliced a great Bermuda onion, wiped the knife on her apron. "What to drink?" she asked, and looked up at the sign above her—glass tubing full of liquid fire: *Acme*. "How about a bottle of beer?" she asked. "It's ice cold."

"Sure," he said, and then looked at her hopefully. "You drink one with me, eh?"

Her eyes looked at him quickly, startled; then away again.

"I pay," he said.

"Okay," she said, smiling, and brought forth two bottles. "Much oblige." The bottles hissed as the caps came off. *She wiped the bottle on her apron* and set it before him. She emptied the other one into her own glass. The amber fluid foamed up. Then she clicked her glass against his. "*Salud.*"

"*Salud.*"

They drank. She set the glass down and turned to the stove, flapped the meat over. "You work around here?" she asked, after a little while.

He nodded. "Rancho Vincente."

"How long you been workin' there?" she asked.

"Five week."

"Thought I hadn't seen you around. Where's your home?"

"I born in Rosario, Baja California." The soft Mexican words came out of his mouth like music. "You know Rosario?"

She shook her head. "I never been down there," she said. She buttered the browned roll, put the meat between the halves, added the slice of onion and the relish, scooped it on a thick, *chipped* plate, set it *before him*. He took the lid off the hamburger, spread mustard with a wooden paddle, shook on a little salt, put the lid back on, and

*(Continued on page 28)*

# Red Flag in Brooklyn

## By Arch Murray

**It leads to a little fuss now and then, but the majestic Magerkurth stays right in there, calling 'em as he sees 'em and fearing no man—not even a Dodger fan**

THE pre-game hush had fallen over the big Sunday crowd at Ebbets Field as the three men in blue came up out of the dugout. At first, there were only the customary brrrrpppps that always greet the umpires. Then suddenly, explosively, as the customers recognized the beefy, red-faced giant carrying the bag of balls, they came to their feet and the thin trickles of jeers became a Niagara of abuse.

Brooklyn's Public Enemy Number One had come home. George Magerkurth was making his first Sunday appearance of the 1942 season at Ebbets Field, and the crowd was merely giving him the reception due the man who has replaced Bill Terry as the most cordially hated human being in Flatbush. The mere sight of him was like a red flag to the bulls of Brooklyn.

The Maje gave off a customary snarl and went about his business. His big 230-pound frame just bristled a bit more than usual as he cried "Play Ball." This was nothing new for the Maje. For twenty years he has been a target of withering scorn. A battling, belligerent hell cat of a man with thunder in both fists, he goes on calling 'em as he sees 'em and may the devil take his critics.

The blatant bazoos from the stands and the dugouts are old stuff to him. He has been parboiling in scalding water ever since he quit a timekeeper's job in Illinois to don mask and protector just twenty summers ago. He has weathered more arguments than a henpecked husband. And he keeps on giving National Leaguers the thumb whenever he thinks it necessary, which is so often that there's a saying around the circuit that you're not really a National Leaguer until you've been thrown out by the Maje.

The Maje himself is a kind of dual personality. Off the field, he's a mild-mannered, peace-loving citizen whose favorite pastime is playing hearts at the Elks Club back home in Moline, Illinois. Soft-spoken, easy-going, he's a good neighbor and a fond father and husband. He laughs easily and heartily. An occasional beer is his only dissipation.

Put him on a ball field, though, and you wouldn't recognize the man. Once his spiked shoes bite into the baseball lawns, he takes on a three-ply coating of pugnacity. His lips set in hard lines; the mellow smile fades, and his eyes become twin fangs of fire. His shoulders go back and up, and he takes on the mien of a top sergeant drilling a band of raw rookies. He snorts confidence and his voice rings out with all the power of a bellowing bull. That "Stee-Rock-Ohhh Thrrrreeeee" which sends a batter trundling back to the dugout in horrible shame can be heard in the farthest corner of the bleachers. The fellow oozes authority from every inch of his ponderous frame.

Perhaps it goes back to the fact that he was a fighting man in his youth. Like the usually amiable Jack Dempsey, he turned killer the second he slipped through the ropes. The resemblance to Dempsey ends there. The Maje had nothing more than two murderous fists, which were potent enough to flatten 42 unfortunate foemen. But he never fought for anything more than pin money around the docks and barges and small clubs along the banks of the Mississippi. He loved to fight, and today, thirty years later, he will still square off at the drop of the slightest slur.

S[illegible]er o[illegible] at [illegible] Mag[illegible] [illegible] the d[illegible]. Wh[illegible]es [illegible] and takes [illegible] cl[illegible] the

The real answer probably lies in his beliefs. There's nothing fancy about him or them. But he throws that great big heart into everything he does, and his main precept is that the whole game of baseball is founded on the rock of the umpire's integrity.

"It's simple enough," he says. "I don't give a hang what a Brooklyn fan thinks of me today or a Giant fan tomorrow. All I care about is that I'm doing a good job and an honest one. The umpire must be the complete boss out there on the field. Once his authority begins to wane, then baseball's on the way out.

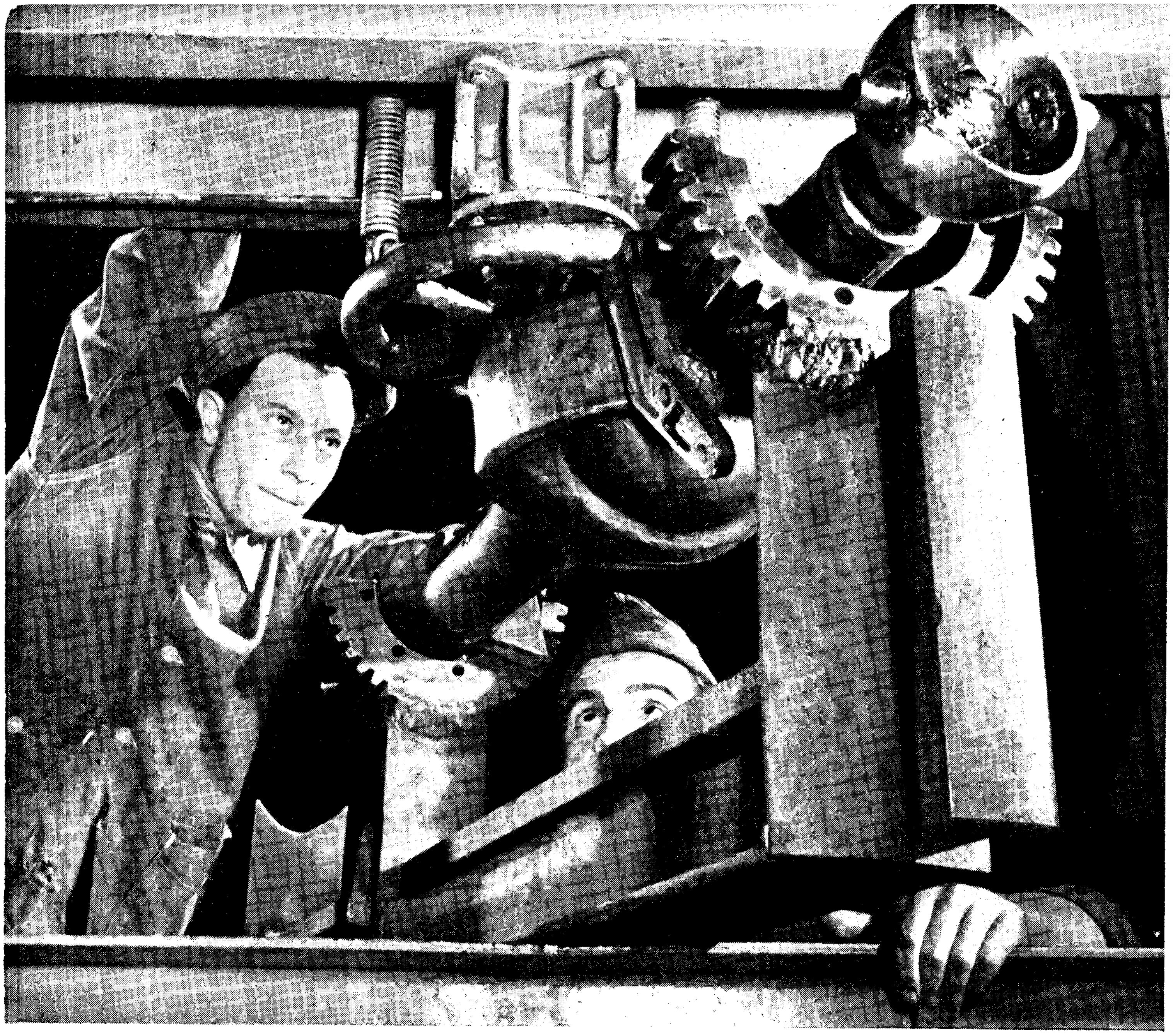
"I'll tell you right now that the biggest thrill I've ever had was when I read in the paper how Billy Phelps of Yale had gotten up at the baseball writers' dinner last February and pointed out that in all baseball history, there'd never been a scandal in which an umpire was involved. That's answer enough for me."

His jaw jutted out like the prow of a Viking vessel as he spoke, and the memory came back of other days when that jaw had reaped the harvest of disfavor that now hangs so heavily over his shoulders. Three times in the last three years it has thrust itself and the tomato-red countenance above it into the midst of the National League pennant scramble. Each time he could have saved himself a lot of woe by backing down without losing face before the situation had boiled all over the sports pages. But that isn't the Magerkurth way. He wouldn't take a back step from the Twentieth Century moving on him at top speed if he were convinced that he was right and the Limited wrong.

High tide came last summer at Pittsburgh's Forbes Field. A September sun was dipping into the west, and the Dodgers were leading the Pirates by a run in the last half of the eighth inning of the final game of as dramatic a swing through the Western badlands as any ball club ever made. Vince DiMaggio danced off third with the tying run, and two dead ducks had gone back to the Pirate bench.

Hugh Casey, the portly curve-balling Brooklyn relief artist, eyed the fleet DiMag nervously as he prepared to pitch to Al Lopez. He brought his arms up, then suddenly brought them down. It was a glaring balk. Even Leo Durocher's protest was comparatively feeble as Maje waved DiMag home with

*(Continued on page 51)*



Blanding's Heavy Motor Maintenance Shop is equipped with machinery and tools made from scrap. The compressed-air-driven axle straightener shown above consists of welded sections of a railroad rail and two halves of a worm gear

# Our Fighting Men

9TH DIV.

FORT BRAGG, N. C. Mail Call! The first time you see it—as a baffled, uneasy rookie—you wonder that it works at all; yet in its inimitably slow fashion it works exceedingly well, and it brings forth an attentiveness any top kick would give his right arm to command. About fifteen minutes before Mail Call, at the end of the day's work, heads begin to poke tentatively around tent corners. "Is that it?" No, not yet. Corp. Higgins appears with a mailbag and blows his whistle. "Is that it?" "Yeah, man!" That's the last you see of Corp. Higgins, submerged under a melee of mailees. Somehow, though, the mailman-for-a-day manages to extract a handful of letters from the pouch.

"Barkley?" yells Higgins.

"Here! Hot dog!" yells Barkley.

"Hagan?"

"Yo!"

"Spulanski?"

"He's playin' ball."

"Henderson?"

"Here. Is it air mail?" A foolish question. By custom, all letters marked air mail, and all colored envelopes addressed in fancy colored inks, are tantalizingly held until the last. No favoritism at Mail Call.

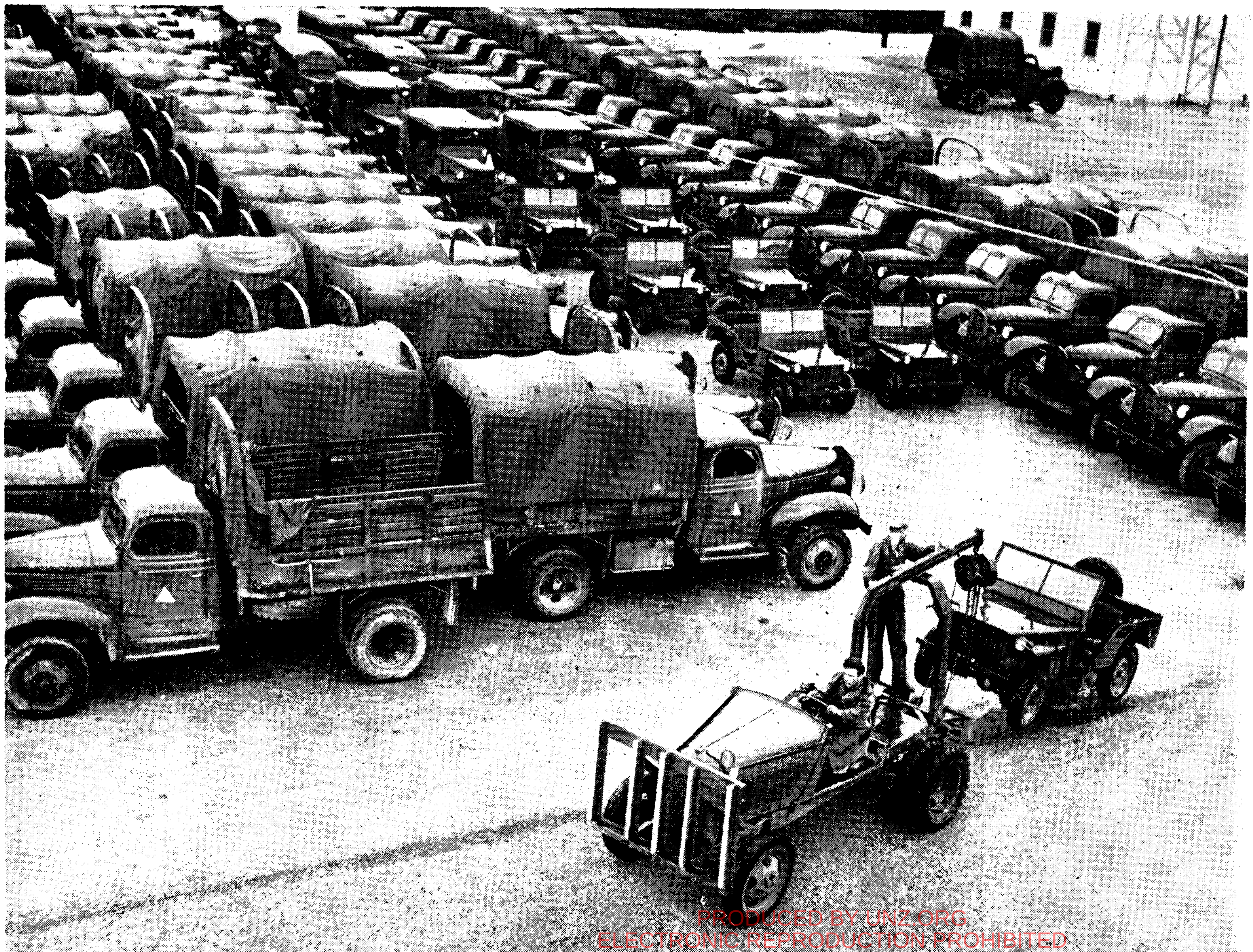
"Leeducks?"

"Leeducks? Hey—you mean 'Leedoo?'" demands Pvt. Leedoux.

"I mean Leeducks. What'd'ya think I am—a schoolteacher? . . . Morello?"

"Gee—swell! The first letter. . . . Oh, for Pete's sake—my own writing. I addressed it wrong."

Along with the letters come home-



**Betsy, the motorized crane shown in motor pool (left), lugs everything up to a six-ton truck. The crane was made of scrap iron and rails, as was the grill necessary to keep Betsy's front wheels down**

**MOTOR MAINTENANCE. When a truck in any of the 18 Army and Air Forces installations in Florida and Georgia folds up or needs overhauling, it goes to the Tenth District Heavy Motor Maintenance Shop at Camp Blanding for treatment. Typical of similar shops throughout the country, this one at Blanding is capable of saving and restoring almost anything**

**A smithy (right) and his helpers temper tools and straighten any materials requiring heat. Tools are made from axle shafts, small cranes are fashioned from truck bumpers, even glass is salvaged**

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

town papers. Then packages. All are passed back, hand over shoulder, hand over shoulder. Somehow they get to the right men.

*Throughout the day* an infantry company or artillery battery learns to be a tightly knit fighting team, but with Mail Call it momentarily breaks apart again into what it really is—the United States in miniature. Mail Call is magic.

TRINIDAD, B. W. I. The tropical evenings aren't all mosquitoes at this Caribbean base. Not only has the Air Force loaned the USO three flying showboats which wing into port with a million-dollar cargo of Hollywood talent, but the boys have been sent portable athletic equipment, recording machines for radio transcriptions, and a flock of the latest jive records.

There is no local draft board in Trinidad for the registration and induction of U. S. men employed at defense bases. Orders are received from local boards in the States where men have previously registered, and they're called up on the spot. Saves a lot of transportation and expense.

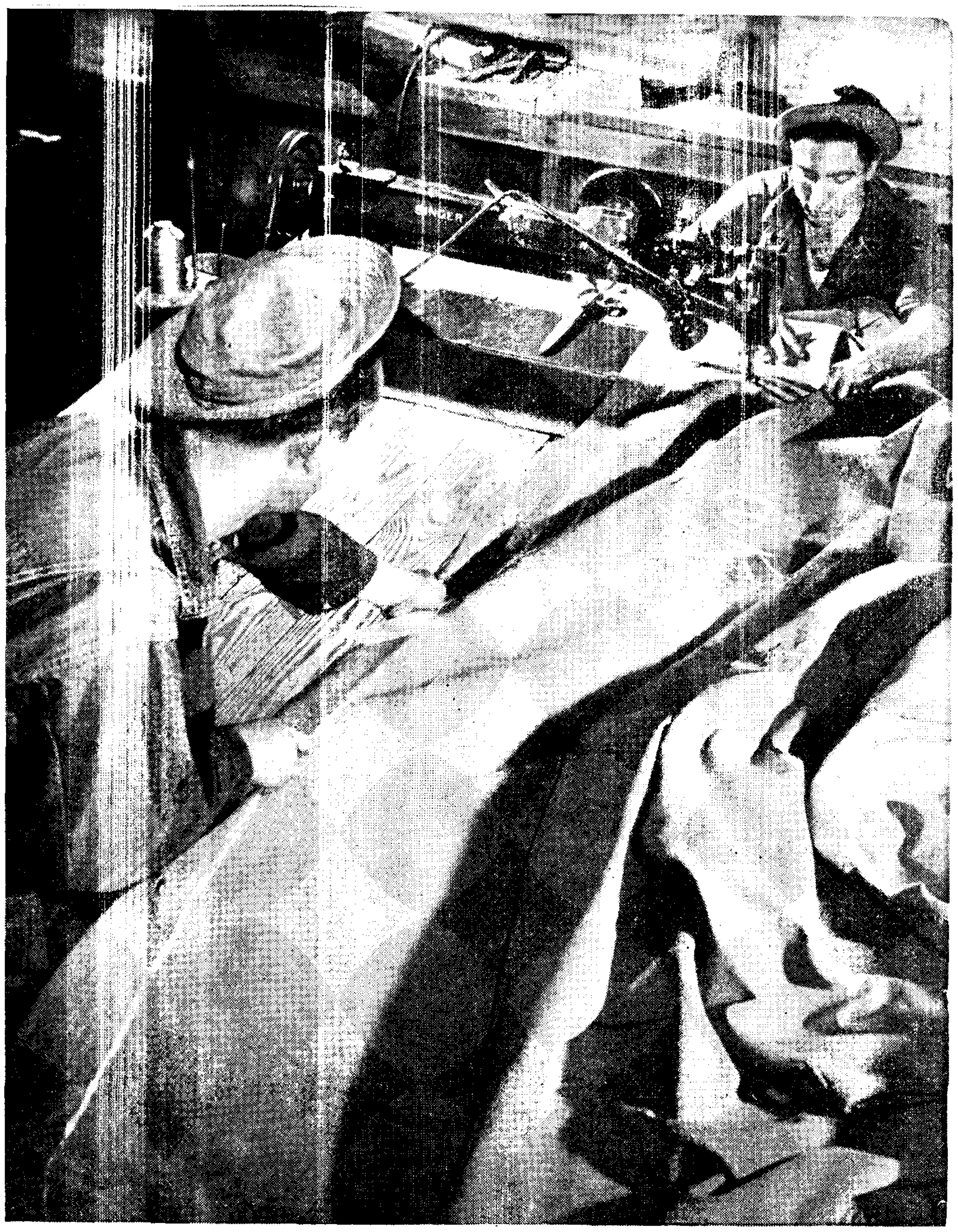
CAMP WOLTERS, Mineral Wells, Tex. While Technician Fourth Grade Earl R. Hamant, who presides over the locator information office's master files, was trying to get a call through to Mineral Wells, a young lieutenant stuck his head in the door to ask, "Is this the information office?" At this point Pvt. Hamant got the operator and said, "Outside, please." The officer, thinking this was meant for him, muttered an apology and hastily retreated. This is the end of the story, or anyway Pvt. Hamant hopes it is.

LATEST gadget to attract the Army's interest is a miniature mortar range devised by Lt. William J. Garlow, of Wolters' Co. B, 56th Bn. Complete outfit includes a screen which simulates a hill, behind which the mortar is set up in protected position. On the other side, 500 to 1,000 inches from the mortar, is a painted panoramic background studded with targets. The range shows trainees a mortar may be accurately sighted on a target they can't see, and it teaches them the hows of operating the gun. So simple it can be knocked together in two hours and its operation learned in thirty minutes, the device will be shown in infantry camps all over.

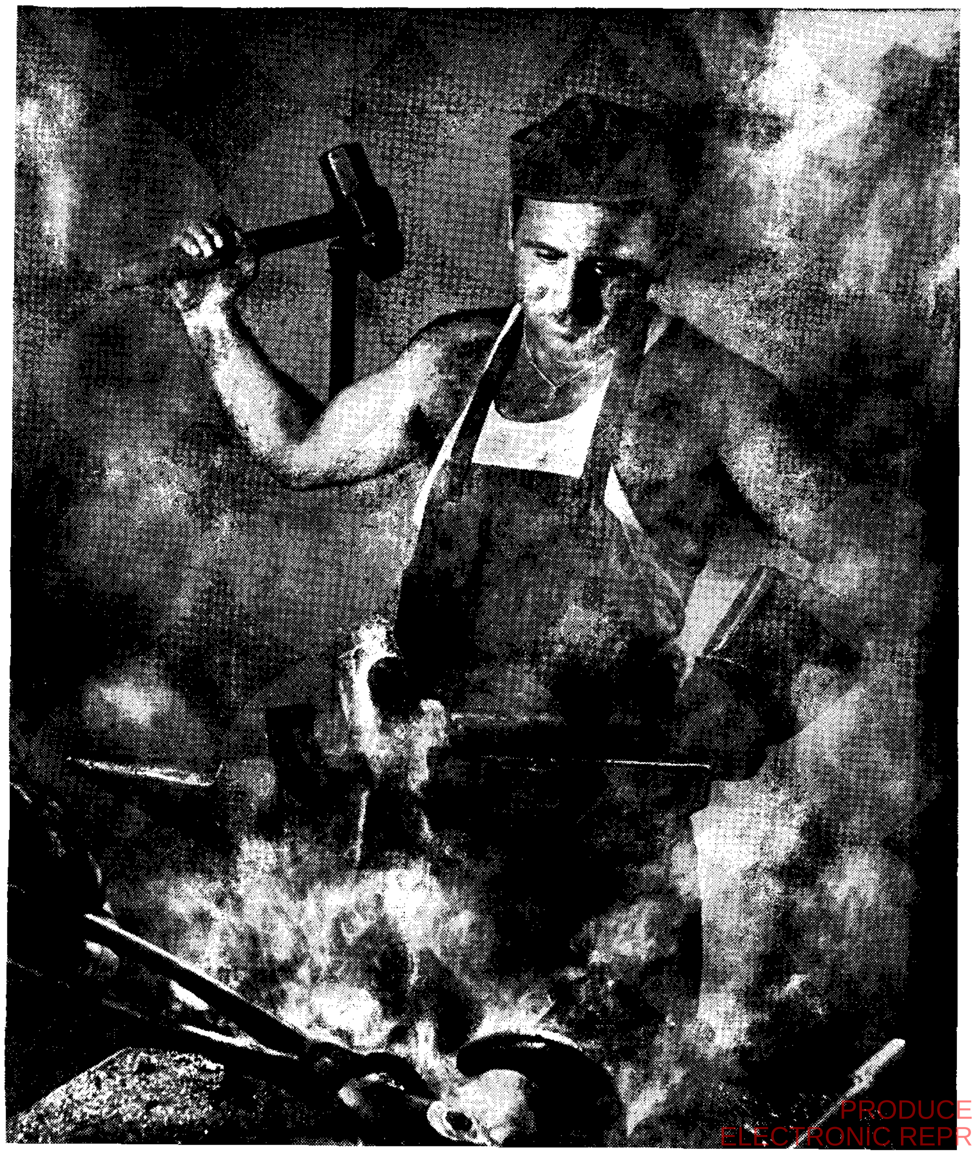
CAMP WALLACE, Hitchcock, Tex. Most of the men in Btry. A, 31st Bn., have each kicked in a nickel to Pvt. Paul Fulmer and supplied him with their names and probable postwar addresses. Six months after the war ends, Secretary Fulmer will mail each guy a double postcard, so the recipient can give an account of what he's doing and how many Nips he nipped. For instance: "Wounded in the capture of Tokyo, received Congressional Medal; now working as night watchman for the Eskimo Icebox Co., Reykjavik, Iceland. Present address, 101 F. D. Roosevelt Ave., Reykjavik. Married Susie Belle Perkins." Fulmer will compile the information and send a mimeographed copy to each man in the outfit who paid his dues. It ought to be worth a nickel.

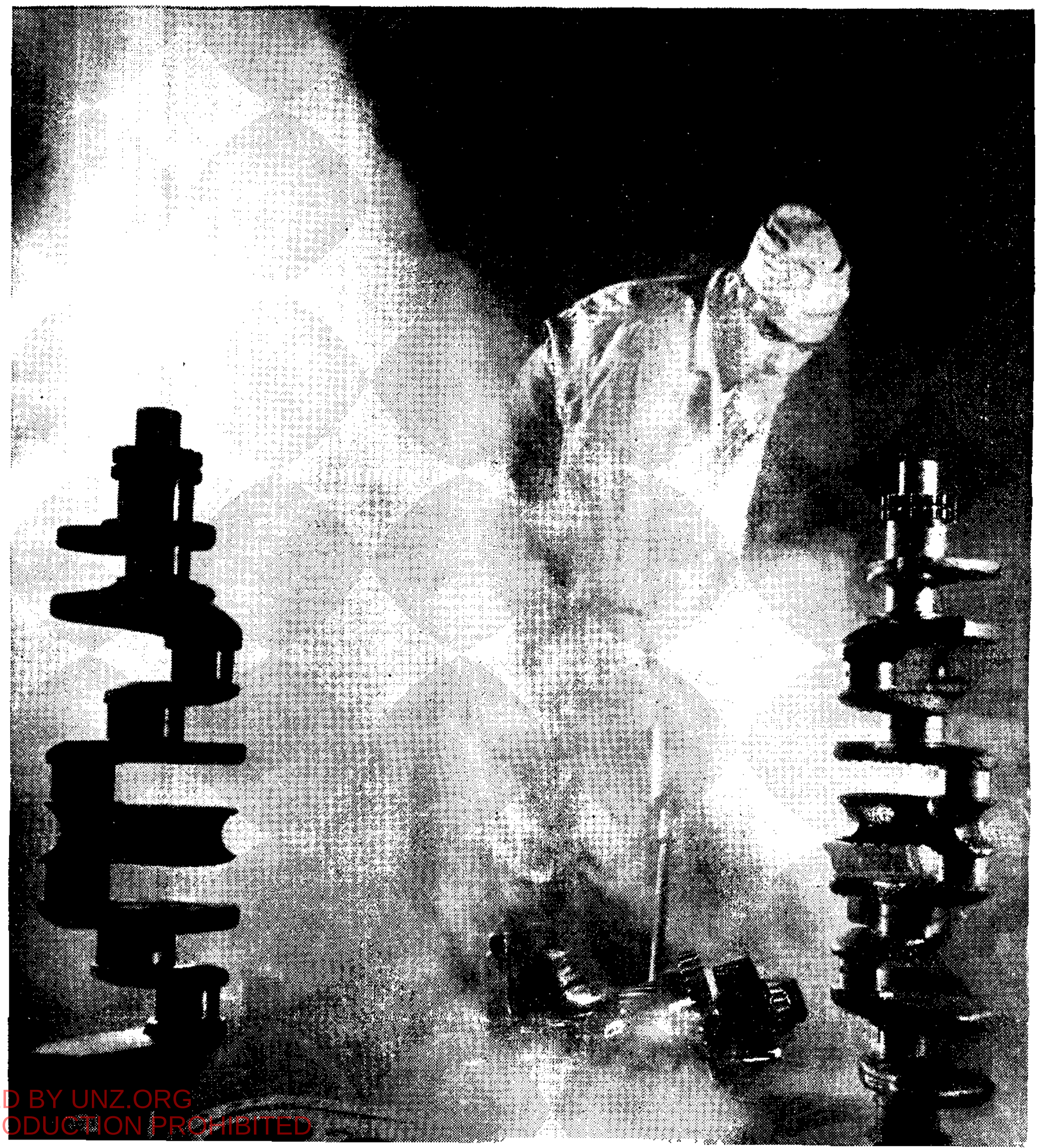
THE fact that the VIII Army Corps is in the Eighth Corps Area causes considerable confusion in the Southwest. Army Corps headquarters used to issue a neat mimeographed letter to Texas newspapers explaining the difference between VIII Army Corps (a tactical unit) and the Eighth Corps Area (a hunk of geography), but they finally tossed in the towel. The public just wouldn't be educated along these lines. Purists at Army Corps headquarters at Brownwood have been known to say, "Vee-three-one" so that there'd be no

*(Continued on page 46)*

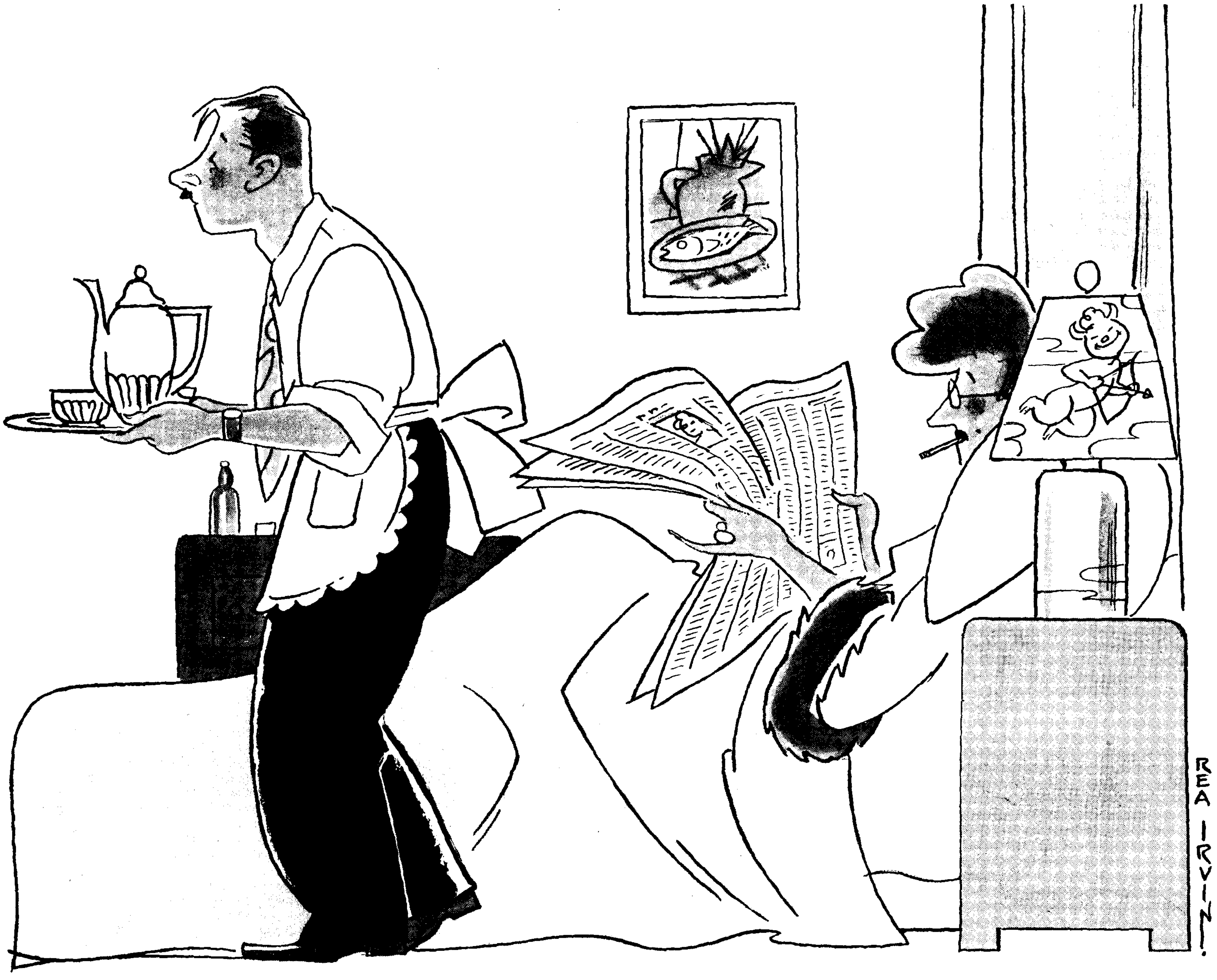


**Every month, about 17,000 square yards of torn or otherwise damaged tent canvas is converted into truck tops with the rebuilt sewing machine shown above**





**Only equipment purchased was the high-pressure steam outfit (lower right) used to clean grease and dirt from motor parts. Vehicles get overhaul every 12,000 miles**



# Good and Married

## By Hannah Lees

ILLUSTRATED BY REA IRVIN

**It takes brains to make a modern marriage work. Sometimes it takes expert advice as well. That's what marriage counseling is for—to make marriage work and to see that it keeps on being fun**

A SECRETARY held a trembling telegraph form under her boss' nose. "Could I have tomorrow off, please?" she said. The boss looked at the telegram. "Kelly Field," it read. "Flying home tonight on leave. Let's get married tomorrow. Love, Dick."

A boy was talking to a girl on her front doorstep. He was a clerk in a grocery store. She helped her father with his delicatessen shop. "Listen, Ida," the boy was saying, "my number's been called. I don't want to get out of it, but look, can't we get married before I go? You could keep on living at home and I'd get leave sometimes, and . . ." He stopped but he didn't need to go on. "Sure, we can, Jakey," said Ida.

A man was talking to a woman in a restaurant. He was an engineer. She was doing social service work. They had been engaged for five years, one of those engagements too comfortable to disturb by marriage. Now he was saying, "We've been crazy, Polly, wasting all these years. My reserve unit may be called out any day now. Let's not waste even a week more." "I'll marry you tomorrow, Ted," said Polly.

Six people rushing off to get married because of the war, six people who because of economics or uncertainty or lack of dominant urge might not have got married for a long time if at all. Multiply those six by many hundreds and you have a pretty good idea of what is going on all over the country every day now. War marriages, added to all the other marriages.

Last year nearly a million and a half young Americans issued official notice of their desire to spend their lives together, by twos, as families . . . official notice in the form of marriage licenses. This year, sociologists suspect, the marriage rate may go up from five to ten per cent because of the emotional pressure on all the Dicks and Marys, the Jakeys and Idas, the Teds and Pollys, to take their happiness today because there may not be time tomorrow. And they may be right about the happiness, but that doesn't mean there won't be a tomorrow. Sociologists and astronomers alike agree that there almost certainly will be.

Last year some quarter of a million people of assorted ages issued official notice that their attempt to spend their lives together as families had failed . . . official notice in the form of divorces. A quarter of a million people who either never should have paired up as they did, or should have been better prepared to cope with all the things that a life of teamwork involves. It's a good many. It's about one divorce to every six marriages.

Next year the divorce rate will probably be a little lower because the excitement and emotional pressure of war make every personal conflict temporarily more bearable. But in a few years, after the war is over, say somewhere around 1949 or '50, marriages will probably fall to pieces faster than they ever have before. The divorce rate has been rising steadily for some years. And add all these sudden unthinking marriages of today . . . a lot of them aren't going to stand up to ordinary life. About 1950 there may easily be one divorce to every four marriages unless something is done about it.

**Job-holding wives who come home too tired to cook are a headache to marriage counselors as well as to Hubby-with-the-apron-on**

Well, something is being done about it, not specifically as a bulwark around reckless war marriages, but as a bulwark around marriage in general. This something has been growing up all over the country in the past ten or twelve years from the belief that the free American family is the most important institution in our free American democracy, and that you can't hold families of free people together by any amount of legislation unless they have natural roots. This something is called marriage counseling and its single purpose in the world is to help young families to develop strong roots.

*(Continued on page 64)*

# "I'm Wearing this Silly Ribbon to Remind You... Check Your Car for Gas Waste!"

Mobilgas
Mobiloil
SOCO
For Most Miles per Gallon

## It's just good "Horse Sense" to see your Mobilgas Dealer. He can help your car last —give more miles per gallon of gasoline.

HERE ARE 10 proved ways your Mobilgas Dealer can help you keep your car running efficiently.

You'll not only get a longer-lasting car—but extra gasoline-mileage, too! Stop and see your Mobilgas Dealer right away.

He is ready to...

Check your tire pressures every week. Helps you save both rubber *and* precious gasoline.

Switch your tires every 5,000 miles. Evens tire wear...makes the entire set last longer.

Change your oil every 1,000 miles. Refill with clean, tough Mobiloil—world's largest-selling motor oil.

Check battery every 2 weeks.

Mobilubricate your car every 1,000 miles — protect every chassis part from costly wear!

Adjust your carburetor for thrifty summer mileage . . . or recommend a competent man to do it.

Condition your radiator water against clogging rust and scale.

Protect your gears — with the right Mobiloil Gear Oil.

Clean spark plugs every 5,000 miles. May save 10% of your gas.

Clean your air-filter every 2,000 miles—helps save gasoline. Change your oil-filter every 8,000 miles—helps save wear!

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO., Inc.,
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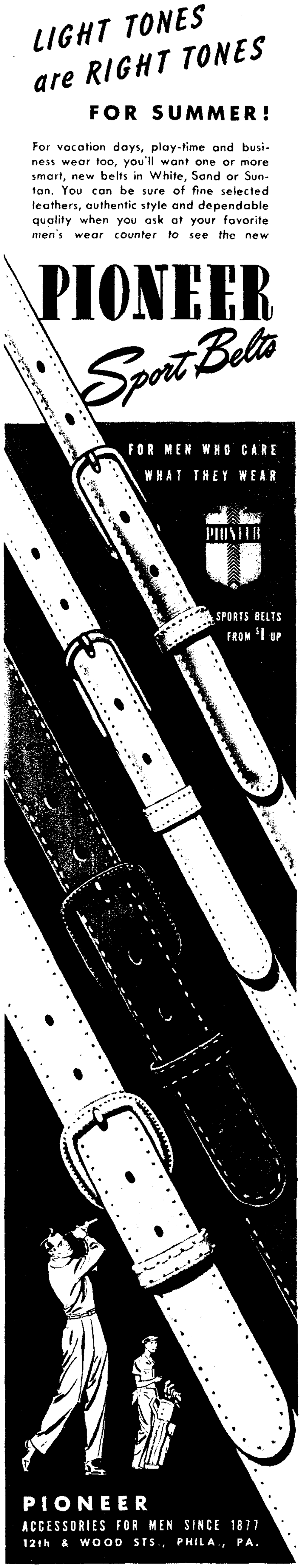
# GET MOBILGAS DEALER SERVICE



LIGHT TONES are RIGHT TONES FOR SUMMER!

For vacation days, play-time and business wear too, you'll want one or more smart, new belts in White, Sand or Suntan. You can be sure of fine selected leathers, authentic style and dependable quality when you ask at your favorite men's wear counter to see the new

PIONEER Sport Belts

FOR MEN WHO CARE WHAT THEY WEAR

SPORTS BELTS FROM $1 UP

PIONEER
ACCESSORIES FOR MEN SINCE 1877
12th & WOOD STS., PHILA., PA.

# Fly Away Home

Continued from page 22

took a huge bite. Chewing appreciatively, he looked around. "This your place?" he asked.

She shook her head. "Belongs to my brother. Him and my sister-in-law—they gone over to Santa Ana to a party."

"It's nice," he said.

"Oh, it's all right," she said. "Trouble is: there ain't enough business. He just barely makes a livin'." She watched him drain the bottle into his glass and turned to the icebox again.

"I pay," he said, as she brought forth another bottle of beer.

She shook her head. "This one's on the house," she said, and uncapped it.

"*Gracias,*" he said as she set the bottle down before him. He looked at her glass: it was half full. "You have another one, too," he said in Mexican.

She shook her head, smiling, and replied in his native tongue, "I'll skip this round." Her Mexican was as good as her American.

"Where you come from?" the man asked, still speaking Mexican.

"I was born here," she said. "Back over the other side of the railroad tracks. But I been livin' in Los Angeles for the past ten years. I just come back a couple of months ago. I'm lookin' for a job on a ranch."

He stuffed the last of the roll into his mouth, drank. "I take another one," he said, pointing to the plate, and smiled. "Good," he said.

She put on another patty and roll to cook. He drank his beer, watching her. "It's hard to get a job on a ranch without a man," she said. "They always want a man."

"You no like the city?" he asked.

She turned to look at him, the warm smile on her face. "Gimme the country for mine."

He did not say anything for a while, but sat watching her back. "I go home pretty quick," he said, finally.

"You mean Rosario?"

He nodded. "I get land, raise grape for wine."

"That's the life," she said.

"I save my money—already I got five hundred dollar. Pretty quick I go—get land from government, build house, raise grape. Go hunting every day. Good hunting at Rosario."

"How far's it down there?"

"About two hundred mile below the border."

She shook her head and laughed. "That's a long way from anywhere."

"Pretty down there," he said rapturously. "You never see something so pretty. You got sea, mountain." He drank again. "You have beer now?"

She shook her head, and dished up the second hamburger.

"I pay," he said anxiously, pleading.

SHE put the hamburger down before him, looked at her empty glass, then out through the screen at the lights in the liquor store across the street. She opened the icebox. "What're you tryin' to do—get me drunk?" she asked, smiling.

"I no see Mexican lady for a long time."

She uncapped the bottle. "Where you been keepin' yourself?"

"Oh, I go all over," he said expansively, "Canada, Wyoming, Utah."

"How long since you been home?"

"Oh, long time. Fifteen—sixteen year."

She watched the beer foam up in the glass. "My, that is a long time!"

He nodded. "Pretty quick I go back."

"You never been to Capistrano before?"

He shook his head, chewing.

"You never seen the mission then?"

His "No," was muffled by the food.

"It's nice. You ought to see it sometime. It's where the swallows come back to every year," she said, and waited for the foam to settle before pouring any more beer into the glass. "You know the swallows?"

He shook his head slowly. "No," he said.

"The birds," she said, "that fly away in the fall and come back in the spring—always on the same days. You never heard of the swallows?" she asked, incredulous.

"No," he said apologetically.

She took a nickel from the cash register and went over to the juke box. It was constructed of red, blue and yellow plastics and had electric lights inside. It began playing When The Swallows Come Back to Capistrano. The record had been played so much the needle scratched badly.

The woman came back and stood leaning on the counter, listening, glass in hand. Presently a male voice came from the box singing the lyrics. The man listened attentively, without understanding the words very well. When the record was finished the woman said, "There—ain't that pretty?"

He nodded. "It's nice . . . How about another beer?"

"Sure."

And as she went toward the icebox, he said, "You, too," hopefully. Her glass still had beer in it.

"Oh, no," she said, and laughed. "Not me. I've had enough."

"I pay. I pay. I got money." He put a bill on the counter.

"I'd get drunk."

"I no see Mexican lady for long time. You celebrate with me."

"Well," she said hesitantly, and laughed. She took two more bottles from the icebox. "If I get drunk it'll be your fault."

He laughed quietly. She wiped a bottle and set it before him. He smiled timidly, looking into her face. "What you name?"

"Pepa Merino."

"Pepa Merino," the man repeated softly. Then he said, "Me—José García."

And having thus exchanged names, they both suddenly were shy. Thereto their relationship had been more or less impersonal; now, suddenly, it was almost intimate. An old wheezy alarm clock on a counter ticked loudly through a period of silence; a car whipped by outside.

"How you like come work for me?" the man asked, after a little while. "How you like come cook for me on my rancho, eh?"

"Me?"

He nodded.

"You mean—down in Rosario?"

"Sure." He was beginning to feel good now. Some of his servility had left him. "We live good. I treat you nice."

"You kiddin'?" she asked.

"No, no," he said earnestly, "I no kid. You and me—we go to Rosario. We get one—two hundred acre. We start nice rancho." He unbuttoned one of his two shirt pockets, drew out a bankbook, slapped it on the counter. "I got money—five hundred dollar. We make good start."

HE WAITED, watching her broad face anxiously. And seeing her hesitation, he said, "You no know me. I no know you either, but I like you." He laughed, feeling good, a little excited. "I go get job I no know the boss. He no know me." He shrugged. "I take." His head was full of logic, but he felt he was not expressing himself. "I like you. I give you job. You come cook for me."

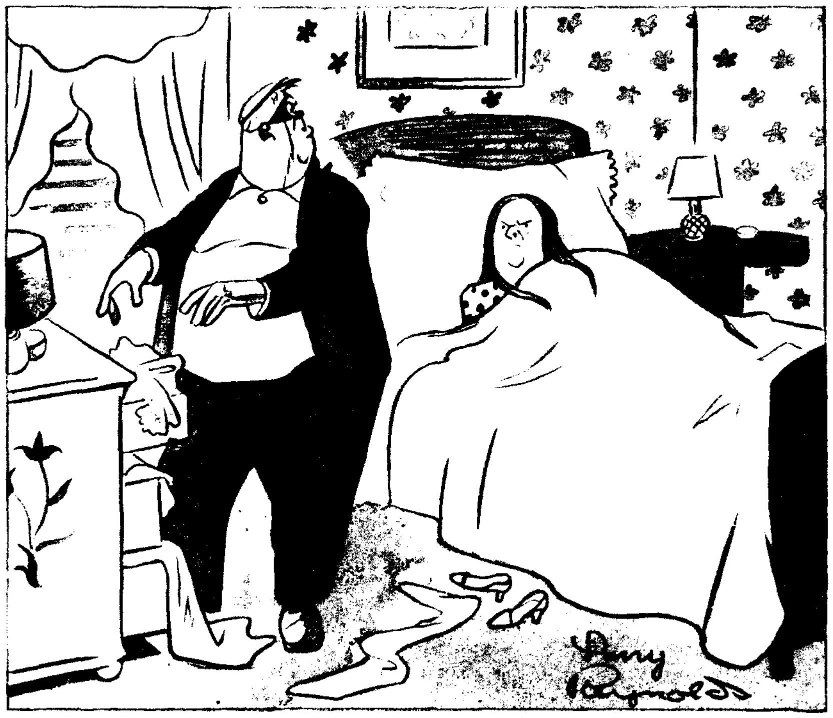
"I never figured on goin' so far away," she said, treading for time.

"I work one month more," he said excitedly. "Next payday I go. You come with, eh?"

"But what'll people say about—about us—about you and me livin' in the same house and us not married? People'd talk."

That possibility had not occurred to him. It quickly doused his spirits. "That's right," he said, his forehead furrowed.

**BUTCH** By Larry Reynolds



"They ain't either, 'big dirty paws'!"

"You ain't married, are you?" she asked.

"No; I no married."

She took his plate away, put it in the sink, turned on the water hard, so that it made a lot of noise. She didn't say anything. It wasn't her place to.

"I like to get married," José said. "I never been married."

"It's all right if you get the right person," she said. "I was married. It didn't work out." She laughed nervously, suddenly coy. While she was wiping the plate she said, "It's hard to tell. Even if you know a person a long time, you're takin' a chance. Sometimes it don't work out, no matter how long you know him."

He said, "You wouldn't want to marry me?" hopefully, doubtfully.

SHE turned and looked at him, frowning; and then her face cleared abruptly and she started laughing. "Why, what're you talkin' about?—I never heard nothin' like that in all my life!" she said. "You just walked in here off the street. You don't know me from a nanny goat."

"I know you," he said, embarrassed.

She laughed again. "You think I'm gonna marry the first man who walks in off the street and asks me? Why, I should say not!"

He looked crestfallen, contrite.

She said, "Pooh," airily, "you don't know me from a nanny goat."

He nodded. "I know."

"How do you know I won't steal your money and run off?"

"You no steal. You good woman."

She backed away a little and looked at him, appraisingly. "You know," she said, "you ain't a bad-lookin' feller."

He straightened and smiled sheepishly.

She looked at him narrowly. "You ain't no drunkard, are you?"

"Who? Me? This first drink I have in three—four month."

She sat down on the stool and commenced toying with a salt cellar. There passed a long period of silence. After a while Pepa said, "You ain't in no hurry about this, are you?"

"Oh, no. We got time."

"I wouldn't want to rush into nothin' like this. When are you goin'?"

"I work one more month; then I go."

She did not say anything, but kept twirling the salt cellar.

He asked, "What time you close up?"

She looked at the alarm clock; it read nine twenty-seven. "Oh, about ten o'clock."

José put some change on the counter. "Play about the birds," he said. And she got up and took a nickel and went over and put it into the juke box. The music began, When the Swallows Come Back to Capistrano. They sat, not looking at each other, listening. And when the music stopped José swung around on the stool and looked across the street. "I go get wine," he said. "We celebrate, eh?"

She looked at him frowning, then suddenly her face cleared and she laughed. "Sure," she said.

"I come right back," he said. The screen door banged behind him.

THE house in which Pepa was staying with her brother and sister-in-law was an ancient whitewashed adobe surrounded by a rotting picket fence. An old brown hound lay under the great pepper tree in the unkempt front yard and a number of chickens were scattered about the yard, busy with their incessant pecking and clucking. Pepa and Concha, her sister-in-law, were in the back yard hanging out washing the following Monday afternoon.

Concha, shorter and broader than Pepa, shook out a table cloth, hung it on the line, fixed it there with clothes pins. "What you want to go down to Baja California for, I don't know," she said, shaking her head. "Of all the God-forsaken places—"

"That's where José comes from; that's his home."

"There ain't nothin' down there but desert and salt."

"He says it's nice."

Concha put a clothes pin in her mouth and shook out a man's shirt. "Money couldn't get me to go down there," she said.

The hound's deep, warning bark—old and wise and weary—came to them, and then the sound of the knocker on the front door. Pepa said "I'll go," and skirted the fig tree and went into the house.

José was standing before the deep-set front door, hat in hand. He looked troubled and nervous. Pepa opened the screen door and said, "Why, hello there!" surprise and delight in her voice.

"You busy?" he asked hurriedly in Mexican. "I want to see you."

"Come in."

The room was in semidarkness: the blinds were drawn over the windows and the only light came through the front door. At one end of the room was a coal stove with a pipe which went out through the thick wall, at the other a bulky dining table and four chairs. Pepa pulled out one of the chairs for José and he sat down on its edge.

"What're you doin' around here this time of day?" she asked, and sat down on the cot, facing him.

HE SAID, "I got to go away from here quick," excitedly.

Pepa looked startled. "Why? What's the matter?"

"You know when I leave you Saturday night?" She nodded, frowning anxiously. "I am drunk. I not know how drunk I am," he said. "I am very drunk. I go about a mile on my way back to the ranch," he said, turning his hat nervously in his hand, "when two policemen drive up in car and arrest me."

"Arrest you?"

He nodded. "They say I drunk on highway—I make bad accident. They take me to Santa Ana and put me in county jail—for forty-eight hours—until just now. Just now they turn me loose."

"In jail!"

He nodded. "I am coming back to see you yesterday, but I am in jail."

"I thought you'd forgotten," she said.

"Now, I got to go," he said, and patted the shirt pocket where he kept his bankbook. "I go quick as I get money."

"But what's your hurry?" she asked. "Did they fire you at the ranch?"

He shook his head. "No, no," he said. "I go there now. First I come see you."

"You can tell them you were sick," she said.

"I no care about that," he said, sorely troubled. "I no care about the rancho."

"Then what is it?—what's the matter?"

He hung his head. "They take my fingerprints. They send them to Washington. Pretty quick they find out I wanted in Canada."

Pepa's face paled. "What do they want you in Canada for? What've you done?"

He looked at her pleadingly for a long moment. She was withdrawn a little. "I no want to tell you," he said finally.

"But you got to."

He sat, turning the hat in his hands and looking at it. At last he said, "Long time ago—sixteen year ago—I kill a man."

Pepa's knuckles whitened as her hands gripped the edge of the cot. "You killed a man!"

He nodded dejectedly, not looking at her.

"What for?"

And then slowly, painfully, haltingly,

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Bundy

**Babs:** Alice is a swell girl, Mom, but something's missing. I just can't get a date for her. Maybe we ought to send her to your beauty shop—you know, glamour her up a bit.

**Mrs. Brown:** Glamour, my grandma! All that roommate of yours needs is a little get-up-and-go! A little whoosh. A little zip. A little *pep appeal!* Let me talk to her.

**Alice:** But what can I do, Mrs. Brown? If a girl hasn't got it, she hasn't got it.

**Mrs. Brown:** That's a lot of foolishness. I'll bet you haven't been eating right—not getting all your vitamins. And you can't expect to have pep unless you do! Come on, we'll make a start right now.

Kellogg's
PEP
VITAMIN(B-D)ENRICHED

**Mrs. Brown:** See? This is KELLOGG'S PEP, a wonderful cereal made from choice parts of sun-ripened wheat. It contains extra-rich sources of the two vitamins most likely to be missing in ordinary meals—vitamins $B_1$ and D.

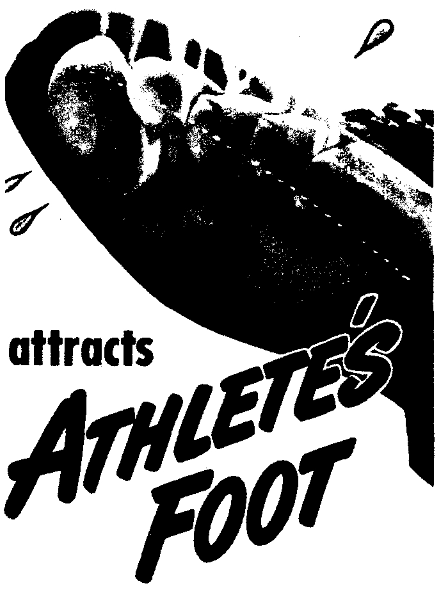
**Alice:** That's fine about the vitamins, Mrs. Brown—but why didn't you tell me PEP *tastes* so good? If getting the rest of my vitamins is as much fun as eating this swell cereal—I may have to get a date-book after all!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

*Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin $B_1$, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.*

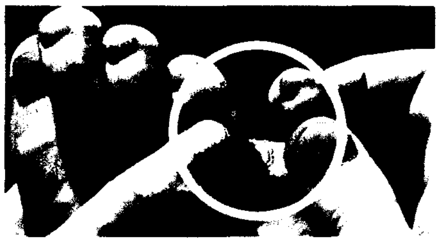
MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE

**Wartime's *EXTRA* walking soaks feet in perspiration—**



**attracts ATHLETE'S FOOT**

**Walk more—perspire more!** Athlete's Foot fungi breed on excessive perspiration, grow twice as fast. When the skin cracks they get in and invade living tissue. Pain when you walk, severe itching, inflamed toes, flaking skin—all tell you Athlete's Foot has struck!

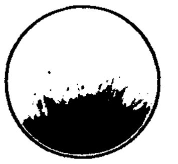


**Cracks Warn First**

Spread your toes apart tonight! At the first sign of a crack, drench the entire foot with Absorbine Jr., full strength. Repeat daily night and morning. Remember, Absorbine Jr. is the national favorite in relieving painful Athlete's Foot.

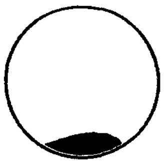
1. **Absorbine Jr. is an effective fungicide. It *kills* the Athlete's Foot fungi on *contact*.**
2. **It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.**
3. **It dries the skin between the toes.**
4. **It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.**
5. **It eases itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.**

***Athlete's Foot Fungi DIE AT TOUCH of Absorbine Jr.***



**Fungi growing fast**

Photomicrograph of Athlete's Foot fungi. This parasitic plant life burrows under the tissues, irritates delicate nerve endings. No wonder Athlete's Foot causes such severe pain!



**Fungi dead**

Photomicrograph showing that Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot fungi on contact. No longer can they grow, causing you so much pain and misery

Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr. $1.25 a bottle at all druggists.

W. F. Young, Inc., Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

**ABSORBINE JR.**

**KILLS ATHLETE'S FOOT FUNGI ON CONTACT!**

***ALSO QUICK RELIEF FOR:*** Sore, aching muscles—Tired, burning feet, Sunburn—Bites of mosquitoes and other small insects.

he told her that, as a young man seeking adventure, he had gone to Canada with two other Mexican youths, friends of his, and of their having found work on the Canadian Pacific Railroad. And he told her that, while working near Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, a gringo had cursed him and that he had struck him on the head with a shovel. The gringo had died and José had been sent to a penitentiary for life. And he told her that for fifteen years he had worked to escape and of how, finally, the year before, he had managed to get away and across the border into the United States. He had worked his way south—through Montana, Wyoming and Utah into California—on his way home to Rosario.

When he had finished he raised his head slowly and looked at her beseechingly. "They catch me now they send me back," he said, not moving, hardly breathing.

Pepa got up presently and went over and stood in the doorway looking out upon the familiar scene. Some hens were pecking around the front step.

"He call me greasy Mexican bad name," he said pleadingly. "I hit him before I have chance to think."

She did not look at him. "You should've told me before," she said.

"I no mean to kill him," the man said hopefully.

A period of silence passed. Finally, Pepa turned back into the room. "I don't know what to say," she said slowly.

"I have learn my lesson," he said. "I never do nothing like that again."

"I never knew nobody what killed a man before," she said.

He did not say anything, but kept watching her and turning his hat in his hands, an expression of anguish on his face.

"You say you done fifteen years," she said. "How many more you gotta do?"

"In Canada—life, she is life. They take me back, I have to stay there till I die."

"How did you get away?"

"I dig. For fifteen year I dig."

"You mean you dug your way out?"

He nodded, looking at his hat.

They heard the back screen door slam shut and the Concha's voice: "Pepa—"

Pepa went to the door leading into the back room. "Yeah?"

"Who is it?"

"My friend."

Concha came through the kitchen and into the front room. "Ain't it about time you was gittin' over to help Jamie?" she asked, and looked curiously at José.

"I'm going right now," Pepa said. "Meet Mister Garcia. This is my sister-in-law," she said to José, "Mrs. Merino."

José got up. "Glad to meet you," he said, turning his hat in his hands.

"I been hearin' about you," Concha said. "You're the feller what wants to go down to Baja California, ain't you?"

He nodded. "*Sí.*"

She laughed. "You must be crazy," she said, and turned back toward the kitchen. She stopped in the doorway and spoke to Pepa: "It's gittin' late."

Speaking to José, Pepa said, "I gotta go to the rest'rant," and went over to the front door. He followed her out into the yard.

THEY went out through the gate and along the sidewalkless street to the corner. They stood on the corner, about to part. A woman came out of the Rios house with a pair of scissors; she waved to Pepa.

José said, "I got five hundred dollar," timidly, speaking English again.

"It ain't that," Pepa said.

"I treat you nice. I make you good house."

"I thought you was gonna gimme some time."

"I no can help. I gotta go . . . I gotta go to rancho and get my stuff."

A boy rode by on a bicycle; he had his right trousers leg in a clip. Pepa watched him. "Well—" she said reluctantly. José opened his mouth to speak, closed it again without uttering a word, swallowed hard. "—I think I'll stick around here. I got a job comin' up over at Toro."

José didn't say anything.

She put out a hand. "Good luck to you," she said.

He took it and would have held it, but she drew it away, embarrassed. She turned quickly and started across the railroad tracks, going up toward the highway.

PEPA was in the sandwich shack the next morning when the eleven-forty-eight for San Diego highballed through town. The sound of its anguished whistle had hardly died before she said, "Well, I guess that's that."

Her brother said, "What made you change your mind?"

"Oh, I don't know. Concha sorta talked me out of it. She said the country down there ain't fit for nothin' but lizards and Gila monsters."

"It ain't every day a woman your age gits a offer of marriage."

Pepa did not say anything. She watched a freight truck drive up to the curbing. Two men got out and came into the shack. They were typical truck drivers: a little sweaty and nice. They ordered hamburgers and beer. Pepa put the meat and rolls on the grill, stood looking out the window. Another bus lumbered through town without stopping. The twelve o'clock whistle at the packing plant blew. A car stopped and a man, a woman and a sailor got out and came in, followed by some of the fruit packers. Pepa was busy and did not see the motorcycle policeman ride by, then turn and come back. He left his machine in the street and came into the shack. He had on leather puttees and carried a big pistol in a leather holster on his hip. He carried an envelope in his hand.

"Anybody here named Pepa Merino?" he asked, reading from the envelope.

She said, "That's me."

"Could I see you a minute?"

She nodded. "Sure." She came around the counter. The policeman stepped outside, held the door open for her. Everyone was watching them.

Standing in the sunshine, the policeman said, "You know a guy named José Garcia?"

She nodded, her mouth open a little. "Yeah."

"He sent you this." He handed her the envelope. "He's in jail in Santa Ana."

She looked at it. It had her name on it. "In jail," she said, a little dazed.

The policeman nodded. He was a young fellow with eyebrows that grew across the bridge of his nose. "He's wanted in Canada. We picked him up in a bank this morning. Holding him for extradition."

"In a bank?"

"Unhuh." The policeman took off his cap and put it back on his head. "He asked me to bring you that." He indicated the envelope, shifted his pistol, and went over to the motorcycle. "I felt sorry for him," the policeman said, and kicked over the motor. "Well, so long."

She watched him speed away, his weight a little on one side of the saddle. Then she tore open the envelope. Inside were five one-hundred-dollar bills.

"Hey, Pepa!" Jamie called to her.

"Yeah, I'm comin'—"

THE turnkey unlocked the great barred door, and Pepa entered the cage hesitantly, her black eyes wide open, apprehensive, her handbag in her two hands. She had on her best dress; her hair was neatly arranged and she was wearing lipstick. The turnkey, a big man with a paunch, hollered, "José Garcia!" and someone else, evidently upstairs, hollered, "José Garcia!" as if in echo. And presently José came and stood on the other side of the thick screen. He was in prison uniform of denim jacket and shirt.

"The cop brought me the money," she said, not knowing how to begin.

His head was down; he did not look at her. He said, "I want you to have it. I got no use for it now."

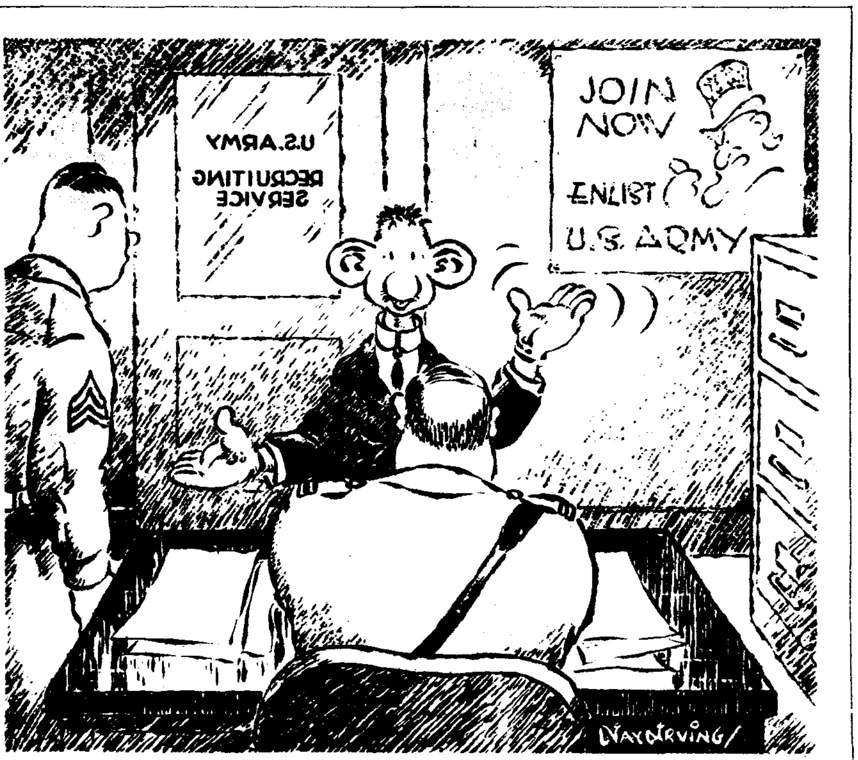
"I hired you a lawyer," she said.

He looked up quickly. "What for?" he asked. "Lawyer can't do me no good. I had a lawyer in Canada. He took my money. I went to jail just the same."

"I got you a good lawyer," she said. "He says they got no right to take you back. He says it was only homicide in the first place and that fifteen years is more than enough time to serve for it."

He shook his head despondently.

"I told him if he gets you off he can



**"I thought maybe with the aircraft detector division—or maybe in the espionage . . ."**

JAY IRVING

have the five hundred. If he don't, he gets nothing. He'll be over here first thing in the morning to see you."

"Won't do no good," he said.

"Won't do any harm to try," she said. "We got nothin' to lose."

Neither spoke for a little while, but stood on either side of the screen, their heads bowed as if in prayer. Finally she said, "I can't tell you how sorry I am, José." He raised his head and looked wistfully through the screen at her. "I'm sorry I said I wouldn't go with you," she went on.

"I don't blame you," he said.

"I was hopin' all mornin' you'd come by to see if I'd changed my mind."

"It would've been nice," he said. "We could've had such a nice life, you and me. I was going to build you a nice house." He wiped a hand across his eyes. "Well, it don't make no difference now."

"How'd they come to catch you?" she asked.

"They know I got money in bank. They wait for me."

"How they know?"

"When they arrest me for being drunk they make list of everything on me—my bankbook." He shrugged. "They got me before I can run. I never have a chance."

"You wouldn't hurt nobody," she said.

He raised his head again to look at her. "You trust me now?" he asked.

She nodded. "You're a good man, José," she said.

Tears welled in his eyes, commenced streaming down his cheeks. "Pepa—"

"Yes?"

"I never see somebody like you."

Someone upstairs was singing, "If I had the wings of an angel—"

"If you ever get free," she said, sobbing a little, "I'll go with you—"

PEPA was sitting in front of the house in the sunshine drying her abundant black hair when the car drove up. She had her head down and was combing her hair forward, over her face; but at the sound of the car stopping she parted the tresses to see who was there. Because of the government emblem on the car and the two uniformed immigration officers, she did not see José until he opened the door to get out. He cried her name and came bursting through the gate. She tossed her hair back over her head and got up.

"I no gotta go back!" he cried. "I no gotta go back to Canada!" He came up to her, grasped one of her hands and kissed it. "The lawyer—he get me off! He set me free!" He was almost tearful with joy. He turned and pointed to the officers in the car. "They take me home!" he cried. "They take me home to Mexico! They turn me loose!"

"You mean the governor won't let them take you back to Canada?"

He nodded excitedly. "They take me home!"

SHE caught him and pulled him to her, held him there against herself, her face raised; and she whispered something prayerfully.

"You come, too, Pepa!" he asked eagerly. "You come, too, eh?"

"When? Right now?"

He nodded excitedly. "We go now—to Tia Juana."

"But I'm not ready. I'm not dressed," she said.

"Please, Pepa."

She looked at the officers in the car. "Will they let me?" she asked, and went down to the fence. "Can I come, too?" she asked. "Can I come with him to Tia Juana?"

The officers looked at each other. They wore stiff-brimmed hats. One, the driver, was a young man; the other was middle-aged and had a small neat, thin blond mustache.

The younger one said, "It's against the law," but without finality.

The other one said, "I guess it won't do any harm—if you'll make it snappy."

THE END

## Any Week

Continued from page 4

their support was being got by such clearly unethical means.

OUR whimsical associate, Gurney Williams, informs us that many of the cartoonists who add to the numerous reasons why it is worse than foolish to try to get along without this magazine, demand that readers requesting the originals of our cartoons send with their requests five-dollar checks made out to the Red Cross. A nice idea. But Cartoonist Charles Cartwright reports that when he asked a clergyman for five dollars in return for one of his originals the good man promptly sent the check, calling Mr. Cartwright's bet, and raised him a pint of blood.

THIS war moves so fast that we're having some trouble catching up with the sex aspects. All we can do is to report bits of such intelligence as they come to us from our readers. We've just heard from Mr. Bob Schmidt of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Mr. Schmidt was an interested observer recently of the passing of a long line of troops through his well armored city and noticed in particular a jeep bearing two privates and a colonel. The colonel dismounted, went back to a corner to ask a policeman about directions. A moment after he got out, one of the privates got out too and let the air out of one of the tires. The colonel returned, observed the deflated tire, gave the lads instructions about repairing the damage and re-embarked in another jeep. Whereupon the privates ran their jeep to a near-by filling station, inflated the tire and headed back alone in the direction from which they'd come. As they departed, Mr. Schmidt heard one of the lads say to the other: "Was it the fifth or sixth block back we saw her wave?"

AND Mr. John J. Murtaugh of Pasadena, California, informs us that he has just listened to a hardhearted judge sentence a fellow to two years in prison merely for smuggling into our country two hundred dollars' worth of opium. Listening to the prisoner's explanation of the opium reduced Mr. Murtaugh to tears. It seems that the fellow had been drinking. In short, he had got pretty drunk without, as he told the judge, knowing it. A friend told him that opium taken in proper quantities would relieve his hang-over. So, after shopping around at home for a bit of opium and finding none, he motored over into Lower California where a most sympathetic Mexican sold him two hundred dollars' worth but warned him to be very careful with it and not take too much. Promising to follow directions to the letter, he told the judge, he wrapped up his opium and motored back into California where the authorities at once took him in charge. . . . When he gets out of jail, Mr. Murtaugh thinks, some publisher ought to grab him. "A liar who can make me cry like this guy did belongs to literature."

W. D.

Remember ME? I'm your WIFE!

**Buried in the paper again**

You've come home too hot and tired even to talk, much less have fun! But, man, you can make evenings the Best Part of the Day if . . . just before dinner . . . you take a dip in the tub with a cake of Ivory Soap!

**Liven up in an IVORY BATH**

Dig into your heat-weary, sluggish muscles with fistfuls of Ivory's thick, quick lather. Ivory's *mildness* makes your hot, sticky skin feel keen, cool, smooth. Such a *fast* pick-up, too! That white floating cake lathers faster than any other leading bath soap. You're in . . . you're *out* in no time at all, hungry as a bear with nary a care.

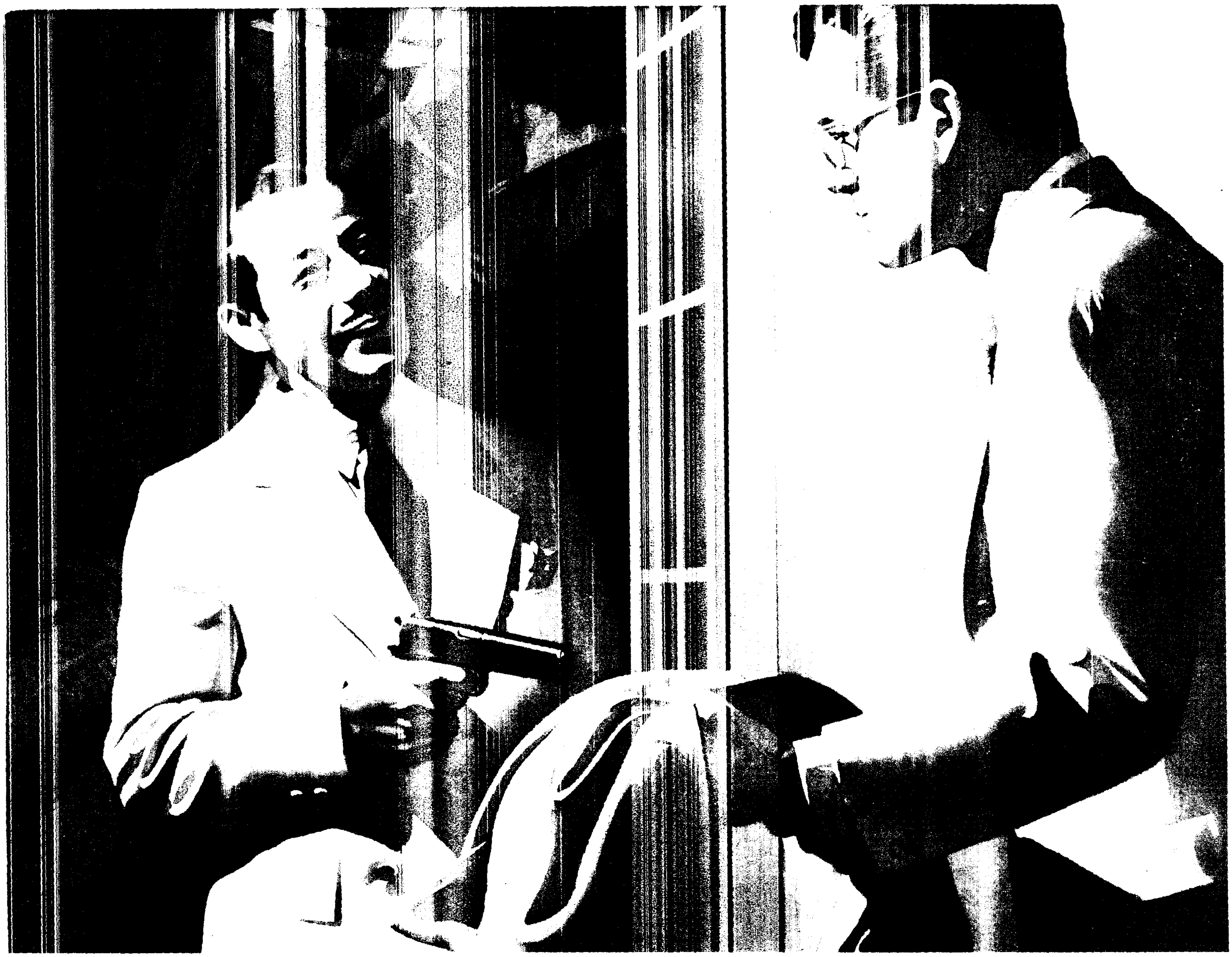
**Fresh Start for the Day's Best Hours**

You're as full of bounce as a coil spring after your Ivory Bath . . . good for hours of *fun*. Half the secret's that fresh, clean "Ivory" smell that makes you . . . better company. The other half's that more luxurious Ivory lather that makes an *Ivory* Bath specially refreshing. Get a Fresh Start *every* evening in an Ivory Bath!

99 44/100% PURE · IT FLOATS

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. • PROCTER & GAMBLE

For a FRESH START... take an IVORY BATH



"You were thinking of throwing the coat at me, weren't you?" Lopez laughed. "I was thinking," Winslow said, "if you'd drop that gun I'd like to break your neck"

# It's Loaded, Mr. Bauer

## By John P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

*The Story Thus Far:*

WINSLOW GREENE, a young American geologist, leaves the Boca Grande mine, where he is employed, and goes to the coast town of Santa Rosa.

At the hotel he meets Milton Bird, a metallurgist from Boca Grande. Bird, a handsome, self-assured fellow, is drinking heavily; he says that he has made the acquaintance of two friendly drinking men, Martinez and Gruber; and he laughs when Greene points out that Gruber is a German—and possibly dangerous.

An American girl, Henrietta Simpson, is expected on the boat due from New York in a short time. She is to work in the office of Jim Walters, the manager of the Boca Grande mine; and Walters has asked Greene to meet her. On the way to the customs docks, Greene is approached by a stranger who introduces himself as Eduardo Lopez of the secret police. Lopez intimates that two men—Martinez and Gruber—may try to get some information out of Greene about his mining operations; he warns Greene to be careful; and he offers his hat, a fine Panama which Greene admires, to the American—who does not accept the hat.

At the ship, Greene meets Miss Simpson, a beautiful blonde, and escorts her to his hotel, where she takes a room.

That evening they dine together. While they are chatting, Milton Bird comes in with two men—Gruber and Martinez—whom he introduces. Gruber announces, in no uncertain terms, that he hates Nazis.

A short time later, Greene and the girl leave the restaurant. Suddenly four shots ring out in the darkness ahead of them, and a man (who is wearing a Panama hat—*Lopez's Panama hat*) falls to the ground. A crowd gathers, and Greene and the girl hurry on to the hotel. There—in the girl's room—Greene obeys a sudden impulse and kisses Miss Simpson! After which, he goes to his own room, where he finds that someone has been looking through his records.

Seizing his revolver, Greene goes to Lopez's room, enters. Lopez is there, and Greene accuses him of snooping into his affairs. Lopez, astonished, professes to be the American's friend. Greene listens; then: "That would sound better," he says quietly, "if you hadn't offered me that hat this morning. *How do you answer that one, Lopez?"*

### III

SEÑOR LOPEZ looked as though the idea were entirely new to him. He sat silent for a moment, looking at the floor.

"I can see," he said, very sadly, "I can see why you cannot like me."

"That's bright of you," Winslow said.

"No," Señor Lopez answered, "not at all. It is you who have used your mind, very admirably, Mr. Greene. You came into this room and you did not think it was I who had been shot. I fear the others also know it. I only came back a few moments before, after those events outside, yet in the few moments you have been here your mind has worked, you have formed a natural conclusion, that I have been prying into your affairs. I can only tell you that I have not. I can only add that it was late this afternoon that I found out something, only a very little something, that made me what you Americans call 'hot.' I knew I was 'hot' when I saw that poor fellow killed tonight. I am so hot that I shall leave this hotel in a few minutes and arrange to go where I hope certain persons cannot find me. But I did not search your room. I wish you would believe me."

Señor Lopez ended his speech almost pleadingly, and his eyes looked wide and hurt.

"Maybe you can tell me who did, then," Winslow said.

Señor Lopez nodded slowly.

"You have every right to ask. I think it was either a gentleman named Mr. Gruber or another one named Martinez. It was either Mr. Gruber or Mr. Martinez who tried to wait for me tonight. Ah, now I see you are interested. What did they say to you in the restaurant? Remember, I said you would see them."

Winslow hesitated. It occurred to him that Señor Lopez had not explained much.

"Why do you want to know?"

"It is difficult, you see," Señor Lopez said. "For the last two days these two gentlemen have suddenly become very interested in gold bars from Boca Grande; yet neither of them is a thief nor bandit. They are not that type at all. That is why their interest is puzzling to me, for I have been concerned with them for an entirely different reason. Did they ask you when the gold was being shipped?"

Winslow nodded.

"Did you tell them?"

Winslow shook his head, and Señor Lopez's teeth flashed in another of his smiles.

"You have been more helpful than you think, Mr. Greene. Believe me this means very much—much more than I am free to explain. It may concern something which is international. I have fought in the Loyalist Spanish army. I was in Madrid before the end. I do not like the Fascists, and a clique

# THE LONG SHADOW OF WASTE Can Postpone the Day of Victory

It has been said that America wastes enough food to feed all of Europe! That thru sheer neglect of our cars, we waste more car mileage than Europe owns! That we throw more metal into our scrap piles than many nations possess!

That is a tragic indictment—even in peace times. Today—such waste is akin to treason!

For every ounce of food wasted—the clock that moves all too slowly toward victory is momentarily stopped!

But food is only *one* of the essentials on which armies move forward to success . . . and peace.

***All metals*** are vital! And with metals as with foods—the battle against waste must be waged in *your* home.

This very moment—take time to do this: Look at your car—your refrigerator—your range, washing machine, electric iron. Everything made of metal!

Ownership of these luxuries is a privilege reserved for Americans. In other countries at war, they are long since prohibited—turned into ships, guns, planes, tanks, shells. And the world demand for metals and rubber—for food and fuel and wool—has become greater than the available supply.

***Do you value your life?*** Then declare war against waste! Against neglect of the things you already have. Against needless wear and replacement.

***Do you want peace?*** Remember that a car contains more of these precious materials than anything else the average family owns—and translate repair parts for your car into metal stolen from our fighting men! Into guns without triggers—unfinished shells—ships uncompleted on the ways—planes that don't come thru in time!

***Do you really want peace?*** Then translate neglected adjustments or a little cheating on mileage between lubrications into freight cars loaded with repair parts instead of guns and shells! Into production time that could be used to turn out plane parts or machine guns!

***Do you want victory?*** Then as you read this, resolve to guard your car's life as never before. Unimportant, you say? The life of just one car? That's the attitude that *loses* wars. In ordinary times, America wastes half the mileage in its cars thru neglect. Today such neglect is criminal. The mileage in every car today is part of our strength—essential to our victory. The extra miles that care can bring us will help speed victory and peace—for you and for America.

## I PLEDGE . . .

**To** buy only what I really need—and to put the rest of my earnings into U. S. War Bonds.

**To** hoard nothing. And to put a stop to all waste.

**To** scrupulously guard and preserve everything in my home made of metals and rubber.

**To** use less paper of all kinds and to save—*not burn*—all waste paper.

**To** repeat no word of rumor or gossip. To accept sacrifice and privation without complaint. To devote myself to the one task of winning this war.

### A BIG THING YOU CAN DO TO HELP WIN THIS WAR

Your car is a part of America's fighting strength. Guard it as a soldier guards his gun. Whether you prefer Alemite or some other lubricants, *get them regularly!* This is no time to risk car life by cheating on the distance you drive between lubrications. Use top-quality motor oil and change it regularly. Old, dirty oil can damage the parts it is supposed to protect. And repair parts not only use up vital materials—but getting them to you wastes desperately needed shipping space!

**STEWART-WARNER CORPORATION**

ALEMITE
LUBRICATION

STEWART-WARNER
INSTRUMENTS

STEWART
DIE CASTINGS

BASSICK
CASTERS

SOUTH WIND
HEATERS

DUAL-TEMP
REFRIGERATORS

MAGIC DIAL
RADIOS

SCOTCH MAID
ELECTRIC RANGES

*BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS*

This message *is published by Stewart-Warner Corporation, Chicago, Ill., solely in the interest of speeding American victory. We have no ax to grind . . . our machines have been converted to the making of essential materials for war and war production. We hope that we may soon serve civilian needs again. But until this war is won, those needs must wait. There's a bigger job to be done.*

SAVE WEAR

AC

OIL FILTERS

SAVE OIL

Clean Oil

SAVES GAS AND OIL

You may not believe it...but it's true. And here's why—

Dirty oil clogs the slots in piston rings. Then piston rings and cylinder walls wear faster. When that happens, oil economy goes out the exhaust pipe. *And so does gas economy.*

**AC Oil Filters Get that Dirt**

Watch the color of your oil! Install a new AC Oil Filter Element whenever the oil gets black.

Get THIS FREE OIL TEST

When you want your oil checked in the usual way, stop in where you see the AC sign (shown below). Have the attendant wipe your oil level gauge stick on an AC Oil Test Pad. The spot on the Pad will tell you how clean your oil is.

For engines not now equipped, your AC dealer has a complete AC Oil Filter which can be installed in a short time.

OIL FILTER SERVICE AC

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

**NOTE:** *Follow the recommendation of your service man as to when oil should be changed.*

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION
*General Motors Corporation*

high in our government likes them even less. Shall we let it go at that?"

When Señor Lopez waved his hands, he seemed to be twisting the neck of a Fascist. He went on talking:

"Yes, we shall let it go at that. You shall like me if we live to know each other better. You shall call me Eduardo and we shall have wine and I shall play the guitar and sing. But not now. We must wait until a happier moment. This place is too 'hot' for me. By the way—I like your coat."

Winslow was a little taken aback by the swift flow of Señor Lopez's speech and by his sudden jumps from one subject to another.

"It isn't much of a coat," he said, "but I happen to need it myself."

"But useful," Señor Lopez answered. "It has a protective color and anybody wearing it will look like a gringo. I must borrow it tonight."

THEN Señor Lopez moved. He moved like a streak of light, and his co-ordination was beautiful. Before Winslow was aware of it, Señor Lopez had snatched up the pistol from the bed where it was lying, and Winslow was blinking into its muzzle. But Señor Lopez was still smiling.

"You see, I move fast," he said. "You must believe now that I was well-intentioned. I only want your coat, Señor Greene, without any argument. I only want your coat because it may save my life when I leave this place. Take it off quickly, please, and do not touch the pocket."

Winslow unbuttoned his trench coat.

"You're right," he said, "I wouldn't have given it to you. It's the only one I've got. I need it where I'm going."

"Exactly," Señor Lopez's voice was soothing, "and that is why I am rude. Toss it on the bed sideways." And he laughed. "You were thinking of throwing it at me, weren't you, Mr. Greene?"

"I was thinking," Winslow said, "that if you'd drop that gun I'd like to break your neck."

Señor Lopez laughed again, and Winslow tossed the coat sideways on the bed. Señor Lopez edged toward it carefully, reached in the pocket and extracted Winslow's revolver, dropped it on the floor and slid it beneath the bed with his foot. Then he put the coat around his shoulders.

"I am only borrowing it," he said. "If nothing happens to me it will be waiting for you at the plane in the morning. I am sorry to be so rude." And he slid past Winslow to the door.

"Put up your gun," Winslow said suddenly. "You can handle them better than I can. You're welcome to take the coat."

They looked at each other for a moment, and then Señor Lopez dropped his gun into his pocket.

"You're a nice fellow, Mr. Greene. You and I are gentlemen. Good night and all my compliments."

A second later Winslow Greene was staring at the softly closing door. It may have been because he was past feeling astonished that he felt no resentment. He raised his hand and pushed his glasses more firmly on his nose, and then he scratched the back of his head. It had been an evening such as he had never known—quite an evening.

"I can't understand it," he said softly to himself. "I really rather like him."

THE next morning at the first streak of dawn, the southbound clipper was just gliding out of the sky as Winslow arrived at the airport. It rolled slowly up to the neat passenger building with its motors idling. Almost before it stopped, the mechanics had run to it and had begun working beneath its wings.

Then the attendants were rolling up the gangway. A bell rang and out came the pilot and copilot, and the passengers stepped out for a breath of air. There were businessmen from New York and well-dressed tourists who stared incuriously at the dull landscape, and in ten minutes they were aboard again. The huge plane taxied across the field and turned to face the early morning wind, and each of the motors roared in turn, and all of them roared in unison. Then the clipper was in the air gliding toward the south. Although Winslow had seen the sight many times before, it gave him the feeling which he had experienced as a child on his grandfather's farm when he stood by the railroad and watched the trains go by. It was the same half-restless, half-homesick feeling.

He was not thinking of Señor Lopez at all, but of Henrietta Simpson. In a few minutes his own plane would be coming in. In a few minutes that smaller plane would carry him off, across the Andes, and he would be as inevitably and completely separated from her as though she had never crossed his horizon. It was all like the Berkeley philosophical theory which he had studied long ago—you could only be sure of the existence around you, of the objects which came into the narrow circle of your sight and hearing. He already was beginning to wonder whether Henrietta Simpson really existed and whether everything that had passed between them was not a part of his imagination, when one of the airport attendants touched his arm.

"Your baggage is weighed, and your tickets are ready," he said, "and here is a package for you, Mr. Greene."

He was holding a bundle wrapped in rough brown paper. It was Winslow's trench coat, and pinned to it was an envelope which bore his name. The script was written in elaborate flourishes with broad and fine pen strokes, reminiscent of copybooks back at home in the days when penmanship was an art.

"Thank you so much for the coat, my dear friend," Winslow read. "It is in the same condition in which you left it, and I beg that you excuse my rudeness which took it from you. I beg of you to remember me, but to forget if you can the circumstances of our meeting. Should you wish to communicate with me again when you return from what I hope will be a successful and happy journey, I am stopping in a pleasant secluded place, the address of which I shall give you—North Plaza, Number 28, the rear apartment on the third floor. Three short knocks, a pause and then two. If I am not there, someone will tell you where to find me. I think I shall be busy for a while studying our friends, Mr. Gruber and Mr. Martinez. Some day I hope to tell you more about them. In the meanwhile, all my most respectful compliments and felicitations, and with them goes my heart and hand, and all that I have is yours. Respectfully and obediently, your servant, Eduardo Lopez."

The attendant touched his arm again.

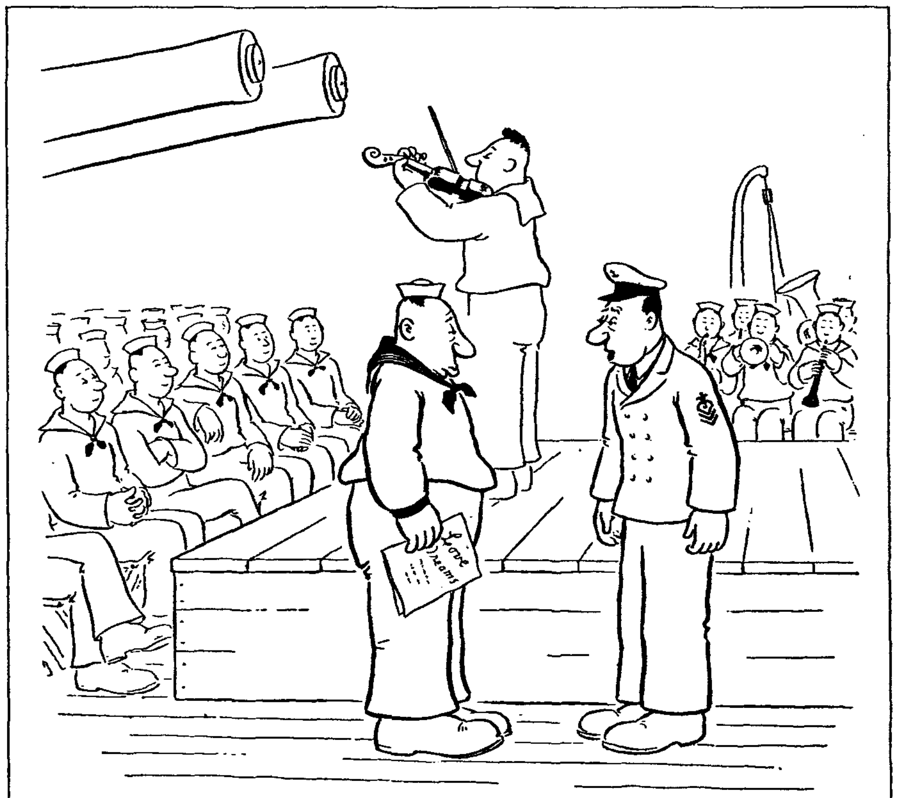
"Mr. Greene, your plane is coming."

IN THE afternoon only three days later, Winslow reached the base camp. It stood on the last high ground overlooking a mysterious sea of tangled vegetation and marshy land and rivers, thousands of miles of unmapped country which stretched to the Atlantic coast. He had reached one of the frontiers of the world and it was filled with a sinister sort of majesty. When Winslow saw the clearing and the camp tents and the thatched buildings, the city of Santa Rosa and the Boca Grande mine seemed years away. By the time he had eaten supper at the mess shack, he felt that he had been at the base camp always. His chair and his cot were ready in his tent, and his mind had already turned to his plans for pushing out alone, when John Swan, one of the young engineers, called to him.

"We're going to talk to Boca Grande," he said. "You'd better tell them that you're here."

Although it seemed years away in time and in space on the other side of the Andes, you could talk by short-wave radio as easily as though Boca Grande were only a mile away. The instrument was set up on some crates of canned goods in the supply shack. A candle burned beside it because it was seven o'clock and dark. John Swan sat in front of the instrument smoking his pipe and twiddling the dials and looking at his wrist watch.

"Hello," he called in Spanish, "hello. The base camp at Zamorra calling Boca



"Just be patient, Alfred—everyone must await his turn! You can sing Love Dreams at next Sunday's concert"

HUMPREVILLE

Grande . . . calling Boca Grande. . . ."

He turned toward Winslow. "They're a little slow at answering tonight, but they'll come through."

Winslow could never get over the strangeness of it. There was an awful sense of mysterious powers as you sat before that boxlike thing with its knobs and tubes and waited for it to speak. John Swan was not impressed by it. He adjusted the knobs and swore, and then there was a hissing sound, and then, sure enough, the voice came, blurred but insistent:

"Hello, calling the base camp at Zamorra."

"There it is," John Swan said, and he gave the dial another twist. "We've got it now. Hello, Boca Grande."

Winslow hitched himself nearer the instrument.

"Hello," the voice was clearer. It was Jim Walters, the boss of Boca Grande, speaking as clearly as though he were in the room. His voice had the familiar grating sound and the familiar brisk authority.

"Hello, Jim," Winslow said. "I got in this afternoon."

"What sort of a trip did you have?"

"All right."

"When are you starting out?"

"Tomorrow, if I can make it. The Indians are here," Winslow replied.

"Fine! Goodby. Gook luck."

ALTHOUGH he was cut off from everything—a single white man in a dugout canoe with three Indians paddling down a river, stopping at strange hamlets, speaking a strange language with a halting tongue—he could not lose the memory of Henrietta Simpson.

The night before they turned back, when he sat writing his last report in his notebook, and the mosquitoes droned in clouds above the smoke of the fire, he felt happy, even though the rumors of gold in the stream beds had been exaggerated. It seemed to him in the days when they worked back up that river, that she was always growing nearer. And one evening, weeks later, when they were out of the level land, climbing the trail along the slope and when he saw the lights of the base camp ahead of him, he had the most ridiculous thought that she might be there. When he was half a mile off, he fired a shot to tell them he was coming, and he walked into the camp about sunset.

He had forgotten all the comforts of the base camp, and the sounds and the smells of the life he had left were unfamiliar to him. His clothing was patched and torn; he was thinner but he had suffered no illness and he was in good condition. As the people gathered around him, shaking his hand and asking questions, their faces looked too well fed and their hands were too soft. It was always so after a trip like that. It would take him days to get used to the food and a bed.

At the base camp, they treated him with a respect with which he was not familiar anywhere else. They treated him so because they all understood what was implied by such a trip as he had taken. They gathered about the table in the mess shack, asking questions and looking at his map.

"It's the same story," he told them. "Of course there's gold. It's like the other places—there's gold in every stream, but not enough to make it worth while to try to get it."

Then he returned to his favorite theory about the gold of the old Inca empire. Those stories from the Spanish Conquest, of gold in the temples, of immense accumulations of the precious metal, were surely not exaggerated. Nevertheless, this might not necessarily mean that there was some secret gold deposit which no one had discovered. Today if you could send a hundred thousand Indians to wash the gold from the streams on the eastern slope, and if some central authority could take the gold and pay them nothing, you could pave a street with it.

There were a number of places he had examined where one of those huge placer operations such as existed in Alaska would be profitable—but how could you bring the machines to such a country? The gold must wait until there were roads, and would there ever be roads down there? Personally he hoped that there would never be, for when there were roads, no one would ever send him on another trip such as the one he had taken.

"You see," he said, "I like it out there. It's the only thing I'm good at, boys."

And then he had asked how everything had been going. It was characteristic of such a place as that, that they mentioned all the tribulations of the base camp first. Everything had been going all right there. There was enough gas for the motor that drove the electric generator, and they had been in touch with Boca Grande every day. In fact, in the next five minutes, Boca Grande would be calling.

"Jim Walters has been asking for you lately," John Swan said. "He's been anxious for you to get in."

It was ridiculous that Winslow should have thought of Henrietta Simpson, but she came immediately to his mind.

"He didn't say what he wanted me for?" he asked.

"No," John Swan told him. "He just wanted you. You can talk to him right now. Boca Grande will be calling."

They were back again, seated before the short-wave radio, and once again Winslow Greene was adjusting himself to the altered values of time and space. There were all those strange blurred noises, and then came Jim Walters' voice and again Winslow was calling to him across the Andes.

"Yes," Winslow was saying; "I got through all right. No, there was nothing there. . . . How's everything at Boca Grande?"

"Everything's fine down here. When can you get out? I want you to meet me at Pinas."

"What's the matter?" Winslow asked. "Why do you want me in such a hurry?"

"Keep your shirt on. You're not sick, are you?"

"No. Everything's fine."

"THAT'S the boy." Winslow recognized the altered tone in Jim Walters' voice. It was the tone he used when he was going to make you do something that you might not like. "Get cleaned up and get a good night's sleep, and break out of there tomorrow morning. I want you down at the mine. I'll meet you at Pinas—the Villa Schwarz."

"What's the matter?" Winslow asked.

"I tell you," Jim Walters said, "nothing is the matter, and even if so, I wouldn't tell you over the air, would I, so all the Western Hemisphere could hear me? Get to that landing field, and get the plane to Pinas. Don't argue over the air. Get out first thing in the morning."

"Jim." There was something else Winslow wanted to say, but he found himself hesitating and stammering. "If you should happen to see Miss Simpson—I mean, don't make a point of it—but if you should happen to see her tonight, you might tell her I'm back, and give her my regards."

"Give her what?"

Winslow squirmed uncomfortably. Jim Walters would not be alone by the radio. There would be others in the office listening.

"It isn't anything important, Jim. Just give her my regards."

Then he heard Jim Walters laugh.

"Son, I wouldn't worry. She's pretty

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And mild? Just compare it to the finest custom blend! Smooth. Sweet-smoking. Bite-free. Moreover—it doesn't lose its flavor.

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WITHOUT PAINFUL BURNING

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SKOL contains an exclusive, patented form of tannic acid. A quick-drying liquid, it doesn't pick up sand, doesn't make you messy, doesn't show. SKOL is not greasy, not oily. Be sure to apply before going into the sun. Use after each swim.

*Relief*... SKOL also helps *relieve* painful sunburn and dry, chapped skin. It's antiseptic, too!

Skol Company, Inc., New York

**Scientific tests prove that SKOL blocks out harmful burning rays—those below 3130AU—but lets the tanning rays—those above 3130AU—pass through.*

PREVENTS PAINFUL SUNBURN

SKOL
PREVENTS PAINFUL SUNBURN
ALLOWS A BENEFICIAL TAN
CONTAINS NO OIL OR GREASE

SKOL IS THE LARGEST SELLING NON-OILY SUNTAN LOTION IN THE WORLD

busy now. Get out of there tomorrow morning, will you?"

Winslow removed his eyeglasses, blinked at them, and wiped the lenses carefully. The right-hand bow had broken when he was crossing a stream in the Oriente and he had mended it, not very successfully, with a piece of adhesive tape.

The plane was losing altitude and the landing field of Pinas was beneath them. When he saw the brown tracks of the runway, Winslow told himself, as he had a dozen times before, that he preferred two weeks on muleback to the two hours in the air above the Andes.

Out on the landing field, the wind blew at the skirts of his trench coat, and snatched at the brim of his battered felt hat.

Mr. Valdez, the company's agent, was there to meet him, wearing a red Indian poncho, and a neat brown Homburg hat with a bit of feather in it.

"This is your baggage?" Mr. Valdez asked. "You travel very light, Señor Greene."

"How else can I travel," Winslow said, "back there?"

"True," Mr. Valdez answered, "but with the new spirit which is coming over South America, it will all be different soon. The government will be building highways to the Oriente. In no time, this country will be very modern."

The driver of a battered touring car picked up Winslow's bedding roll and placed it in the front seat, and Winslow and Mr. Valdez got in behind.

"Tell him to drive slowly," Winslow said.

The driver placed his left hand on the horn. He held the wheel superciliously with his right hand.

"Soon," Mr. Valdez said, "this road will be improved and there will doubtless be electric lights along it. Ah, before long Pinas will be a metropolis."

"Tell him to drive slowly. He scares me," Winslow said, but Mr. Valdez only smiled.

"There is a room reserved for you at the Villa Schwarz. The plumbing in the Villa has been much improved in the last two months. There is another bathroom and a new means of heating water. Señor Walters is waiting for you."

"I know," Winslow said, "he sent for me," and he would have liked to ask Mr. Valdez why, but it would not have been discreet.

JUDGING from the appearance of the road, it had been market day in Pinas. The barefooted Indians who had drifted down that morning from the mountains to buy and sell in the plaza were heading back for home, moving up the road wrapped in their brightly dyed ponchos. Their copper-colored faces, broad and smiling, were vaguely reminiscent of the faces in the Mayan sculpture of Yucatan—the same broad noses, heavy lips, deep-set eyes. Their flat bare feet pattered tirelessly through the dust; men and women were bending under burdens looped in cloth across their shoulders.

The car moved slowly through the crowded plaza, past the little booths where a few baskets and brown sugar cakes were still being sold, and where wool was being weighed, and there was the familiar plaza smell of dust and wool and cattle and vegetables.

"Business is very good," Mr. Valdez said. "The Germans are defeating the Russians. There are three new chairs in the Educational Department of Municipal Hall—very comfortable with soft, plush seats."

They were through the town by then. The atmosphere of the plaza, so like a hill town in Spain, and so different from the frosted-cake façades of Santa Rosa on the coast had disappeared like a memory. Now, instead of being in Spain, they were in one of those queer self-contained communities not uncommon in South America—a suburb of Pinas which had been known for years as the German colony. The street had become broad and very straight. Villas stood on each side, German villas, pink and blue and white, like the designs of houses which once came with boxes of blocks, fresh from an older Germany. The houses stood behind low walls, each in a garden of carefully spaced fruit trees with whitewashed trunks, each with a freshly brushed path leading up to its front door.

"You forget, Paul! We're married!" LEONARD DOVE

He might as well have been in another land, across another ocean. The car stopped by a soft pink stucco wall that was divided in its exact center by two gate posts, each with a brightly polished plaque marked, "Villa Schwarz." A straight path bordered by stock and mignonette led to the villa door.

Yes, he might not have been in South America at all, except for the Indian woman wrapped in a faded poncho, who sat resting by the gate posts with a great bundle of brushwood beside her, gazing at him with deep, expressionless eyes. Herr Knopp, the proprietor, was hurrying down the path to meet him, a short, nervous innkeeper with a perspiring pink, bald head.

"Welcome, Mr. Greene," Herr Knopp was saying. "Mr. Walters is in the garden. You share with him room number 7, the suite which looks on the kitchen garden. Hans, the gentleman's bag."

Winslow got slowly out of the car, feeling tired and dirty. A small German boy was already shouldering his bedding roll, and the long Indian blowgun which he was bringing back—purchased from one of the natives on his prospecting trip.

"I'll see Mr. Walters first," Winslow said. "Yes, I know the room."

The hall of the villa was cool and shady, its bare boards waxed and spotless. The door of a bedroom to the left was open, giving Winslow a view of a huge Teutonic feather bed and dark red draperies and maroon wallpaper. On the bed was a sailor's duffel bag. It was hard to realize that only a few miles away in the valley of the mountains that surrounded them, llamas were grazing and the Indians were sitting in front of huts that looked like haystacks, playing plaintive tunes on reed pipes.

German men and women who dwelt in the villa were seated near the fireplace outside the dining-room door. They were speaking German, and their voices grew hushed as Winslow followed Herr Knopp along the hall. Their faces, because he had stopped there often, were familiar to Winslow, all except one, and a stranger was always conspicuous in a place like Pinas. This stranger was a large man with closely clipped blond hair. He was sitting very straight holding a coffee cup, and when he saw Winslow he set it down, and their eyes met for a moment.

THE memory of the face stayed with Winslow as he followed Herr Knopp through the rear door to the garden. The eyes had been gray and steady; the face very deeply tanned. The hand which had held the coffee cup looked very strong.

"Who is the large man, Herr Knopp?" Winslow asked. "He's new here, isn't he?"

"The large man?" Herr Knopp shook his head. "Oh, no, he has been here always. He owns a hacienda in the west valley. He is Herr Bauer. He deals in cattle."

"He looks more like a sailor," Winslow said.

"Oh, no," Herr Knopp answered more quickly than was necessary, "certainly not a sailor. Where would he sail in the Andes?" And Herr Knopp laughed at his little joke. "Mr. Walters is in the summerhouse. I shall send out whisky—good English whisky, not ersatz." And he laughed again at his second little joke.

The back garden with its wall and its closely clipped hedges and its stiffly pruned fruit trees was a relief to Winslow after the swamps and vines and thickets through which he had been traveling. The flower beds were done in squares and circles and crescents, so neatly edged that they looked as though they had been cut out of dough with a cookie knife.

"You like it?" Herr Knopp asked. "It is like a bit of the Fatherland. We Germans are like the tortoise. We must carry our shells and customs with us." He pointed to the end of the garden.

"There is Mr. Walters in the summerhouse."

Winslow did not feel entirely at ease. Out in the jungle, on the eastern slope, it was always necessary to be watchful—even in one's sleep, and that instinct was not entirely gone. As he walked across that garden, he remembered how the voices had dropped in the hall. He was conscious of an impersonal sort of scrutiny, neither friendly nor unfriendly.

Jim Walters was sitting in a canvas camp chair, in the open summerhouse, reading a typewritten report.

"What are you sitting outdoors for?" Winslow said. "It's cold."

THE sun was already beginning to drop behind the highest mountain peaks so that both the garden and the valley were lined with long shadows, but Jim Walters never minded heat and cold. He sat there with sheets of typed paper lying around his chair. His pipe was on the table and his tobacco was running out of his pouch.

Winslow picked up the papers and closed the tobacco pouch. Jim Walters watched him without a line of his leathery, hard face changing.

"Now do you feel better?"

"Yes," Winslow answered. "There's no use having everything strewn around."

"Good Lord!" Jim Walters said. "I don't see how the Indians stand you. Why don't you sit down? Or do you want to dust the chair off first?"

Winslow brushed at the folds of his trench coat and sat down. "If you get a head cold at this altitude, Jim, you'll probably get pneumonia."

"Did you bring your hot-water bottle back with you, son?" Jim Walters asked.

Winslow nodded, but he did not smile.

"Let's go inside," he said. "I don't want to get a chill."

But the older man did not move. The wrinkles at the corners of his eyes and mouth deepened as his gaze, half friendly and half puzzled, fixed itself on Winslow Greene's shambling figure and on his lantern-jawed, nearsighted face.

"So," Jim Walters said gently, "you're afraid you'll get a chill. No wonder they think in the States—" He checked himself and began again. "Why, if I didn't know you—" His glance traveled from Winslow to the paths between the geometrical beds in the formal gardens. An aged, barefooted Indian with his greasy hair in a long braid was trimming one of the borders. From beyond the wall came a surge of voices and laughter—that odd Quechua language of the Andes natives that could not have changed much since Inca times.

"Afraid you'll get a chill, and I've seen your groggy from malaria, carrying through in wet clothes for a month when no one else could walk."

Winslow's bony shoulders moved slightly.

"There's no use taking a chance with anything when it isn't necessary, Jim."

"There you go," Jim Walters said. "No wonder the directors of the company—but never mind it now. I like it out here because there are too many people inside—too many Germans—or maybe your mind was on metamorphic rocks and you didn't notice."

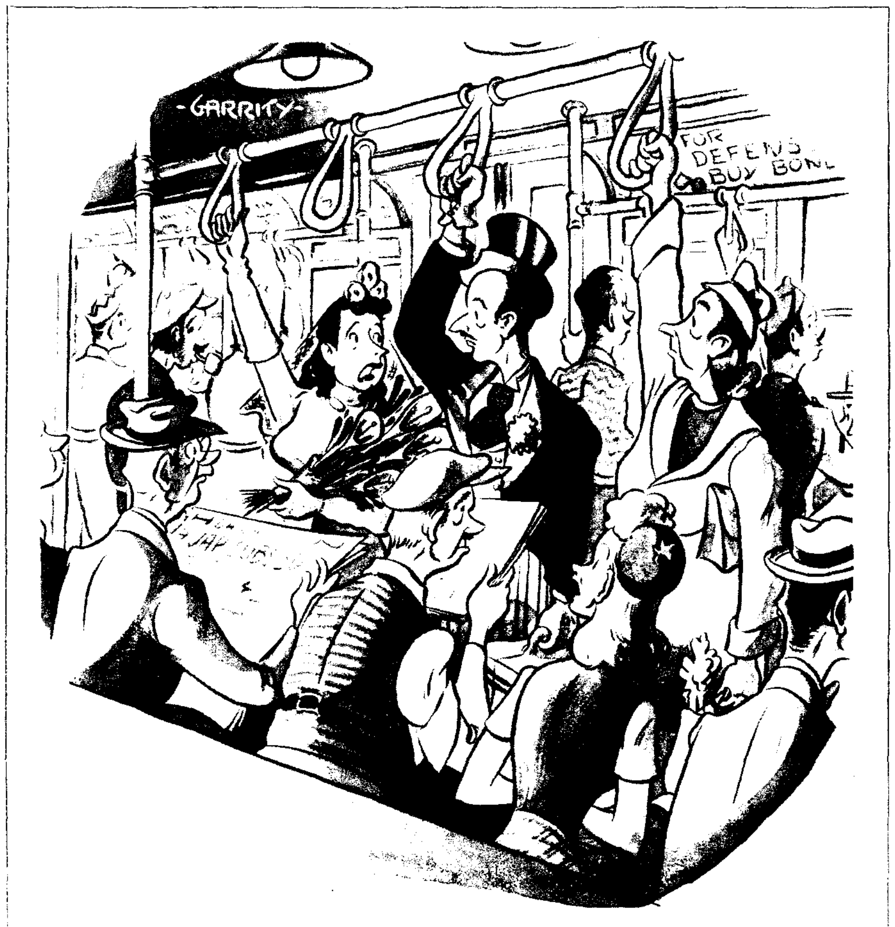
It was hard for Winslow to remember that he was at the Villa Schwarz now, where one's life did not depend so much on being careful. Nevertheless, a head cold contracted at a high altitude was always dangerous, but Winslow let the matter drop.

"There's a man in there I've never seen before—he's quite big and handsome. Do you know him?" he asked.

Jim Walters glanced toward the house. "Maybe that's why I'm out here in the cold. Things are getting worse all the time between the States and Germany, and we're a lot nearer war than when you left. Maybe we ought to stop staying at this place, when we come up from the mine."

"Knopp said his name was Bauer," Winslow went on, "and that he's got a hacienda in the west valley. You remember, we were up there once looking at an outcrop of andesite. It was there in the country rock—I never heard of anyone named Bauer."

*(To be continued next week)*



**"But can't we start on the budget after our honeymoon?"**

MARTIN GARRITY

What a beautiful boss! . . What a job! . . And I get paid for it! . . . Overtime? I love it! I love Roz! It's night work . . . and I've got it! I don't wanna work without you, baby! Roz loves me!!!

"TAKE A LETTER, DARLING"
ROSALIND RUSSELL

to her new secretary, *Fred MacMurray* in Paramount's "TAKE A LETTER, DARLING" directed by *Mitchell Leisen*.

**"He can't type** . . . can't take dictation . . . but what a secretary! He's tall . . . handsome . . . what a decoy for my clients' wives! It's a good thing I want to make deals . . . not love—but I feel myself slipping!

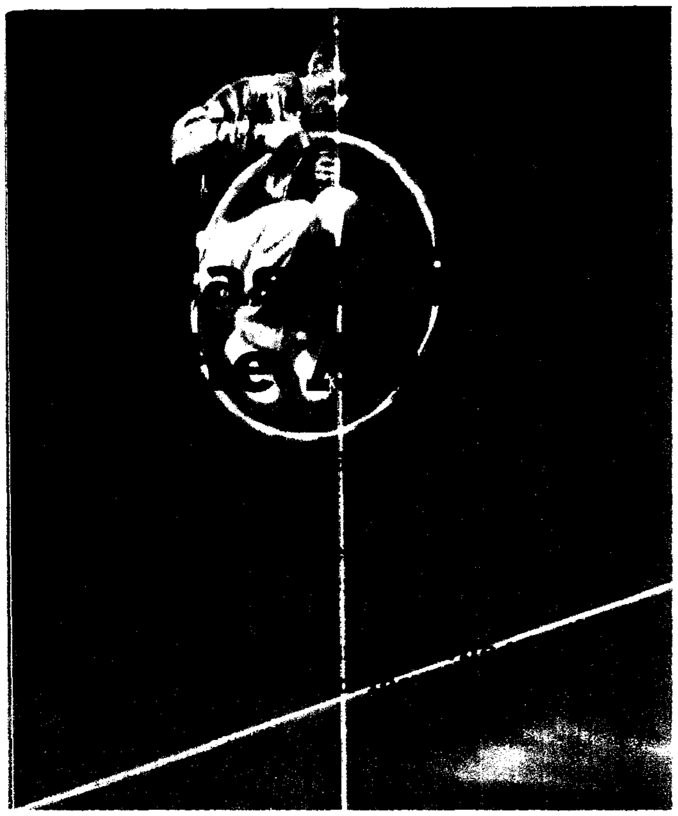
**"That's the spot I'm in,** in my new Paramount picture 'TAKE A LETTER, DARLING.' And who can blame me, especially when my secretary's *Fred MacMurray.* That's when a boss wants her private secretary really *private.*"

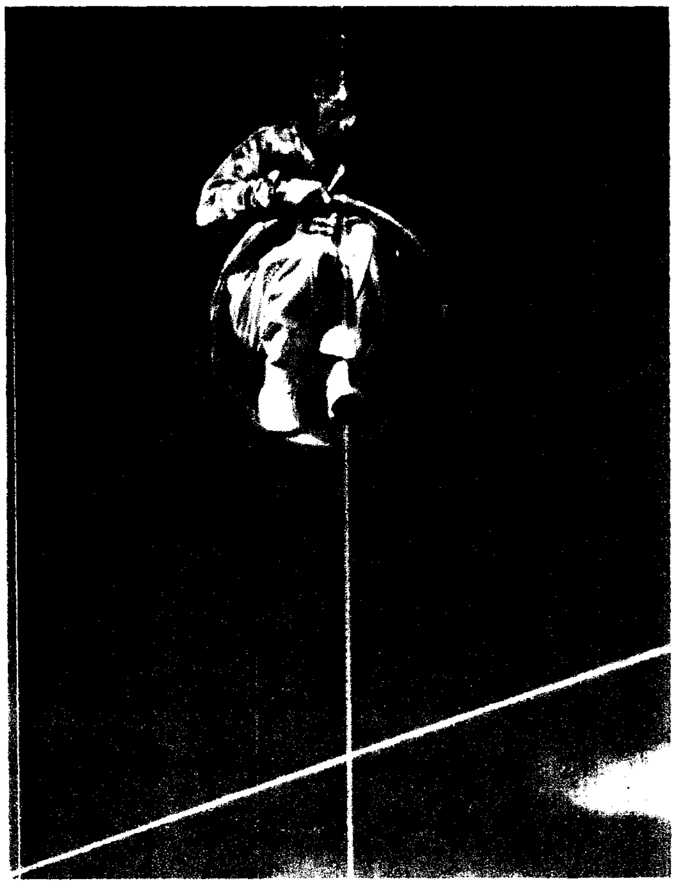
**Producer-Director Mitchell Leisen** adds another hit to his long list of hits in And girls, here's something that'll do your heart good: his name—*Macdonald Carey.* Keep an eye out for him!

**A wild elephant** crushes a native village . . . languid lovers kiss in jungle paradise while savage beasts stand guard. Yes, exciting, exotic thrills await you with *Dorothy Lamour* and her new jungle mate, *Richard Denning,* in "BEYOND THE BLUE HORIZON." For a round-trip ticket to a carefree world of pagan hearts and primitive love, mark down near the top of your movie list.

Paramount Star Parade

*Coming!*
Cecil B. DeMille's
*in Technicolor*
The Thrill Spectacle everyone's waiting to see!





THE reason Hubert Castle is sore at the Encyclopedia Britannica is this: The EB says that in 1861 a guy named Blondin turned somersaults on stilts while performing on a rope stretched across the inside of the Crystal Palace, in London. Mr. Castle says this isn't so, that nobody ever did that and nobody ever will. He's probably right, at that, because his reputation in the amusement world is that of the best wire walker ever.

High above an arena, on a slim cable, Mr. Castle can—and does—perform backward somersaults through a twenty-five-inch hoop, thrilling swoops and swings on a unicycle and various other feats. But that fabled somersault on stilts!

"Hush, Hal! Your blood pressure," rebukes Mrs. Mary Castle, when he starts talking about it.

This is good advice, because you have to be pretty cool and concentrate thoroughly up there on the wire, in the glare of the lights, with the drums rolling—and a split second or half an inch between you and a hospital bed. Before he attained this coolness and concentration Mr. Castle broke his left arm twice, fractured a collarbone, half his ribs, a leg, a wrist, an elbow and a shoulder. He dislocated a knee once and his ankles and thumbs several times. And once, in a circus battle at Ponca City, Oklahoma, somebody kayoed him with a tent stake and he did a fast forward somersault into a hospital.

As every sawdusty circus fan knows, there are four kinds of wire acts. There is the novelty slack, with the wire so loose that when the performer balances on its center his head's level with each end; the Jap slack, about half as loose. Then there's the tight wire, with hardly any give in it. The fourth is the bounding wire, which is Castle's specialty. This wire is held firmly at one end, but the other end has a spring attached; it will give about ten inches under the wire man's weight, about two feet under his bound.

The bounding wire is the trickiest of the lot. Come down on it at the wrong angle and you're shot out into space, like an arrow from a bow. Leap from it a trifle sidewise and it will vibrate so fast you can't see it, your feet miss it, and, at best, you get a pair of scorched shins.

But—broken bones, scorched shins and all—it's worth it, Castle says. Hasn't it let him visit all the states, all the Canadian provinces, most of Mexico and half of South America? "Me—just a country kid out of Enid, Oklahoma. . . . And besides, when I step on my kid's roller skates in the dark, I know how to spill."

Although he was born in 1912, Castle dawdled away the first few years of his life and didn't get around to choosing a career until he was seven. On September 13, 1919, the kid watched Bird Millman pirouetting on the wire when the Ringling show played Enid. He was Hal Smith in those days.

There was a wire clothesline in the Smith back yard. He learned to walk its length in half an hour that evening. A week later he could balance a chair on the wire and sit in it. Two months later he could juggle Indian clubs while he was seated. Five years later he and his partner, Bunny Dryden, a year older, were getting $40 for their act at smokers, school festivals and Legion shows.

When a child walks the wire at the age of seven, he's got not only a preoccupied mother, but a phenomenal natural sense of balance. What else? Excellent eyes. Castle says that "feel" is only one tenth of balance. Eyes are all the rest. When he comes out of a forward somersault, for example, there is only a split instant between the time when he first catches sight of the wire and the time when his feet must hit it squarely. Before then, his chest has obscured it. Afterward, he is falling.

He never looks at the wire, except when he is landing. The rest of the time he is looking at its imaginary prolongation. When he runs or dances, his eyes are on some object he has lined up across the tent. When he poises for his back somersault, he is not waiting until his balance is firm, but until a picture of the wire behind him is clearly visualized.

If the wire that broke during his feet-and-hand whirl had damaged one of his eyes, it would have been as conclusive as if it had crippled both his legs.

### Wire Artistes Extraordinary

The boys got their first long-term contract in the summer of 1926, with Orton Brothers' Show, touring Nebraska, Kansas, Iowa, Oklahoma and Texas. They could work only in the summer, because they were still in high school. For $60 a week, they did five acts twice a day.

"Smith & Dryden, Wire Artistes Extraordinary," performed on the tight wire. "Dryden & Smith" gave a slack-wire exhibition. "Dryden & Adair" had a horizontal-bar act. "The Smith Bros.—Not of Cough Drop Fame" were tumbling acrobats. And "Dryden & Company" were strong men.

The "& Company" was then fourteen. His stunt was to stand on a platform at the "front door" during the "come-in" and do a "grind"—blow up an inner tube until it exploded.

"There was no gimmick to it," Castle says. "It was a legitimate act and plenty tough. The secret was that you didn't blow with your lungs. You took a deep breath, then contracted your chest muscles so violently that the air was squeezed out. You wouldn't believe it, but some of those tubes swelled eight feet high before they busted."

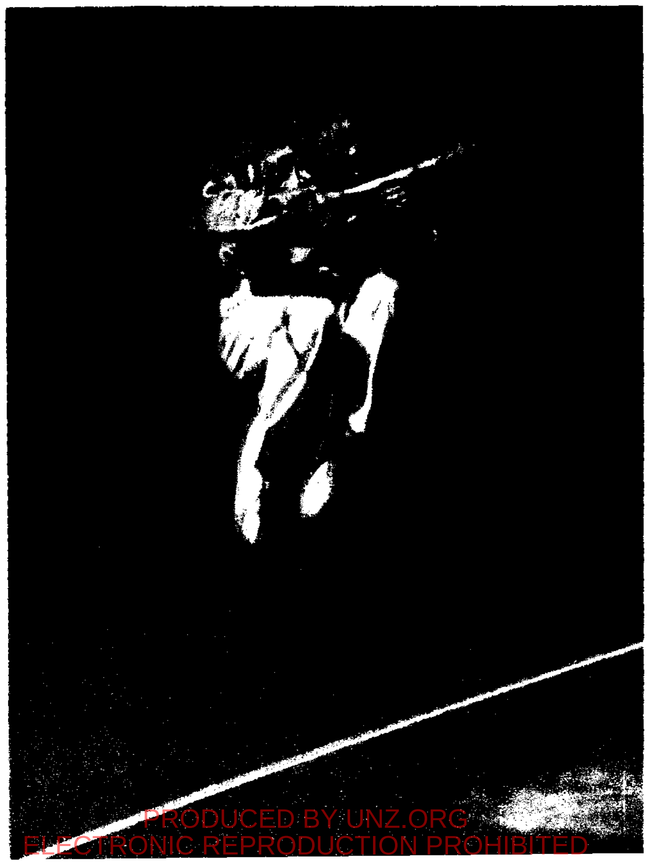
The summer of 1928, the team signed up with a show which Smith, Sr., had bought—the Monarch. Hal's four brothers were in it, too, as tumbling clowns. Hal's own repertory now included a foot slide down a fifty-foot rope and—as the blow-off—a running dive over a touring car. He was supposed to light on a pad and do a rolling somersault, but one day—it was his birthday—the pad slipped. He broke his left arm at the elbow and pulled all its muscles loose. As if that weren't enough, the show failed, and his father lost his money, his 5,000-acre ranch and even his household furniture.

Hal finished out the season with the John S. Silver Circus and came back to Enid with a new name, borrowed from the owner. "Smith" was too nondescript for the future King of the Wire. "Silver" not only was sumptuous, but required no change of initial. He stayed "Hal Silver" until Ringling told him he was being billed as an English act, and rechristened him "Hubert Castle," as having a vaguely House-of-Lords sound.

He thinks of his Hal Silver *(Continued on page 55)*

**One of the most spectacular stunts ever performed on a wire—the back somersault through a hoop. You can't blame the circus fans for swallowing their gum when Castle does this one**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAXWELL COPLAN



# *ine and a favorite old yarn—recipe for friendship*

## Wine helps an evening along—helps people to relax a moderate way, and enjoy themselves

Next time friends stop in at your house, set out for each a glass of wine. Maybe a tray of simple appetizers. You'll find it will lead to a discovery.

As people sip wine together, it becomes plain how wine says "welcome." Not just with its warm, flashing color and interesting bouquet. Wine says welcome a deeper way.

You discover wine is made on purpose for the kind of relaxation most of us want—the moderate kind. Made to help us let up from the day's pressure. Made to give us a chance at the comfort and help that friendship brings. This is the reason more and more Americans now prefer wine.

If you would like a new booklet on wine serving (and on wine cookery) write the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco. The board represents all the wine growers in California.

What about California wines? Judges rate them excellent by any standard in the world. Sound, well-developed and true to type. Ask your wine dealer to help you select from these good wines of our own land.

FOR VICTORY
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UNITED STATES
WAR
BONDS
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STAMPS

This is Muscatel—which tastes invitingly of Muscat grapes. You serve Muscatel as a dessert or refreshment wine. For enjoyment at mealtime you select a different type of wine—a white table variety like Sauterne (with fish or chicken), or rich red Burgundy or Claret (with roast or steak)

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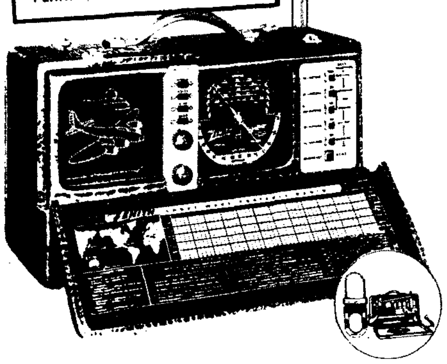
*When not in use can be telescoped inside of cabinet.*



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**EARPHONES** for privacy. Special low impedance earphones for sporting events, traveling and the hard-of-hearing (extra equipment).

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ZENITH
TRANS-OCEAN CLIPPER
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AMERICA'S OLDEST MANUFACTURER OF FINE RADIOS FOR THE HOME

# Why We'll Have Enough to Eat

Continued from page 15

soil conservation, the Ever-Normal Granary, and other things needed for a well-rounded program of agriculture.

The Ever-Normal Granary is a plan based on lessons of the past; on the memory of times of plenty and times of famine that have succeeded each other like night and day. In 1934 this country had a real drought and the experience was repeated in 1936. Out in the great corn and wheat belts, weeks went by without rain. These droughts burned up about two billion bushels of corn, not to mention other feed grains. There is a corn belt saying: a hog is only corn on the hoof. Cut the production of corn and you cut the production of meat. After the drought years, up went the price of meat until consumers rebelled. Few consumers understood the reason for the high cost of meat. They didn't see the connection between a drought one year and high meat prices the next. Yet one was cause, the other effect.

Henry Wallace was Secretary of Agriculture at the time. The Vice-President knows his Bible. Joseph stored up food in the seven fat years for use during the seven lean years. Why not store up some of our own surpluses to be used when there would be need for them?

So we accumulated big surpluses of grain and cotton—and sure enough the need came. France fell, and within a year, to help keep England in the war, we found ourselves obliged to provide about a quarter of her protein food requirements. Plenty of corn and other feeds were in the granary, ready to be transformed into meat, eggs, and milk.

### Agriculture Jumps the Gun

We were prepared in other ways, too. We had the machinery of the Agricultural Marketing Administration, which in addition to its purchases for school lunches and other direct food distribution, had been buying for the Red Cross, and was geared for rapid expansion as soon as the Lend-Lease Bill was passed. And we had the food—in part because we had jumped the starting gun on our Food for Freedom program a little. In 1940, with the export market cut off, the farmers' chief worry was surpluses; hogs were selling at $5.00 a hundred, which is less than the cost of production. Yet in December of that year the Department asked the farmers to farrow more sows so that we might have more little pigs in 1941. There were protests when that release went out, but by and large the farmers took our word for it and went ahead. But if they are to produce, farmers need to be not only patriotic; they must also be solvent. So in the spring of 1941 a $9 floor was placed under hogs, and price support was also given to poultry and dairy products. The result was the all-time high agricultural production of 1941—13 per cent higher than the average annual production in the 1935-39 period. With plenty for ourselves, we had enough left over to send Britain, from the end of April, 1941, through last February, over 1,800,000 tons of American food.

You can thank our Ever-Normal Granary for that. If we hadn't had plenty of corn in storage, we'd never have been able to expand our production of corn-on-the-hoof so rapidly. But there were other factors. A lot of soil fertility has been restored since 1932. And agriculture is organized as never before. Today, in almost every rural county there are farmer committeemen and a county agent. Within a week we can get in touch with every one of the six and a half million farmers of the nation.

After Pearl Harbor we used that machinery to sound the call for all-out production of practically everything except wheat, cotton, corn and tobacco, of which we still had huge surpluses. The 1942 production goals—set in Washington and then broken down state by state, county by county, and farm by farm—call for an over-all production 5 per cent greater than that of the record year of 1941. For some crops the increases asked for are much greater. The war has cut us off from sources that formerly supplied us with more than a billion pounds of fats and oils yearly. But our home-grown peanuts, soybeans and flaxseed are excellent sources of oils. Accordingly, we have asked our farmers to grow over 150 per cent more peanuts than in 1941, 54 per cent more soybeans, 34 per cent more flaxseed. We've also asked for more lard—500 million pounds more than in 1941. We'll need every ounce of this production both for ourselves, and for Britain and Russia, who are also cut off from their usual sources of supply.

Some of the other 1942 quotas also represent sharp increases over 1941, as for example: eggs 13 per cent, dry field peas 73 per cent, canning peas 32 per cent, canning tomatoes 27 per cent, dry beans 13 per cent. As for sugar, we have urged all-out production of cane and of sugar beets, up to the capacity of the processors. Loss of the annual Philippine shipments that usually ran to nearly a million tons, the increased requirements of war industry for sugar-derived alcohol, and the increased needs of our allies, especially Russia, all contribute to the domestic shortage. But by a happy circumstance this shortage has its very real compensations. During the past half century we have increased our per capita consumption of sugar tremendously. We may well find that eating less sugar will not only slim our waistlines but improve our health generally. Bending our backs to our own vegetables may also benefit many of us, as it has the British. We've asked for a 20 per cent increase of home gardens this year over last. But don't waste seed and equipment on poor soil, improperly cultivated, with inadequate supervision.

It is one thing to set production goals, another to get them planted, fertilized, cultivated, sprayed and harvested. Let's not fool ourselves. 1942 is going to be a year of sweat and toil for the American farmer. He's going to have to get more done than ever before, and he'll have less to do it with. The draft has taken many of our farm boys, and war industry, which offers bigger pay and shorter hours, has taken many others. Farming is a skilled trade. We're not going to replace those skills overnight, even if we increase, as we should and must, the attractiveness of agricultural employment with respect to wages, housing, and working conditions. We're going to have to work the land by enlisting everybody available: high-school boys, older people, women, and temporarily unemployed workmen. The Department is working with the United States Employment Service to develop the machinery to utilize all available farm labor. Connecticut, New York, and Oregon have already found it necessary to call on students.

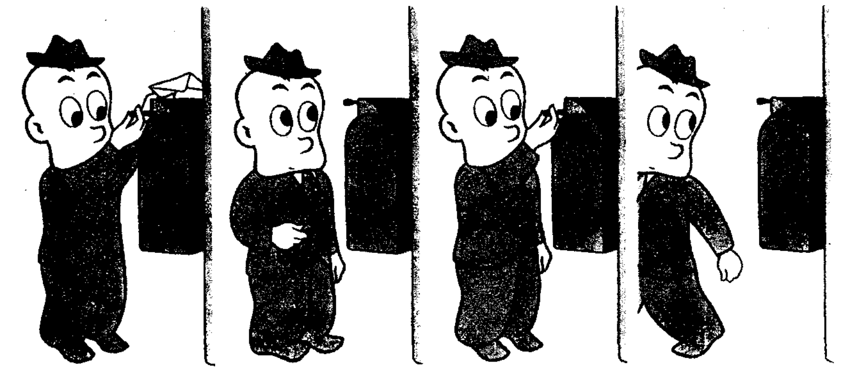
Ordinarily when a farmer is shy on labor, he buys a new machine. Now we have labor shortages and machinery shortages coming together. Metals that would have gone into machinery must go into munitions; the War Production Board has limited the manufacture of new farm machinery—except for much-needed items like peanut pickers—to 83 per cent of the 1940 level. But we have machinery reserves, and plenty of parts.

### The Repair Machinery Campaign

The "Repair Machinery Now" campaign, started last fall, is already showing good results. The shock troops of this campaign are the Department of Agriculture War Boards, vocational agriculture teachers, extension service people, and the managers of field repair shops of the Soil Conservation Service, the Forest Service, and other federal agencies. They are utilizing the machine shops of our 10,000 country high schools as repair headquarters, and they are helping the crossroads garage man and the village blacksmith to fix anything that's fixable. In Oklahoma they've set up a "machinery bank" to pool spare parts and "surplus" implements at 190 local repair and reassembling points. The farmers can go there for anything from spare parts to tractors as long as they last. In Kansas, county War Boards are organizing night schools in machinery repair, in co-operation with vocational agriculture teachers and implement dealers.

I'm not so worried about farm machinery as I am about labor, transportation, and a number of other things. We must face some inevitable shortage of fertilizers, due to the stoppage of imports and the competition of war industry. When the nitrates are divided up I'm bound to think that their use for agriculture is very important. But I think that their use in making gunpowder is almighty important, too.

One of the things that worries me is a fear lest conservation farming be considered a luxury which should be "shelved for the duration." On the contrary, we can best make our production goals if we continue sound conserva-



Letter Box

CROCKETT JOHNSON

tion practices. These not only save soil; they increase the yield per acre.

The hope of the world is that America may emerge from this war both more democratic and stronger than when she entered it. Make no mistake about it, the foundation of national power is topsoil. We must not forget that during the last century we have lost irrecoverably a hundred million acres of our topsoil; that if we had continued to lose topsoil at the rate we were losing it during the last war, the scars of which are still to be seen in our mid-continent dustbowl and elsewhere, another hundred years would have seen the destruction of our potential as a major power. Fortunately, sound farming will enable us to produce the maximum amount of food and fiber and to do this without wasting our soil fertility.

One of the most brilliant and valuable achievements of this war is that of the nutritionists who are seeing to it that the farmer's labor in growing good food is not lost through unscientific food processing, unbalanced diets, and the perpetuation of bad food habits. Production of dehydrated foods is increasing tremendously, with the Army as a leading buyer. In part this development reflects the shortage of tin and of shipping. But in compensating for these shortages the nutritionists and food technicians who are working for the Army and other government services are likely to transform the nation's food habits. Vitaminized and dehydrated foods, "pemmican biscuit, balanced and condensed mixtures in which meat and milk proteins are blended with whole grains and legumes, dehydrated soup and vegetable mixes—these and many other new and valuable additions to our diet are either already in the hands of consumers or soon will be.

We've heard a great deal about what Hitler's scientists did back in 1935 to revolutionize the diet of the German army. Let me assure you that we're beating the Nazi performance on that front just as we're building better bombing planes. Our food processors have proved themselves no less resourceful and dynamic than the engineering wizards who have suddenly waved tanks and munition factories into being where yesterday was only empty prairie. When the lack of refrigerated shipping became a bottleneck, the packers, in collaboration with government experts, solved the problem by shipping fresh meat cargoed inside a triple wall of frozen lard. When the British demand for canned pork suddenly assumed huge proportions, the processors multiplied their production twelvefold in the brief space of eight months. It is such demonstrations of American inventiveness and energy, all down the line from the farmer to the consumer, that fortify my confidence that there will be enough food.

### The Consumer's Role in Wartime

The consumer too will have her part to play. The average housewife won't have it easy this summer and fall. She too, like the farmer, will face some exasperating shortages and handicaps. I don't think she'll mind; not when she remembers how much more the boys on our ships and in our A.E.F.s around the world are giving and suffering. What I confidently expect is that American housewives will pick up the ball almost faster than it can be passed to them by the government agencies charged with building the civilian nutritional front.

We hope to see neighbors getting together as their pioneer grandmothers did before them to organize and operate community canning kitchens. We hope to see still hunts for all those zinc can tops that women used to mislay and throw away. We hope to see scrupulous saving of the fats that used to clog the drainpipe. We hope to see simplicity and frugality displace carelessness and waste. I'm sure we'll see all this. We'll see—in fact we're already seeing—a steady application of modern nutritional science to the kitchen practice of American women so that to bear the increasing tension of the war effort, we'll have the improved health and morale that comes from eating properly cooked and balanced meals.

It is true that during the past year retail food prices have risen steeply. Yet the cost of food is still about 10 per cent less than it was in 1929. At the same time, wages and employment have increased so that the average worker spends a smaller percentage of his income for food than at any other time we know about. It should sober us to remember how much better off we are than the people in the occupied countries of Europe. Greeks and Poles are starving by thousands. In France, total food consumption has been cut in half. Every time an American has a good steak dinner, he eats the equivalent of a Frenchman's meat ration for two weeks. The average American schoolboy eats more eggs in a week than a Polish family gets in six months.

### Food Prices Can Remain Stable

Unless the continuance of hoarding endangers the whole price structure, retail food prices and farm prices may come to rest not far from their present levels. What counts finally is production: our ability to raise enough of the crops we need. If we do that we'll be able to handle the food price situation. But will we be able to produce those all-out 1942 food quotas?

I have before me two reports that between them tell a good deal about how the war is going on the food front. One is from the office of Foreign Agricultural Relations, and the picture it draws doesn't look good for either Hirohito or Hitler. It seems the Japs haven't digested Manchukuo; they are having difficulty in inducing their subject peoples to grow food only to be robbed of it by their conquerors. The Nazis are having similar difficulties. Hunger choked the fight out of Germany once before, and it could happen again. As for unhappy Italy, it is evident that the average Italian would gladly swap Mussolini and Fascism for a square meal.

The other report is from our Crop Reporting Board on agricultural plantings for 1942. The new wheat crop appears to be a good one, which will mean that when it is added to our present big surplus, we will have storage troubles. Canada and other exporting countries all have big surpluses. The prospect for milk is only fair, though milk production has been increasing rapidly despite drought in some of the principal dairy areas. Pork looks better. This year we are raising 10 million more hogs than we have ever produced in any similar period. We'll have good supplies of other kinds of meat too. The ranges are in good condition, and cattle and sheep numbers have been increasing faster than marketings. Chickens and eggs will also hit a new high this year. Oils? Peanuts and flaxseed are slightly short of the quota, but to balance this, soybeans are well ahead.

In general, the report tells me what I'd been hoping to hear. The farmers have planted their quotas or better. They're planning great increases in the crops which the nation needs; they are carrying out in a single year sweeping changes in operations which ordinarily would require several years. They're doing it short-handed, with many handicaps, but they're doing it.

Yes, on the food front it looks as though we're winning.

THE END

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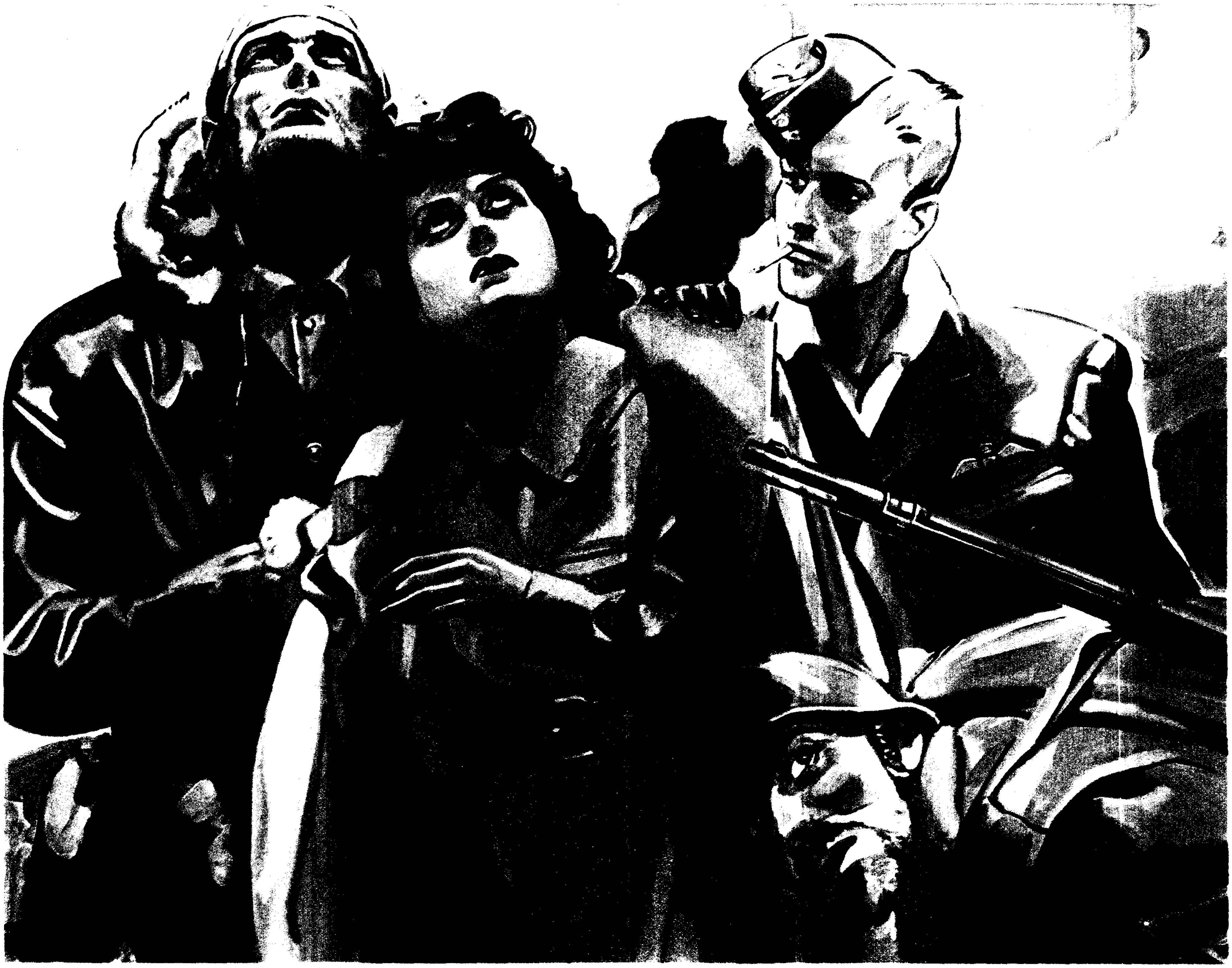

The Messerschmitts were coming down. Quayle was silent. He could feel and see and know now what was going to happen

# Flight to the Sun

## By James Aldridge

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

*The Story Thus Far:*

WHILE fighting in Greece, John Quayle, a Royal Air Force flight lieutenant, meets and falls in love with an attractive Greek girl: Helen Stangou. They part in Athens, where Helen works in a first-aid post; then, when both are transferred to the town of Ioannina, they have a happy reunion.

Fighting almost constantly as a member of Squadron 80, led by Commander Hickey, Quayle sees a number of his friends shot down. Then—while helping to escort a Greek flier named Nitralexis on a reconnaissance flight—he, too, crashes.

Falling behind the Italian lines, he is delighted to find Nitralexis—the Greek (a splendid fellow), who had also crashed; and the two, with a young Greek peasant who knows the country well, succeed in working their way to a Greek outpost. Unfortunately, however, just before they reach safety, Quayle's two companions are killed.

The Greeks give Quayle a warm reception; and two of them—"the little Greek" and "the corporal"—escort him to Ioannina, where he finds Helen (who had thought he was dead) hard at work in the hospital. By this time, it is evident that the British must soon leave the country. So—reluctantly, because she is a capable nurse, and badly needed—Helen promises to accompany Quayle to Athens and marry him there.

*But how to get to Athens?* With the Italians and Germans driving in—bombing, strafing the roads, and no planes or automobiles to be had—the problem is a difficult one. Fortunately, it is solved by a Greek captain—Mellass—who makes it possible for Quayle to steal an old automobile; and, late one night, Quayle, the girl he loves, the little Greek, the corporal and Tap Finchley (a member of Squadron 80 who, unaware that Quayle really cares for Helen Stangou, is extremely attentive to her) all pile into the automobile and slip out of Ioannina.

The old wreck roars along in the night. There is some desultory conversation. Finally Tap remarks, "I'm sick of this bloody country." Helen, listening, tenses. "That," she says, "is very unfortunate." Tap glances at her. "I'm sorry, Helen," he says gently. "I don't really mean it."

### VI

HELEN did not reply. She was sleepy and not conscious enough to think things out about Tap. She watched the road coming up at them as they climbed in great curves. Sometimes she could see the high range of Metsavo in the white cloud ahead and wondered if they would get over it in time. The high roar of the car straining in climb made her drop off into an uncomfortable sleep, and she could dream only of the smell of hospital on herself and John Quayle and Tap. . . .

Quayle was following a straight road, and the heat of the engine was warming him thoroughly so that he felt the evenness of his body again, and the steady high sound of the engine was like the warmth. The road was uneven in places and sometimes he had to slow down but he kept a good pace most of the way.

"If the Germans were around, they'd be up this road," he said to Tap.

"Maybe. Ask the Greek where this place is," Tap said.

"Where do you think Kalabaka is?" Quayle asked the corporal.

"Where the rocks rise from the plains. You can see it in the distance now."

Quayle bent low and lifted his foot slightly, so that they slowed down. He could see the high gray rock on the uneven roundness of plain before them and the road straightening toward it. He leaned back and put his foot down hard again. The engine coughed. He lifted his foot slightly. The engine was choking abruptly and stopping, then starting. The momentum carried them forward.

"What now?" Tap said.

The car stopped as the engine went dead, and Quayle eased in the brake.

"I don't know," he answered and looked at the dashboard. The instruments were all dead. He pushed the starter. The whine came, and when he pushed the accelerator, nothing came but the whine.

"Did you put that extra petrol in?" Quayle asked.

"No. It's still in the back here," Tap said.

"Pull it out. We've run out."

The little Greek and Tap pulled out the petrol cans from the floor. Quayle unscrewed the tank cap. He got the screwdriver from the pocket in the front and plugged a small hole in the top of the can.

"Feel that sun," Tap said. "This is fine."

"Yes. You know these two tins will last us about fifty miles. We may get to Trikkala."

"Maybe we can get some at the next town here."

"I doubt it."

*(Continued on page 59)*

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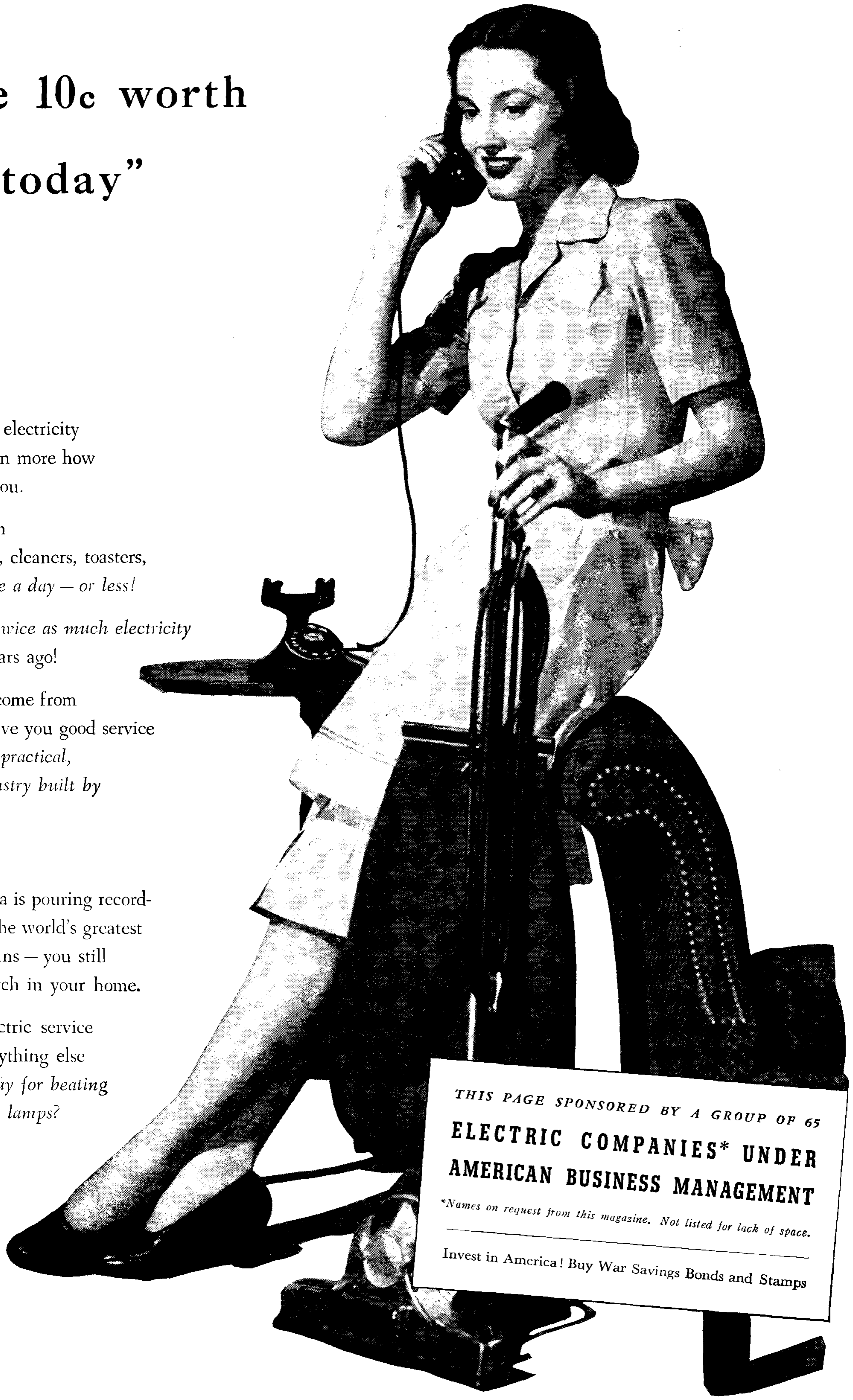

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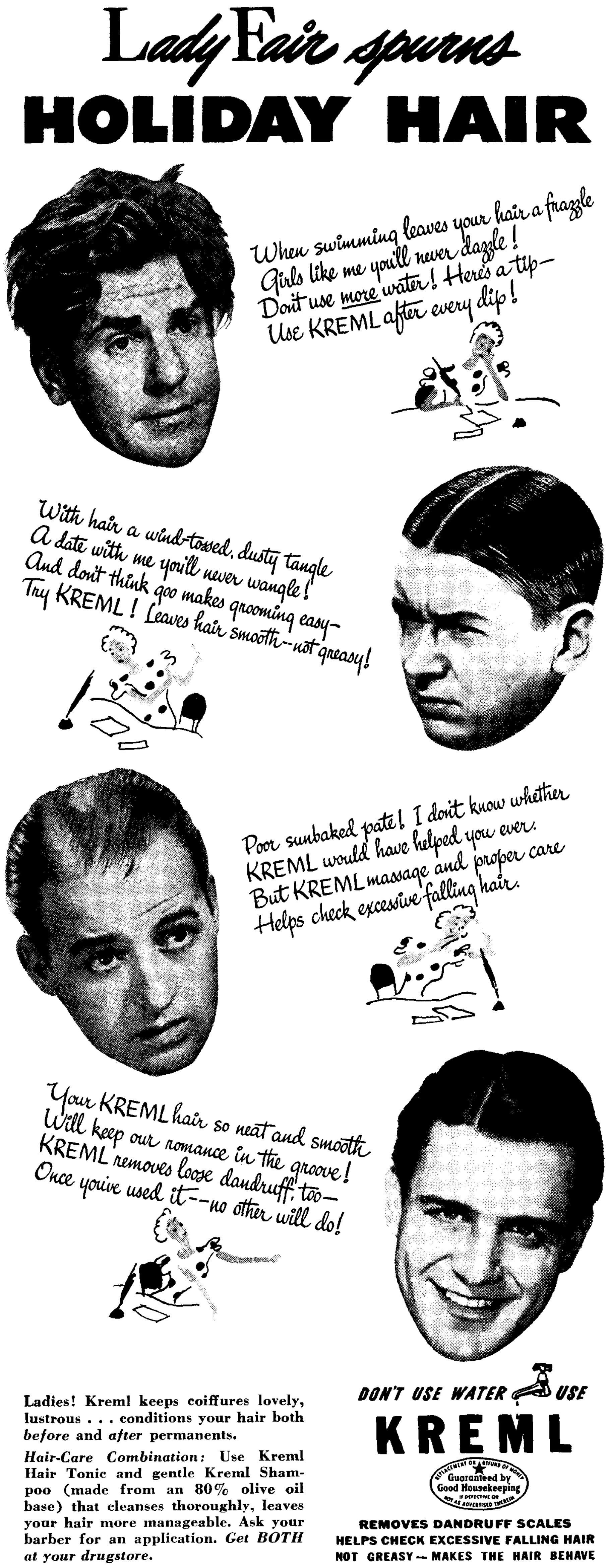

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REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES
HELPS CHECK EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

## The Night Horse

Continued from page 12

horse that might not plow. Of course, he could return the horse if it was not satisfactory, but meantime it might have kicked the plow stock to pieces and broken all the harness.

Also it was an affront to his pride that a young man like himself should be walking while leading behind him a horse big enough to carry three men. Suddenly he stopped resolutely. The horse, which had been looking at the countryside interestedly, lowered his great head and smelled Lennie's clothes.

Lennie walked around and touched the lean withers with his hand. The horse did not move, nor lay his ears back. Lennie took a deep breath and jumped upon the horse. The horse walked calmly off, with no bridle or rein except the woven halter and the halter rope.

"Yes, sir," Lennie said, finally, "you've been rode plenty."

This should have been a comforting thought, but it wasn't. For if he was a riding horse, more than likely he was not a plowing horse. Well, Lennie would soon know about that.

As he expected, Matt and Flora were disgusted with the horse. Especially when they saw the amount of corn he could eat.

"Well, you've brought you home a fine something-another," Matt said.

Lennie said nothing, and next day put the harness on the horse, which he called Big Boy. It was at once apparent that harness was something Big Boy was not used to. The jingling chains and metal and dangling leathers caused him to tremble and dance about in fright. Lennie finally tied him up, with the harness still on, and let him stand and get used to it. Next day he let him pull a fence post around, and Big Boy caught on to this at once.

On Tuesday, the last day for the return of the horse, Lennie and Big Boy were breaking ground in the back field. That night Lennie came from the barn whistling, in spite of his weariness. Big Boy had pulled the plow all day without unduly tiring.

Matt and Flora didn't share Lennie's enthusiasm for the big horse, and often spoke of how much he ate. But the grain was Lennie's, and he told Matt that what the horse did was no skin off his nose. This seemed true enough until Sunday, when Big Boy was found in Flora's vegetable garden after having eaten a row of lettuce and a row of sweet corn.

AS THE days went on, Lennie found himself growing attached to Big Boy. The horse would nuzzle him and sometimes lick his hand like a dog. You could crawl under him, or stand on his back, or do almost anything to him. Lennie never led him—he just told him to come on and Big Boy would follow.

Big Boy wasn't so gentle with Matt's two mules. He seemed to like to pick on them, biting them or driving them before him. In spite of his size he was too quick for their kicks. One or the other of the mules was always coming out with a bite mark on its croup, and of course, Matt raised a ruckus about it.

*One night* Lennie couldn't sleep for thinking about the war. He got up, went outside in the moonlight, and ended up down at the lot with Big Boy as he usually did when he felt restless. The horse came to the fence where Lennie sat, and nosed at him gently.

Then Big Boy's head and ears went up, as if he had heard or seen something. Lennie listened and finally he heard the baying of Bob Redman's fox hounds, afar off. Suddenly Big Boy neighed and galloped to the far end of the lot, toward the sound of the hounds. There he stopped and listened again, and then began to trot back and forth, along the fence.

He stayed until the music of the hounds faded and disappeared.

THE doctor came to John Healy's door, relieved to have finished with the daily unreasonableness, and moroseness, and stupidity, and violence.

As he came in John Healy was saying, " 'Then on, then on, down a half-plowed field, where a shiplike plow drave glitter-keeled, with a bay horse near and a white horse leading, and a man saying "zook" and the red earth bleeding.' "

The doctor sat down beside him. Healy's eyes were bright, and he said, "A fine run yesterday. We had twelve and a half couple hounds, and cast them at Bailey's Farm, into the barrens back of the pond. They found in a half-hour, and the fox took them down toward High Pike. Then there was a check, a turn south was made down through the big corn stubble. A fine sight! If Khamsin had been under me—"

"Who is Khamsin?"

"As good a hunter as ever foaled, a strong honest horse with a heart for the going and never a hunting wall nor ditch can daunt him. Khamsin was sent to my shooting place in Georgia when they said I must rest. There we were to ride quietly, watching the wire fences and the stump holes, and we would rest, Khamsin and I. But then they brought me here instead. Tomorrow I shall send for him, for I'll soon be leaving this place." Healy looked at the doctor questioningly.

"Perhaps you will," the doctor lied.

THE coming of the big horse into Lennie's life had made changes. Although Lennie was sure the horse had never worn a plow collar before, he made such a strong and willing work animal that the forty acres were easily broken and planted, and Lennie even rented an adjoining broom-sedge field for more corn. The crops burst from the rich earth a healthy dark green, and before long it was apparent that Lennie's part of the farm was going to outproduce Matt's. This served to increase the hostility of Matt and Flora.

On a Saturday night Lennie returned from town and went to the house. He ate his supper alone, for Matt and Flora were still in town. Afterward Lennie went to the barn and climbed upon the fence. Big Boy came to him and smelled the trousers of his town clothes with languid interest.

For a time Lennie simply sat there, paying no attention to the horse. Finally he said, "They come a trailer outfit to town today, Big Boy, and parked in front of the post office. Had a talking machine in it, playing records through one them loud-speaker to-dos; you could hear it near-bout all over town. Some fellers in uniforms had it in charge, and they were there to git more fellers to join up. I said to one of them I was tired waiting for the draft to hit me, and *I'd join right up with them if they* was pretty sure I'd be sent to where-at I could git in a lick or two at them squinch-eyes, and this feller he wrote my name down and everything. So won't be so terrible long before I'll be aleaving." . . .

Lennie had not been gone more than two days before Matt found excuse to exercise *his dislike* of Big Boy. He caught the horse pestering his mules again, and he ran into the lot shouting and throwing stones. For the next few days Matt took pleasure in the way Big Boy would gallop away in frightened retreat whenever he raised his arm. Then came a morning when he turned from drenching a mule to see Big Boy charging toward him, ears laid flat as a cat's. Matt stumbled over the fence and crawled weakly into the house, certain that he had narrowly missed death—it never occurring to him that the mule might have been the object of Big Boy's hostility.

Matt never threw stones at the horse again; in fact, he tried to make friends, even bringing peace offerings of carrots. But Big Boy had not forgotten the stones, and he would wait until Matt left the carrots on the fence post before approaching. Matt interpreted this aloofness as deep hatred rather than fear, and he told Flora that he was afraid the horse was some day going to kill him. He never turned his back to Big Boy.

After Lennie left, Matt had intended making use of Big Boy's capabilities in the field, but now his only thought was to be shut of this menace to his life. Flora's tongue had spread the word that Lennie's horse was vicious, however, and nobody would buy him.

As a last resort they turned the horse out onto the road, loose, and sent him off in a gallop, hoping never to see him again. But before sundown Big Boy was back, had somehow got past the front gate, and was in Flora's garden. Sweating nervously, Matt shooed him back into the lot and shut the latch.

THE horse heard the first burst from the hounds; the night was little more than halfway done and a rising moon threw shadow dapples on the sandy lot, and nocturnal insects whirred in the red oak. He had just come from the trough, and was wallowing with gargantuan grunts and noises when the first note reached him. He rolled over and sat up, ears alert, listening. Far away, the lead hound's clear bugling became more positive, and the rest of the pack joined in. The horse rose, front end first, and trotted in long strides to the fence, and neighed.

Gradually the faint baying of the hounds grew. Head and ears up, the horse trotted back and forth at the south end of the lot fence.

Now the chorus of hound voices swelled—the fox had reached the branch swamp and was coming around the bottom. The baying rolled and echoed from the swamp. The big horse stood motionless, his nostrils high as if there was scent to go with the sound. Down in the chinaberry tree, the chickens awoke and clucked uneasily.

Suddenly a small, fleet, gray thing slipped across the moonlit field by the lot fence. Down in the branchhead, there was a momentary break in the unanimity of the hound voices, quickly followed by a hot outpouring that grew in volume as the hounds came uphill and through the farmyard, white-marked wraiths. The horse trembled. The pack streamed by. As they passed, the horse broke into an abrupt gallop, following them inside the five-foot barrier. At the end of the lot he effortlessly soared over the fence.

The hounds, fired by the hot fox smell in their nostrils, paid no attention to the huge beast that now thundered behind them. At the far end of the field was an old split-rail fence, and beyond it a wide ditch through which their quarry had swum to hide his scent. The hounds sprang over and splashed through. The horse reached the rails, then fluidly took off and cleared fence and ditch. There was a check, and while the hounds milled around trying to straighten out the scent, the horse ate at the green leaves of a willow. The hounds cast about anxiously, with tentative yelps and whimpers, sometimes running between his legs.

A fresh cry broke, and the other hounds took it up and sped away. The horse threw his head and whirled in pursuit. They cut across the swamp, making it a bedlam of bays and echoes. Here he bogged to his hocks, and plunged in sudden fright. Once free, he stopped and listened, blowing; they had crossed the swamp and were going into the next field. The horse snorted, jumped the creek, and took after them, smashing heedlessly at the thicket. Bleeding, he got through and leveled off in a dead run across the field.

There was a fire on the top of the rise, and men silhouetted, shouting:

"Look yonder, Bob! There's a bull or something chasing your dogs!"

The gray fox ran in a wide circle, coursing the edges of the fields when it could, turning into the swamp when the hounds got too close. Once the hounds trailed swiftly through a pine woods; and behind them the horse came with hoofs muffled in the deep wiregrass, swerving between the trees. He stepped in a hidden hole, left by the rotting away of a stump and fell in a great heap. But quickly he was up, listening momentarily, and then galloping off again.

For an hour the fox ran, always circling. Finally he tired of the game and treed. The hounds swept down the cottonfield with their cries high in excitement upon the hot fox smell. They threaded through the top of a fallen tree that the fox had used, and emerged beyond.

The horse reached the fallen pine and, not bothering to swerve, soared over the brush of it like a flying thing. The cry was tumultuous. Down the flat field the horse raced. Ahead, several hounds yipped in astonished pain, having run into a wire fence, invisible in the night. The horse saw it too late; as he rose to jump, his forefoot struck the top barbed-wire strand, and hung, and he was thrown. He fell with his broken neck twisted under him, his great hindquarters thrashing in the dry leaves.

"THE thing about Ireland," John Healy said, "is the sunlessness of it, but also the unending greenness. There I rode with the Ward's Union Staghounds, upon a time, and broke two hats that wild day, flying like a madman across the banks and drains of that green place. One of the times I landed at the bottom of the drain, and the horse in his struggling came close to kicking me into another world, a world, I understand, which is also sunless but very green and lovely and no doubt acceptable hunting country."

"Was that Khamsin?" asked the doctor.

"He was a good horse," Healy said, "but he was not Khamsin."

"I'd like to see that one."

"But Ireland is where I found him, where the fox kennels 'on a shelf of grass in a thick of gorse, that would bleed a hound and blind a horse.' He was a colt then, and gentle as your mother, and we rode in Ireland and then in Maryland and Virginia, for fifteen years. Still quite a man he is, and so am I; but when I listen to the voices that talk to me I know that there is more hunting country that we shall ride together."

"Where would that be?"

"Country that neither you nor I have seen."

"What other things are said by the voices that talk to you?" asked the doctor interestedly.

"Secret things," Healy said. He closed his eyes, and presently he slept, breathing deeply and peacefully.

THE END

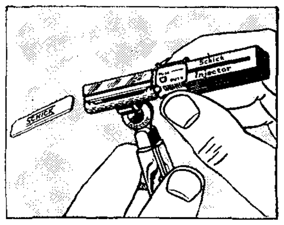
# Why the Neighbors Love Mr. Tabors

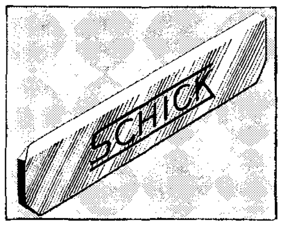
The odd Mr. Tabors is actually glad there aren't enough Schick Injector Razors to supply the demand this year. He's been lonesome for three decades. Now half the men on the block drop in every day—to use his Schick Injector Razor.

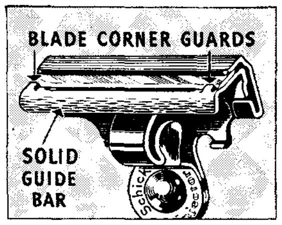
There's really nothing we can promise Mr. Tabors' neighbors. While there will *not* be a shortage of Schick Blades, war metal limitations now permit us to make only enough Schick Injector Razors for military demands. Our only suggestion is that those who haven't been able to get a Schick Injector Razor remain as contented as possible until the war is won.

If you *have* a Schick Injector Razor consider yourself a lucky man. *Take good care of it.* You've got the "comfort shave" razor. The only basic improvements in safety razor design in over 40 years are contained in the Schick Injector Razor.

**SHAVING IMPROVEMENTS**
**EVERY MAN CAN HAVE AFTER THE WAR IS WON**



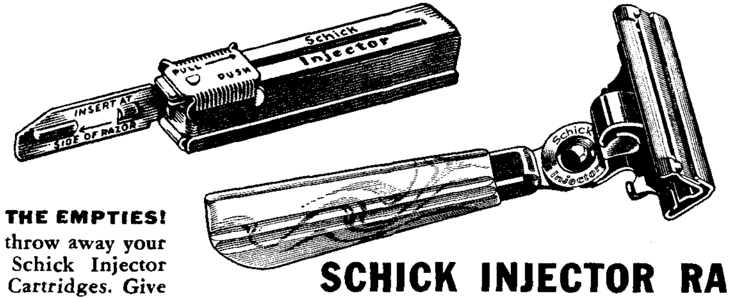




Automatic blade change shoots out the old blade like a *machine gun* and slides in a new one instantly! Just a pull and push does it! No take-apart or fumbling with blades.

The double-thick Schick Blades *measure* twice as thick as ordinary blades—3 times thicker than paper-thin ones. Plenty of backbone for steady vibration-free shaving.

The solid guide bar stretches and flattens skin ahead of blade. Makes whiskers *pop up* for closer, more comfortable shaves. Blade corner guards prevent skin nicks and scratches.

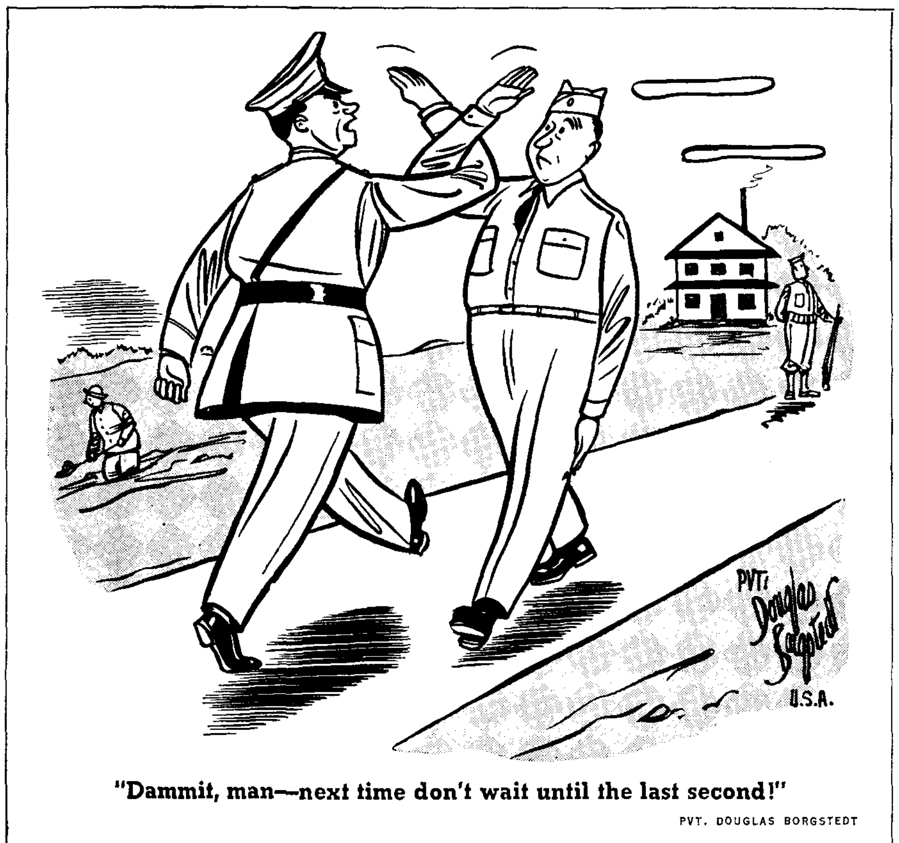


**SAVE THE EMPTIES!** Don't throw away your empty Schick Injector Blade Cartridges. Give them to the Boy Scouts who are collecting them.

**SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR**
**MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR COMPANY**
**BRIDGEPORT, CONN.**

# Our Fighting Men

Continued from page 25


PVT. Douglas Borgstedt U.S.A.

"Dammit, man—next time don't wait until the last second!"

PVT. DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

mistaking the Roman numerals of the Army Corps. Is it all clear now? If so (or if not) let's pass along to Utah.

4TH ARMY

FORT DOUGLAS, Salt Lake City. Eighteen-year-old Werner George Goering, former errand boy at a local radio station, hopes to drop an egg on his Nazi relative's fat neck. Werner is a nephew or a cousin—he isn't sure which—of Barrelhouse Hermann, Germany's air chief; and, as a prospective cadet, prays that his future relationship with Hermann will be closer than in the past. Just once.

FORT DOUGLAS RECEPTION CENTER. "Since the Constitution guarantees every citizen the right of trial by a jury of his equals, how come in an Army court-martial the jury is composed of superior officers of the man on trial?" That's one of the lulus Col. H. P. Kayser, Reception Center C. O., pops at draftees to acquaint them with the Articles of War. He has discovered most new soldiers lack a proper conception of military rules and justice, basic tenet of which is "to obey strictly and to execute promptly the lawful orders of their superiors." He has found, too, that if newcomers get off on the wrong foot in their first encounter with military discipline they may become habitual recalcitrants.

Col. Kayser likes to compare situations in civil and military life, pointing out that all military rules are designed to protect the efficiency of the Army. Answering that first question he explains that the Constitution also says that the Congress shall have power "to make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces."

Other civil life-military life comparisons: Quitting your job is your affair; in the Army it's AWOL if you're temporarily absent, and desertion if you scram for good. It's a civilian's own tough luck if he rips his suit; a soldier who wrecks his uniform needlessly is destroying Uncle Sam's property. In civil life a guy can get pie-eyed and at worst land in the clink; in the Army he must avoid "all conduct of a nature to bring discredit upon the military service." In civil life the boss can call an employee anything he wants and the employee can't reply in kind and keep his job; in the Army "no person shall use reproachful or provoking speeches or gestures toward another." A private may prefer charges against a colonel. If a corporal sees a captain in "conduct unbecoming an officer and gentleman" he can have him put in the pokey, but the corporal better be sure of his ground first. A soldier can't shoot off his mouth and use insulting and contemptuous language about superiors, city, state or national officials. The broad 96th Article covers "all disorders and neglects to prejudice of good order and military discipline."

Orders are orders in the Army. Special efforts are made here to have Army vehicles driven in a manner that commands respect. The speed limit is 30 m.p.h. regardless of the civil limit. For doing something that in traffic court would have drawn a small fine, a corporal was busted, grounded, fined and punished.

Most draftees wind up impressed that a man's rights are more zealously guarded in the Army than in civil life. There are some fine points, as for instance: a soldier can't thumb a ride, but he can accept one. This, incidentally, leads to the new situation in the hitchhiking industry. Used to be that cars whizzed by the tired soldier hoofing along the macadam, trying to get home, or back to camp. Now, between the Salt Lake Air Base and Salt Lake City, carless motorists wearily waggle their thumbs at rolling Army trucks.

NEW YORK. First issue (200,000 copies) of Yank, the Army newspaper published exclusively for men overseas, was bundled off to unrevealed outposts last Saturday to be dispensed at a nickel a throw. In the ad-less, 24-page tabloid are pictures (50% of the contents), cartoons and departments covering everything from poker to poetry.

Yank is an enlisted man's paper, with no emphasis on brass hat management. Four officers (three more to come) roam the great open spaces of the New York offices but 35 enlisted men are grinding out the stuff. Among them are Cartoonist-Pvt. Douglas Borgstedt (see top of page) and Pvt. Lloyd Shearer, former Our Fighting Men correspondent at Fort Bragg. Plan now is to keep the reportorial staff on a revolving basis; men will work in the office for a while, then go out in the field, making way for new men. Couple of weeks ago, when the first issue was under construction, the Yank offices were a mess, but now that the weekly paper is under way, the place is probably a shambles. Newspaper offices are no fun to work in otherwise.

2D ARMY

SCOTT FIELD, Ill. Alaska and Iceland, which have long winter evenings, have furnished some of the best and fastest-learning students of the Air Forces Institute, the correspondence school housed at this post. Enrollment passed the 25,000 mark last month, and up to 1,000 letters and pamphlets move in each direction every day. A civilian staff gives the mail-order instructions. There have been more than 5,500 graduates. Enrollment is voluntary, and not all who sign up finish the difficult technical courses. One soldier in Honolulu, deciding to drop his lessons, wrote the Institute to never mind sending him any more stuff. Before his letter arrived he sent a telegram which is now on the wall by Maj. Robert H. Orr's desk. It reads: "Disregard cancellation order." It's dated Dec. 8, 1941.

The Institute's correspondence lessons, by the way, still bear the name Air Corps Institute, but the new Army Air Forces designation will go on all future papers. Idea of the general change was that "Forces" is a bigger name than "Corps," which has rather a limited and local sound. The Signal Corps hasn't yet but it may soon make the change, too.

ALASKAN DEFENSE COMMAND. Best gag so far reported from the Arctic country is credited to Pvt. Andrew Kemak, who, digging into mother earth with a group of other pickers and shovelers, came up with three, shiny gold nuggets. "Lookee," cried Kemak. "Gold! Gold!" The word spread with the rapidity of a rumor and the boys stopped working and went to work. After all, gold is where you find it. Trouble here was that nobody could find any more.

Hours later an ordinary buck private wised up. Seems Pvt. Kemak in civilian life had worked as a gold miner for the U. S. Smelting Co., and the nuggets were souvenirs he had palmed when he went out with the pick-and-shovel detail. His buddies didn't get any appreciable number of laughs out of the stunt, but they hope you will.

### GENERAL

THE Army has a sweet tooth. Daily consumption of jams, jellies and marmalades is 20 carloads, or about a third of the output of the nation's professional preservers. The stuff costs the Army $80,000 a day and puts an average of 7½ pounds on a soldier.

SOME of the boys have a heck of a time getting into the fight.

Exhibit A. "If you contemplate having a contest for the Army's unluckiest soldier," writes Pvt. John C. Holland, Sheppard Field, Texas, "I present Pvt. David A. Miller, of the 401st Tech. School Squadron. Miller fought for two years in Spain with the famous Abraham Lincoln Brigade of the Spanish government army, rose to the rank of infantry captain, fought in most of the major battles, and was twice wounded. After Pearl Harbor he enlisted and asked for immediate action. The Army sent him here but a clerk sent his record to Jefferson Barracks, Mo., along with another man named Miller. Our Miller went without pay for four months and his record finally turned up at Geiger Field, Wash., whence it was returned to Texas. He received three months pay; then it was discovered his service record would have to return the way it came, to have previous endorsements erased and initialed. Since Sheppard Field is a replacement post, men who aren't permanently attached don't get ratings, so Miller is still a buck private, still instructs recruits in close-order drill and privately wonders what the hell it's all about. On his own initiative he started to give instruction in combat principles, taking cover from airplanes, advancing under fire, identification of aircraft by sound and silhouette. A good time was had by all until headquarters stopped it on the ground that all drill periods should be devoted to school of the soldier and close order drill. Until he gets attached to a permanent outfit Miller can't even get corporal's stripes. Only silver lining is that even sergeants don't mind taking orders and advice from him."

EXHIBIT B. "Although I had been flying for a year," writes Red Feller from the Naval Air Base at Norfolk, Va., "I couldn't get into the Army or Navy Air Forces for the lack of educational requirements, so I gave up my job and went to Canada to enlist in the R.C.A.F. Turned down because of a physical defect, I came home, enlisted in the Army and got as far as Trenton, N. J., where a medico said Unh-unh. Next I went to the local draft board and got classified as 4-F; then I wrote a letter to President Roosevelt. His reply was sympathetic, but the government couldn't help me out. Well, I finally stopped in at my local Navy recruiting station in New Brunswick, N. J., and was sent to New York and an ear specialist. Yes, you've guessed it: I'm in the Navy—have been for nine months—and I like it."

EXHIBIT C. Corp. Chas. R. Brummett, of an Infantry Combat Team in Texas City, was "a graduate engineer and was placed in the infantry when drafted (probably the only Army unit that has no use for engineering training). Shortly after, I was accepted for training as an engineer in the Army Flying Cadets," his letter continues, "and while I was waiting for a call to duty as such, the Naval Reserve offered direct commissions to metallurgical engineers. I immediately wrote the chief of the Air Forces in Washington requesting release from my cadet appointment. This release arrived within ten days, so I submitted the Naval application. Recently, I checked at regimental headquarters and found a call to active duty with the flying cadets, and confirmation of the Naval commission. For a day, then, I was an infantry corporal, a flying cadet, and an ensign in the Naval Reserve; and at the time I was walking post as an active private of the guard. Laugh that off."

YOU can't laugh off a one-man Army, Navy and Air Force. G. W.

# Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

gross weights of around 27,000 pounds.

The mission of the medium bomber is to carry a heavy bomb load for a short distance (compared with the four-engined heavies), hit hard and get away fast. And both ships are very speedy and maneuverable.

BEFORE the fact became public that Jimmy Doolittle had led the Army Air Forces airmen on the Tokyo air raid, close friends passed the word about in strictest confidence. Universal reaction: "That's Doolittle for you. Not at all surprised." It was typically Doolittle, just as it was typically Doolittle down in South America fifteen years ago when he took leave from the Army to demonstrate an American single-seater fighter.

Shortly before the formal demonstration to the government of Chile, he slipped from a Santiago balcony and broke both ankles. But he wouldn't postpone the announced demonstration. He was lifted into the cockpit, ankles in casts, and took off.

A German acrobatic expert, with a German fighter which he also was trying to sell, saw a golden opportunity to show up the American plane and pilot. So he took off and went after Doolittle. Jim's friends saw no difference in his precision flying with or without broken ankles, and he drove the German out of the sky. When the German landed he had a gash in his top wing, made, he said, by Jim's tail skid as he dived on him and pulled up.

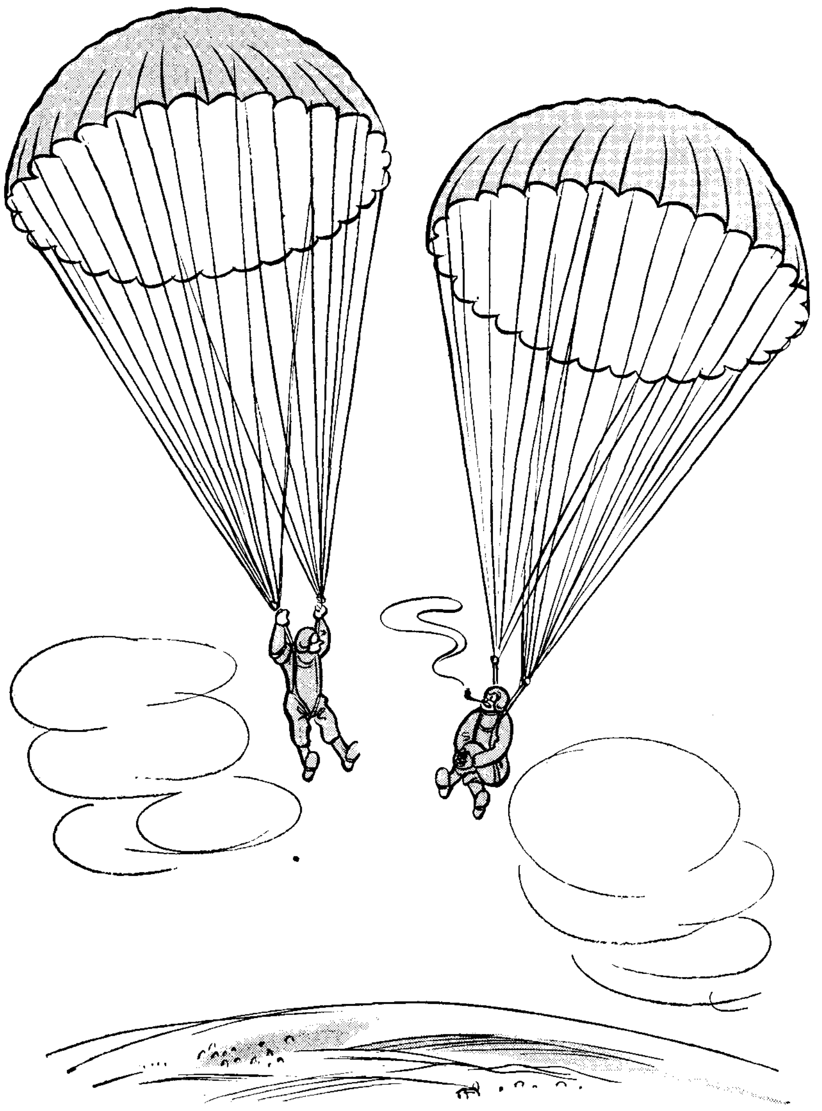
"That man is crazy," he exclaimed.

"Nonsense," said Jim, when told of the charge. "I didn't come within six inches of him."

IN THE old, *old* days of flying, the master airmen had one procedure for landing their flimsy crates which distinguished them from amateurs: They would always come in with a dead engine. No matter from what altitude they were going to start a glide for landing, they'd cut the switch. They knew they were burning their last bridge behind them and that they had nothing in reserve to help them over the edge of the field if they undershot, and no power to draw upon if they overshot.

This little bit of lore is dug up because, in connection with a new program for training glider pilots, the Army is going to indulge in that same landing procedure of 30 years ago. The idea is to start them out in light planes and teach them to land with power completely cut off. Then they can step into gliders or sailplanes where they don't have a handy engine to help out when they guess wrong.

The course is for men from 18 to 35 who have had training as civilian pilots but who are ineligible for aviation-cadet training in the Army and Navy. These pilots, with training emphasized on dead-stick landings, will develop superior ability as forced-landing experts. With their glider and soaring training superimposed on that background, our strictly power-plant pilots can expect stiff competition in the civilian field at a happier and later date. F. R. N.



**"It's really about the only time I have to myself"** ERNIE GARZA

"We're saving her looks as well as her tires!"

**"Lizzie must last,"** said the Little Woman grimly and handed me a pint of Johnson's Carnu. That was a cue to drop my putter. True, I know the facts of car life—road scum, squashed bugs and dirt destroy the finest automobile enamel—but it looked like *work*. I started cleaning.

**Clean as a whistle — bright as a dime**—describes how our bus looked after that first Carnu shampoo! And so *easy* — you could have knocked me over with a birdie. Carnu cleans and polishes in *one* application and in *half* the time. All I did was rub Carnu on just hard enough to loosen the dirt—let it dry—wipe clean. Brother, it *sparkled!*

**Life with Mother is easier now**—and I've learned to hold off car enamel deterioration! Johnson's Carnu removes the damaging dirt — yes, and an occasional coat of Johnson's Auto Wax will make your Carnu polish *last longer* . . . save car washings. Auto supply stores, service stations and regular wax dealers have Johnson's Carnu and Auto Wax. If you can't get Johnson's Auto Wax, regular Johnson's Wax will do a good job. *All* Johnson's Wax Polishes provide positive protection.

***Tune in Fibber McGee and Molly —Tuesday nights—NBC***

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Your car looks like new —when you use CARNU!

**Made by the makers of Johnson's Wax**

# The Defense of Frederick

Continued from page 18

*To Be Opened Only in Case of Frederick Smeeren's Assassination. (Also Natural Causes.)*

WHILE Smeeren wept about his own death there were other, grimmer men working very hard to hasten the same event.

Notably there was a certain Mr. Tanisawa whose preparations were all but completed, for his deadline was that same night. He took his orders from Tokyo and it had been made clear to him that he must not fail, for his task related to the great end of the whole war—the capture of Java, richest island in the world.

Only fourteen miles of gentle sea separate Bali from the eastern tip of Java; a weak, almost undefendable island, it has the bad luck to flank Java. Also it has the even worse luck to possess an emergency landing field less than a hundred air-line miles from the key Dutch naval base at Surabaya.

And this airfield lies in Smeeren's bailiwick.

So, for weeks Tanisawa had been busy watching both the airfield of Den Pasaar and the defender of the field. He knew what time Smeeren rose in the morning and what time the great man lay down to sleep. He had a plan of the chief's little cottage on the outskirts of Den Pasaar and a carefully annotated treatise on how he could most easily be liquidated without muss or fuss.

Tanisawa's base was a jungle camp on Bali's great uninhabited plateau which the natives refuse to visit, calling it simply "the place where tigers hide." There Tanisawa had been landed by parachute weeks before Pearl Harbor and from there, thanks to the island's efficiently interlocking dirt roads, he could reconnoiter all Bali. In the space of a single night his collapsible bicycle could take him all the way to Bulelang—where the garrison was. From there he could ride to Den Pasaar, at least four hours from Bulelang and aid, where there was nothing but Smeeren.

THE day he got orders to arm the natives, Frederick went about the business of obeying. In the cool of the late afternoon he marched his sixteen barefooted Balinese policemen to the edge of the dusty landing field and presented each with an American Springfield rifle of 1917 vintage. But he was careful to issue no ammunition.

"Port — ARMS! Simulate — LOAD! Ready—aim—FIRE!"—followed by the dry clicks of firing pins in empty chambers.

Although they flinched noticeably at each bellow, the natives were so delighted to have white man's weapons in their hands that they grinned and laughed almost continually. Every time they pulled the triggers, Likas, Smeeren's number one deputy, happily shouted "BOOM!" and the whole group screamed and giggled childishly.

Likas, a handsome white-toothed Romeo in his early twenties, was one of the most annoying thorns in Smeeren's official toe. For instance, less than an hour of "BOOM!" was enough for him. He calmly broke ranks and sauntered over to Smeeren. "Tabay, Tuan!" he said cheerily. "Ready for bullets now."

Smeeren gulped and glared. "You'll get bullets when I'm good and ready," he growled.

Likas' response was a faintly pitying smile which convinced Smeeren that the natives knew just why he was withholding their ammunition. As he went back to his place in line, Likas said something to his comrades in Balinese—a language which Smeeren had always refused to learn.

What the boy said in that verbless tongue was, "Maybe Jap men be good and ready before Tuan Smeeren."

A FLASH of gray as a night-camouflaged parachute descended—and Tanisawa was welcoming his superior officer. A man named Marule, he brought with him, in addition to a war kit identical with Tanisawa's, some complicated orders, two twenty-five-caliber automatic rifles with hundred-shot magazines, and a quantity of explosives.

Tanisawa wrapped the dynamite in a tarpaulin, handed over his sketches of strategic spots, and studied the orders for the night.

Marule let him finish reading. "According to your sketches," he said questioningly, "there is no guard at the airfield?"

TWO SHIPS TORPEDOED
TOMATO JUICE
Fred Balk

"Is the war still going on? I thought you and Mr. Twinkle settled all that last night!"

FRED BALK

Tanisawa grinned slyly. "They have not bothered," he said.

He was wrong. At the end of rifle practice that afternoon, a sweaty Smeeren had called Likas to him. "Pick out one man," he said, "to join you in special duty."

Likas—as Smeeren knew he would—asked for his side-kick, a high-caste lad named Jongal. "Both of you spend the night here," Smeeren told them. "Only one of you sleeps at a time. If possible, neither. Should something happen, come and tell me."

He called the rest of the detail to attention and marched them off down the road leaving Likas and Jongal, surprised and lonely, leaning on their unloaded rifles.

They were alone only a short while. Their compatriots passed the word along and within an hour Likas and Jongal were being royally entertained by a delegation from the nearest compound. The delegates brought straw to sleep on, some rice patties served on cool, green leaves, and enough Chinese-made cigarettes to last the night.

It was all very, very peaceful.

Just after midnight Tanisawa and Marule, Inc., hauled out their dandy little bikes and attached wicker baskets to the handle bars. Into the baskets went dynamite; over that, a layer of wild hibiscus flowers. To the rear of the saddles they tied their automatic rifles concealed in the cores of Balinese wedding drums.

Nearing Den Pasaar they paid Smeeren the compliment of by-passing the town and going instead to the sea and along the smooth white beach of Koeta. Down that they pedaled, sudsy breakers on the right and a wall of jungle on the left; past deserted establishments that had once been hotels for European and American tourists; past the house Tanisawa—an "art collector" then—had inhabited for almost a year. Finally, they were at the Temple of the Sea.

Near that, they dismounted and carried their bikes into the deep underbrush. It was dark under the palm crowns and they had to use flashlights while they detached the baskets and guns. Holding these burdens on their backs with their right hands, they crawled along on their knees and left hands.

After a few hundred yards Tanisawa pulled aside a screen of brambles, and the airfield stretched out before them. In the light of the moon it looked as white as a fall of new snow, and had about it the same kind of hushed noiselessness.

THEY slithered out onto the cruel stubble of the field and listened carefully for a full minute.

"Deserted," said Mr. Tanisawa, getting up. Suddenly Marule gave a warning hiss and Tanisawa quickly fell to the ground again.

Silence.

The noise—Marule wasn't sure he hadn't imagined it—was not repeated. They got to their feet and walked confidently toward the corner of the field where the road emptied into it. A hundred yards down the road, which was raised a good three feet above the level of the soggy soil, was a culvert. Here they stopped and Mr. Tanisawa explained how, by putting dynamite both in the culvert and twenty feet farther along, they could create an effective road block.

When the time came, Tanisawa would hide where he could see to set off the mine just as the maximum number of enemies were on top of it. By this simple expedient the first parachute Japs would be sure of the few seconds necessary to consolidate hasty positions. The murder of Smeeren was intended to insure the same thing, and there were supposed to be no troops in the district—nevertheless Jap policy was to leave nothing to chance. The four hours it would take troops to arrive from Bulelang—assuming dive-bombing left any alive—would be used to land transport planes full of heavily armed infantry who could make the field impregnable.

"Perfect!" said Marule, and Tanisawa scuffled his feet like an embarrassed schoolboy.

Mr. T. was just about to crawl into the culvert when there was a shrill cry from the airfield. "Matay!" the voice called. In Malayan this means, literally, "dead" and is the East Indian version of "Who goes there?"

Messrs. T. and M. hit the ground promptly and drew their weapons to them. Silhouetted in the moonlight were the uniformed figures of Likas and Jongal, brandishing rifles fiercely in all directions. Finally they relaxed and Likas laughed. "Wild pigs," he said distinctly and the two of them disappeared back into the fringe of the jungle.

THERE, snoozing contentedly in the laps of big vines, was the whole group that had come to keep them company, and Likas prepared to go back to sleep himself. However, Jongal tapped his shoulder and nodded toward a clearing a few yards away. "Jongal no sleep," he whispered when they got there. "Jongal worry."

Likas squatted on his heels, placed his rifle between his knees, and pursed his lips thoughtfully.

On the Japanese front there was also a great deal of worry. Not until Tanisawa's wrist watch had ticked off precisely sixty-one minutes did they permit themselves to move again. Then, cautiously, Tanisawa wriggled into the culvert. He arranged the explosive in a neat package in the center, and passed the detonating wires out to his partner. Backing out, he made quite a racket and neither of them heard Likas and Jongal approaching.

Leaping forward, Likas stuck the muzzle of his rifle into Tanisawa's back while Jongal performed the same service for Marule. Four Jap hands went slowly, tentatively, into the air, and Likas told them in Malayan to start walking "toward Den Pasaar."

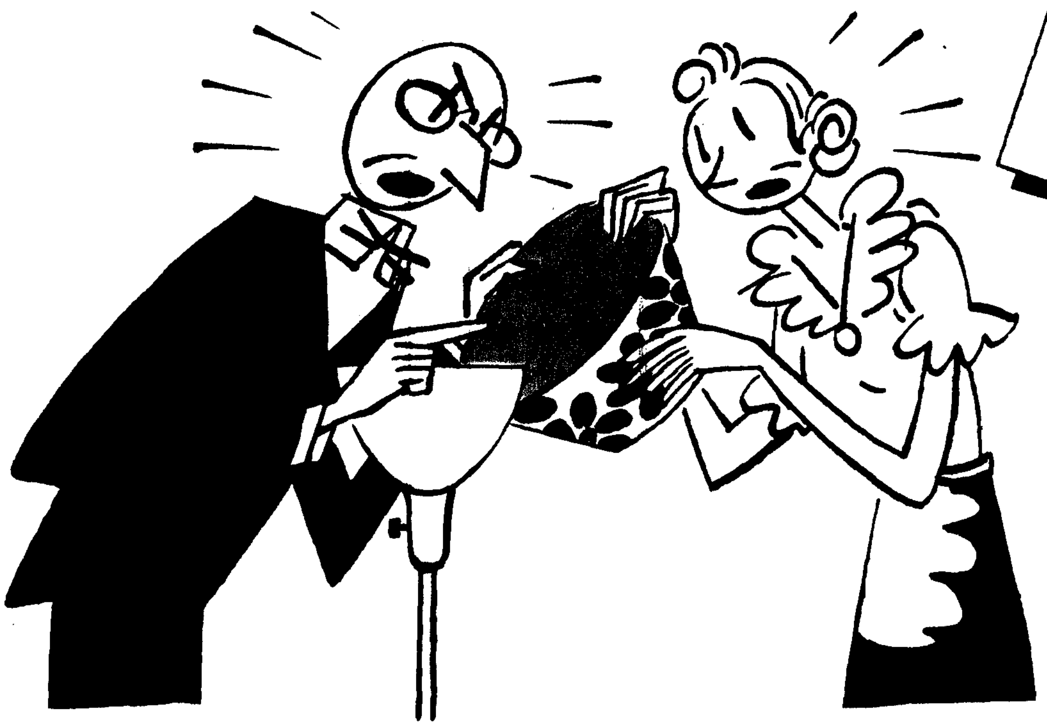
Grudgingly they obeyed, but Tanisawa managed to lag behind a little, and, in so doing, came almost abreast of Jongal. Looking out of the corner of his eye, he saw the muzzle of the Springfield pointed at his superior officer's spine. His eye followed the barrel farther back, past the sight leaf, and then—he almost gave himself away by halting dead in his tracks—he saw that the bolt of Jongal's rifle was wide open, revealing an obviously bulletless weapon.

There was a long open stretch of road, and then they moved into the shadows of some tall trees. Tanisawa grabbed at Jongal's gun, and, as he did so, Likas hit him a glancing blow on the back of the head.

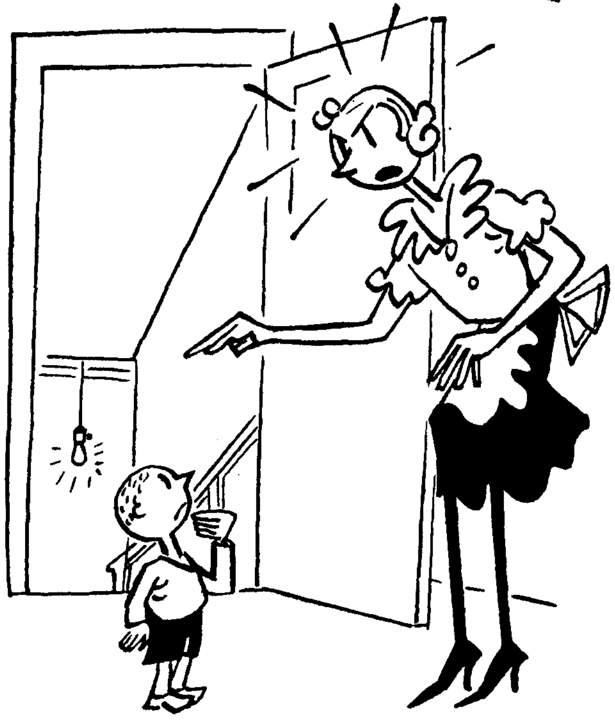
The two Balinese began to shout at the tops of their lungs and went tearing back toward the jungle. By the time the Japs got hold of their automatic

# Don't be a "Lightwaster" !!! by don herold

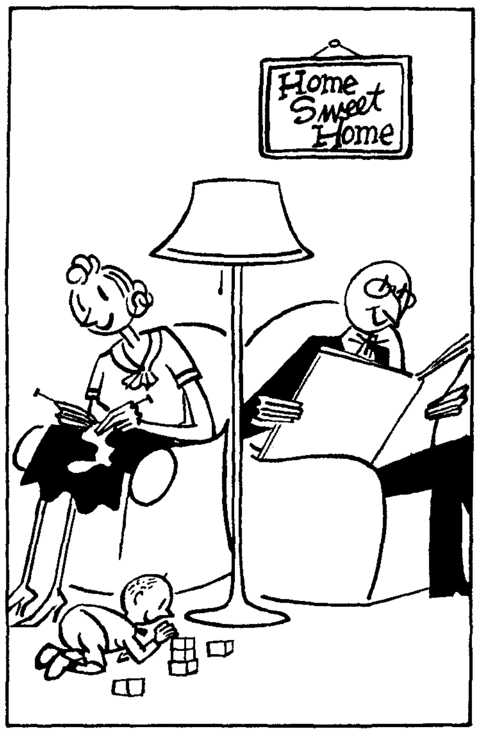
**NOTE:** Eyesight and electricity are both vital to the war effort. Conserve them both! When you read, work, sew, or study, be sure you have enough light to guard against eyestrain, but don't waste it! Read how easily you can avoid being a lightwaster!

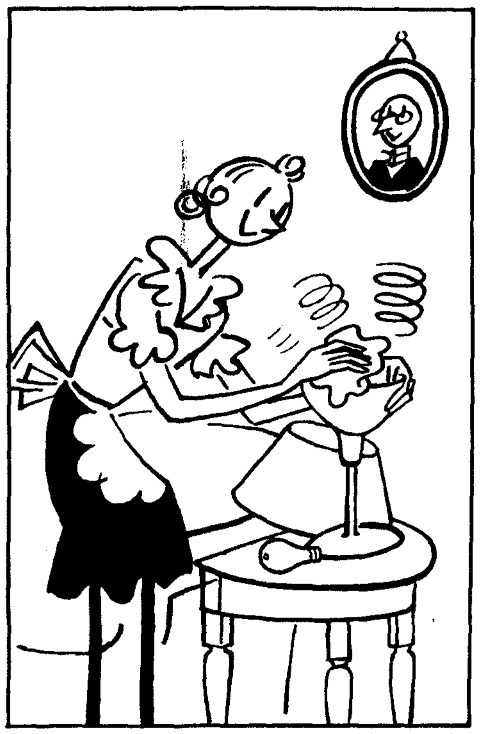


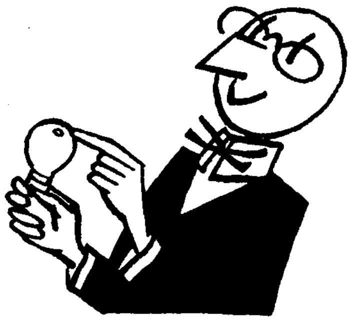
**Don't** let lamp shades get so dusty and dingy they absorb light instead of reflecting it. Clean or brush them regularly, or if they're too far gone, replace them with fresh shades. A shade with a white lining can give you twice as much light as a dark one!



**Don't** leave lights burning where they aren't needed. Don't use bare or poorly-shaded bulbs that glare in your eyes. Glaring light is partly wasted light, because it makes you squint to see!







**Do** be careful about lamp bulbs! Make sure you use the right sizes for easy seeing, and when you need new bulbs, get G-E MAZDA lamps. They're made to stay brighter longer. Don't be a lightwaster!

**Do** place your lamps so you get the most use from them. Arrange furniture so two or more people can use same lamp . . . but be sure nobody is too far away from the light!

**Do** see that lamp shades, bulbs, and reflectors are kept clean. You may not think bulbs are dusty, but sometimes wiping with a damp cloth will give you 50% more light!

## G-E MAZDA LAMPS
## GENERAL ELECTRIC

*MAZDA—not the name of a thing, but the mark of a research service* rifles, the countryside was alive with running, screaming natives, who seemed to appear from nowhere. Young girls, old women, middle-aged men, a few children—all went sizzling off in different directions.

When the two invaders finally decided at which target to aim, there was not a living soul in sight.

WRAPPED in the folds of a cotton nightgown, Smeeren slept in a great double bed shrouded in mosquito netting that hung from above like the canopy of a royal couch. His sleep was deep that night and he didn't awaken for several seconds after the lights were suddenly switched on.

Blearing through the fine mesh of the mosquito netting, everything in the room seemed to him misty and unreal. It was like a scene from his most haunting nightmare and for a while he didn't realize it wasn't.

There were Likas and Jongal in badly dirtied uniforms; almost a dozen of the other deputies. All stared at him with silent malevolence and all brandished creeses—long, serpentine knives with swordlike handles.

The hot rush of his pulse made Frederick giddy for a second, but he forced himself to slide his hand stealthily under the pillow for his automatic. With that encouraging instrument in his grasp, he jumped out of bed and crashed through the mosquito netting with such violence that the whole mess came tumbling down behind him.

The Balinese backed away, startled, and Smeeren took the moment's advantage. "Drop those knives!" he said in a quavering voice. He swept the gun impartially around at everyone as if it were a garden hose.

No one moved or spoke, and not a soul dropped his creese. Trembling a little, Smeeren extended his arm and aimed the gun directly at Likas' head. "When I count three, I will kill Likas," he said. "One—"

From the far side of the room there was a flash of steel and a flying knife knocked the gun out of Smeeren's hand. Within a second he was covered all over by nearly a ton of busy Balinese, and a linty gag was shoved into his mouth. He gurgled, gasped, kicked, but they managed to drag him to the big easy chair in the corner of the room and sit him in it.

Bound thoroughly with stout Sumatra hemp, he finally relaxed and fell to mumbling meaninglessly into the gag. Likas slipped a cold hand under Frederick's nightgown, grabbed the bunch of keys that hung around his neck, broke them off their string, and gave a shout of triumph. It was the signal for the whole group to high-tail out of there.

Alone and breathing hard, Smeeren had a moment of foolish exasperation that no one had remembered to close the screen door. Then he began to consider the situation. It seemed to him that it was his solemn duty to rouse the whites somehow before they were beyond all rousing, but he could think of no way.

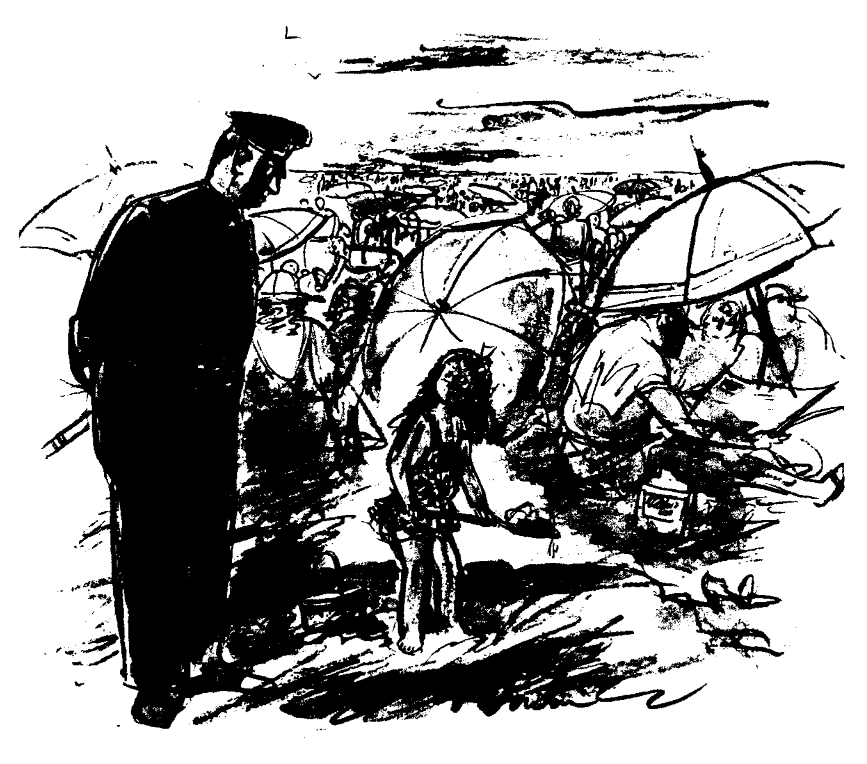
He reflected hopefully that the key to the arsenal stuck a little, but then guessed they'd find out how to make it work. He sighed and wondered if they were leaving him for last or if they planned one great massacre of all the whites at once. That thought made him suddenly furious and he began to throw his two hundred and sixty pounds back and forth. On the sixth try he succeeded in toppling himself and the chair over, cracking his skull neatly against the hard floor.

There was no way for him to tell how long he'd been unconscious, but as soon as he came to he began to move painfully forward. By dint of arching his neck and pushing with his toes, he was able to progress through the door and out to the road.

His head was both bowed and bloody, but he persisted, looking like some obese tortoise that had outgrown its shell. About twenty feet of this and he was at a tiny wooden bridge which was only a few feet above a shallow, rocky creek. There, straining every muscle, he got to an almost standing position and launched himself backward over the side of the bridge.

The chair cushioned the shock for him but broke up on the rocks as he had intended. Some more thrashing and swearing completed the job so that his burden was reduced to a pair of arms, an assortment of springs, wet upholstery and splintered wood. He could stand straight.

From there it was comparatively easy. Hopping along like a child on a pogo stick, he reached the chicken yard of the nearest compound. There, by scraping his bonds against the edge of an ax, he contrived to free his hands.



"So far I have buried five people"

PERRY BARLOW

As he ungagged himself, his relief was immense and he would have shouted for joy had he not heard, at that moment, the distant crackle of rifle fire.

THE Temple of the Sea was surrounded by a brick wall ten feet high. Behind this, Likas and his little troop had taken their stand, and, in the jungle in front of them were Tanisawa and Marule.

The Japs had run there to get their bicycles and been cut off by what they assumed to be a large and heavily armed force. Actually it had been only members of the sentry-warming delegation acting on Likas' instructions to follow the Japs wherever they went. Their stealthy creepings and whisperings had been construed as signs of a considerable foe—Tanisawa and Marule thought themselves surrounded. They could hardly have guessed that it was a detachment composed exclusively of young girls and old women, so they stayed put, on the classic military theory that the enemy would eventually reveal his weakness.

Thanks to this, Likas *et al* had had time to capture Smeeren, raid his arsenal, and return. Now all sixteen deputies held the fort. Strong on courage but weak on tactics, they could think of no way of disposing of their quarry. Every time one of them stuck his head above the top of the wall there was a rain of automatic rifle fire. And if anyone ventured onto the beach he received the same treatment. It began to look as though the hunters had been thoroughly treed.

Squatting in the midst of his command, Likas thought and thought and finally brightened up. He rose happily to his feet and gave his orders in ringing tones. The entire group was to filter out by the jungle side of the temple and completely encircle the enemy. He realized that this meant his men might very well shoot one another, so, figuring that their aim would be bad anyway, he ordered them to fire into the air.

THEY scampered off into the underbrush with a great deal of boyish shouting. Then, as they separated one from the other, they became hunters and there was silence.

Just after sunup, there came a loud shout from the jungle. "Hoooaaa!" Tanisawa called. The temptation to join in this attack on the common enemy—the silence—was almost irresistible and Likas was proud that his men knew enough not to answer. All was still once more.

Suddenly the Jap automatic rifles could be heard. They were firing in short bursts as though being carefully aimed.

They were. On the airfield side of Likas' little theater of operations, Frederick Smeeren and Mr. Van Clercq were in a most uncomfortable position. Bucketing down the road in Van Clercq's little English roadster, they had slowed as they approached the field. Their intention had been to be extremely cautious, but they overdid it.

So slowly had they been going when they were over the newly laid land mine, that the Japs had been able to halt them with two short bursts. The gas tank was punctured and two tires were flat. There they sat in that open car, being shot at by those who they still assumed were their erstwhile servitors, and with no place to go.

The automatic rifle fire made itself extremely clear. They were not to move. Every time either of them so much as raised his hand, there was another rain of bullets into the back of the seat.

"Who," Smeeren kept saying, "ever taught them to shoot so straight?"

Van Clercq wore nothing but a pair of shorts, having been roused from his bed and told that mutiny had broken out, while Smeeren had on the same bloody costume in which he'd made his escape. They felt silly, and both, despite their fear, found enough extra blood with which to blush.

"The Dutch should make cars," Smeeren said suddenly.

Not daring to turn his head, Van Clercq stared through the bullet-riddled windshield and firmly resolved that he would not, come what might, give Smeeren his cue.

Finally Frederick went on anyway. "The reason is," he said, "that Dutch automobiles would be solid. We could just duck down and nothing would hurt us."

They were surprised by a loud "Hallo!" from the jungle. "Mister Smeeren," Tanisawa called, "your position is worse than you realize. Underneath you is enough dynamite to destroy you. I can set it off from here. I want you to think about that for a moment."

Smeeren was more shocked by this than he had been by anything else that night. "It's Japs!" he said softly. "Who let them in?"

Van Clercq smiled an "I told you so" smile. "Where's your mutiny now, Frederick?"

"Hah!" said Smeeren. "More so! The creatures must have sold out to the enemy!"

"Now, Mr. Smeeren, listen carefully," came Tanisawa's voice. "You have us surrounded. Granted. But you will order your men to let us through to the beach and I have enough wire so I can still fire the charge from a long way off. Only if you let us escape will you live. Any deceit, and I blow you up."

Smeeren had never been a quick-witted man. "*We* have *them* surrounded!" he said inanely. "It's some trick!"

"Give the orders!" Tanisawa shouted.

Smeeren answered in his loudest drill-field bellow. "Blow us up," he said, "and you are still surrounded! Go on! Blow us up!"

Van Clercq turned gray. "Brave, aren't you?" he hissed.

There came a wild cry from the jungle and both white men recognized it as Likas' voice ordering a charge. There was the sound of a long burst of automatic fire, scattered rifle shots, a scream that told of mortal agony, and silence again.

Two rifle shots, evenly spaced.

Still afraid to move, Smeeren and Van Clercq sat sweating with anxiety. Finally, from the woods, came the swarthy forms of Balinese. Leading them was Likas, carrying Jongal.

He came to the side of the car and held the body up to Smeeren. "Matay," he said softly.

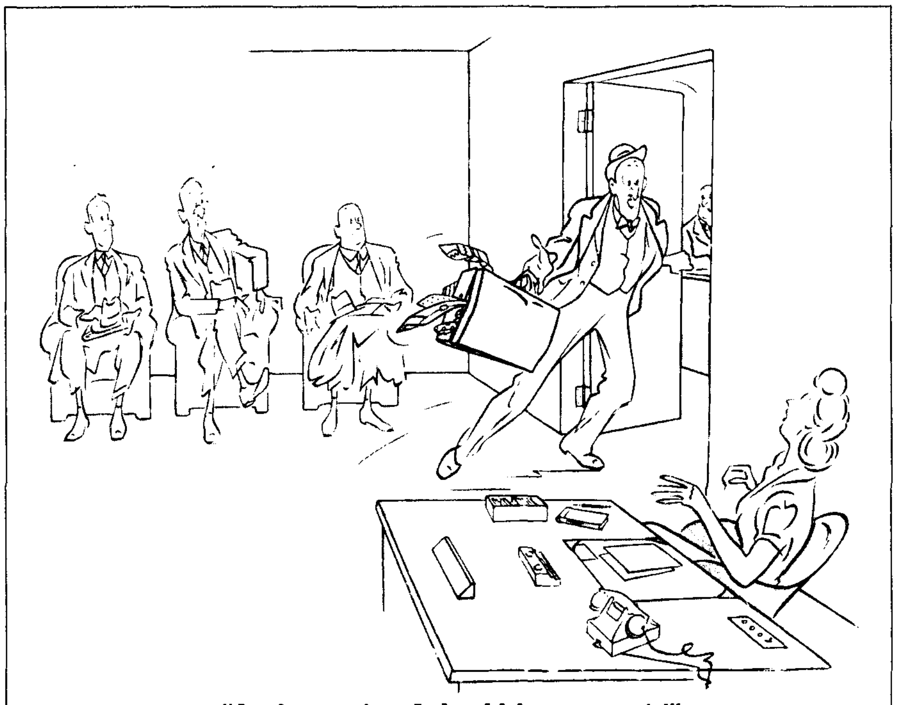
"Jap men?" Smeeren asked huskily.

"Also matay," Likas said. He managed a thin smile. "Two for one, Tuan. We good and ready for bullets now."

PRECISELY at the bong of ten next morning Smeeren came into the view of the porch sitters of the Bali Hotel. He rode his bicycle with majestic assurance, chest out and knees in. On both sides of him marched a little guard of honor—Likas and five friends all shouldering rifles at the correct military angle. Across their chests were full cartridge belts, and these they wore like badges of authority, thumbs tucked under them to show them off.

Mrs. Van Clercq gave a squeal and *did* drop her gin sling. "My!" she said happily, "aren't the Japs going to be surprised!"

THE END



"At these prices *I* should have to wait!"

GEORGE PRICE

## Red Flag in Brooklyn

Continued from page 23

the count-knotting marker. But suddenly, inexplicably, after getting two nice strikes over on Lopez, Casey yielded to his smoldering wrath. Three times he hurled the ball high over Mickey Owen's upstretched arms. Mickey couldn't have reached those pitches with a stepladder.

The first two times, the Maje said nothing. But on the third ball he whipped off his mask and thundered out toward the mound, leaving a trail of flame behind him. Durocher bounced out of the dugout as if on a pogo stick. Verbal fire flickered and flared. The Maje's thumb went up and Durocher went out.

"What could I do?" roars the Maje. "I couldn't let Casey get away with stuff like that. Nobody's going to make a mockery of a game I'm umpiring. It wasn't my fault that Casey walked Lopez on the next pitch and that Alf Anderson tripled him home with the winning run. Sure, I know Brooklyn was hip-high in a tough race and that their nerves were all on edge. But you still can't let any team make a travesty out of a ball game."

Brooklyn fandom can never forgive Magerkurth for that. It might well have cost their Bums the pennant they'd been waiting for for 21 years. It didn't matter to them that Boston's Manny Salvo handcuffed the Cards with six hits that afternoon, enabling the Dodgers to retain that wafer-thin one-game edge.

Our hero had already been in hot water in Brooklyn because of a reversed decision that had killed the Dodgers' last hopes of catching the Reds in 1940. He could actually have sidestepped that one by saying his back had been turned. But fancy footwork has never been one of the Maje's strong points.

The Dodgers were playing the Reds that day. The visiting Redlegs had men on first and second. The batter hit a double-play ball to Hudson at short. Hudson fielded it cleanly, flipped it to Pete Coscarart. Bill Stewart, the second-base umpire, wheeled with Coscarart to catch the play at first. He didn't see Pete drop the ball and called Ival Goodman, the Red runner, out. Bill McKechnie's plaintive screeching persuaded Stewart to ask Maje what had happened.

"What could I say?" asks Maje with his usual terrifying honesty. "Pete had dropped it. Goodman was definitely safe." The rallying Reds went on from there to win, 2-1, and that should have been that. But up in the stands, a Brooklyn fan brooded on the injustice of it all as only the Dodger breed can. That was the summer, you remember, when a man was shot and killed in a Brooklyn bar for slighting the hometown heroes.

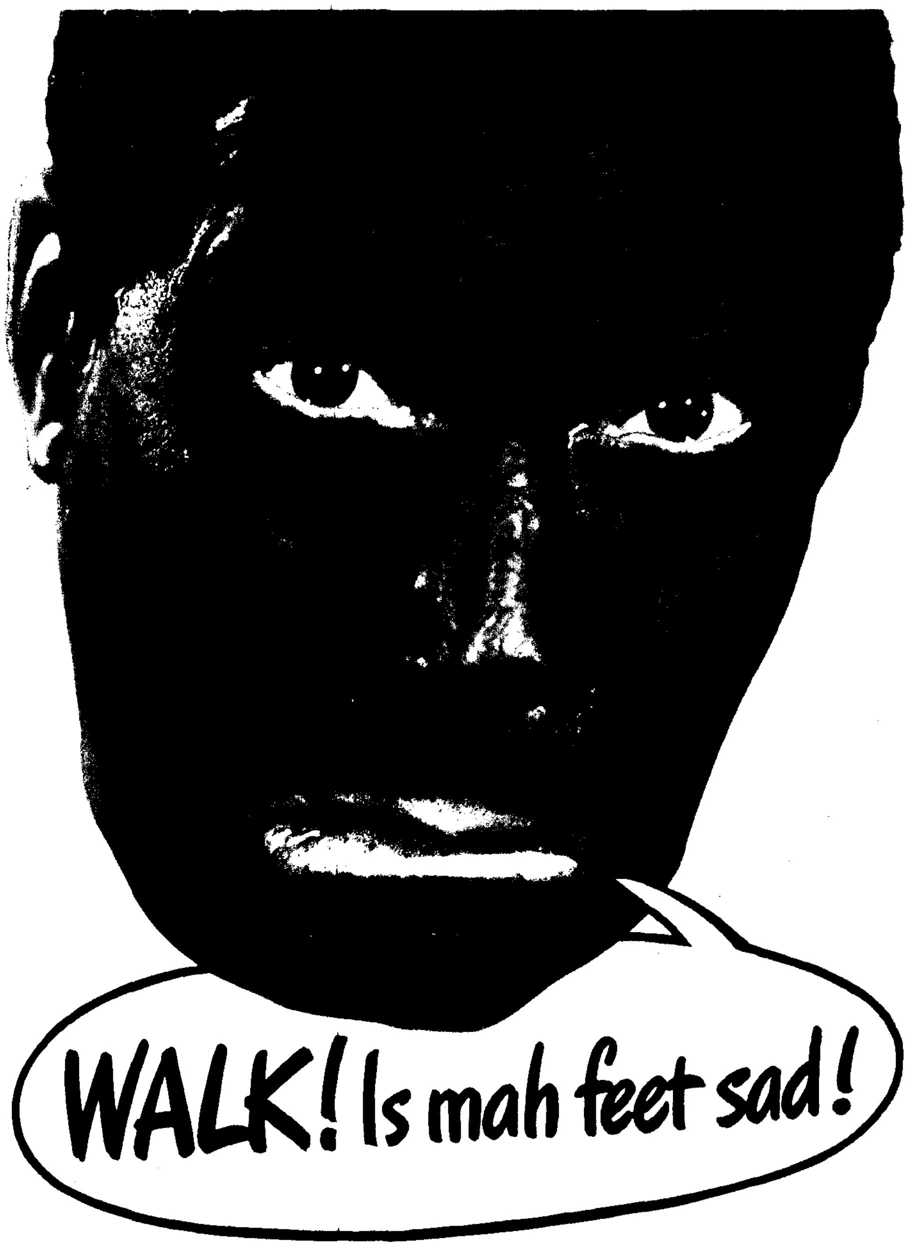
This time, the fan in the stands, convinced that his Beloved Bums had been robbed, had murder in his heart but no gun. Descending on Magerkurth in full cry after the game, he steamed alongside of him screaming, "Burglar, robber, cheat!" Finally he could stand inactivity no longer. He tripped the Maje, wrestled him to the ground and started punching. It took two umpires and three cops to pry them apart. Later it was discovered he was out on parole. He had to go back to jail.

### Downfall of the Giants

The summer before, Maje had been in on the downfall of the Giants. On July 15th the Terrymen were very much in the race—in second place only five and a half games back of Cincinnati. Going into the eighth inning against the same Reds, Harry Gumbert had them on the hip, 4-2. Then, with a man aboard, Harry Craft slammed a long one into the left field stands. To this day most of that afternoon's Polo Grounds inmates insist it was foul. But Ziggy Sears, the plate umpire, said no. So did Lee Ballanfant, umpiring at third.

The Giants, headed by Harry Danning and Bill Jurges, blew a mental gasket. "Everybody," claims the Maje, blithely ignoring the fact that things had just about quieted down when he stuck his lobster-tinted neck out, "blames me. But actually I had nothing to do with the decision. As for what happened afterward when Jurges and I mixed it up, well . . . that was as much my fault as his. I said so in my report to the National League office."

Both Jurges and Magerkurth were fined and suspended for ten days. This didn't hurt the Maje except for his pride. But it just about killed the Giants. Lou Chiozza, Jurges' sub, broke his leg in two places the next day in a


WALK! Is mah feet sad!

THAT'S RIGHT, SAM, w-a-l-k is that little four-letter word that exactly describes what you'll be doing when your present automobile gives out.

But cheer up, Sam. Smart motorists are letting Sinclair Dealers prolong the life of their cars. Sinclair Dealers, you see, have developed a special Sinclair-ize service to make cars last longer.

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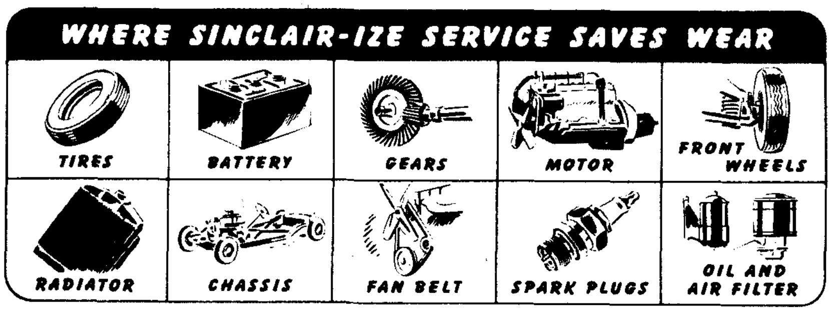
Ask your nearby Sinclair Dealer about this special service today. You'll save money, and worry, too.



SAVE WEAR WITH SINCLAIR

OIL IS AMMUNITION—USE IT WISELY

I'VE GOT A STOMACH LIKE AN OSTRICH!

**But His Stomach is only human!**

*Too much to eat and drink...hastily gulped meals . . . can make even an "ostrich stomach" feel sour, sickish and upset. Be gentle with an upset stomach . . . take soothing* PEPTO-BISMOL!

●

***Never Upset an Upset Stomach!***

*Don't belabor* an upset stomach by *adding* to its upset with overdoses of antacids, or harsh, powerful physics.

**TAKE PEPTO-BISMOL!** This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither antacid nor laxative. *Its action is different.* It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls . . . thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets, and to retard intestinal fermentation, gas formation and simple diarrhea. Get a bottle at your druggist today!

*Three sizes at your druggist's, or by the dose at his fountain.*

Makers of Unguentine
*
Norwich

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

*PEPTO-BISMOL
FOR UPSET STOMACH

This formula is known and sold in Canada as P.B.

collision with Joe Moore, and the Giants started a mad descent toward the loop's lower levels.

Shake these three colorful episodes together and you have the Maje immersed to his eyebrows in misery. It was even hinted last winter that he was on his way out. But his record over the years was too good. And, according to at least three big-league managers, he also happens to be the best man in the business on balls and strikes.

"Tough," says Eddie Brannick, genial secretary of the Giants, who has seen them all come and go since the turn of the century, "sure, he's tough. But he's a fine umpire, too. He's square—shows no favors—and he's smart, too."

That sounds strange, coming from Brannick. For Eddie not only grieved long and loudly over the exile of Jurges, but he was in the stands the day that Maje broke into the big time in typical Magerkurth manner. That was the April afternoon in 1929 when he tossed John McGraw right out of his own Polo Grounds.

The day before, at Boston, McGraw had been giving the Maje one of his better verbal roastings. McGraw always could ride 'em. His words had a sting that would have made even Caspar Milquetoast come up swinging. The Maje, as we know, is no Milquetoast. A mere two innings had gone by before he stormed toward the Giant bench.

"One more crack out of you," he barked, "and you're through for the day."

"You can't beat up everybody in this league," taunted the veteran pilot. "You may toss me out of here but wait until I get you in the Polo Grounds."

"I'll be down tomorrow afternoon," snapped the beleaguered law.

They kept the date. McGraw proved to be in great voice. This time, the rookie umpire didn't wait two innings.

"Out you go," he boomed.

"You don't dare," retorted McGraw. "I'll have your job by June."

Two minutes later, John McGraw was on his way to the dressing room and Magerkurth's tempestuous career was in full tide. Thirteen years later, he is still very much on the job.

"You bet he is," Brannick agreed, "and the funny part of it is Mr. McGraw was one of the first to go to bat for him. Just a few days before he retired we were having a sandwich under the stands when Maje came by. 'There goes one of the best umpires I ever looked at,' he said. 'He's the absolute boss out there. Nothing halfway about him. He has good judgment, and he's so honest it scares you.' "

### Baseball Always His First Love

All in all, Maje has no cause for regrets, either. He's come a long way and he's had a grand time doing it. Baseball was always his first love, though he was a better football player. He was a crack guard on the Moline Indians who won the Illinois state championship of 1916. Among the fellows he mussed up along the way was George Halas, whose Staley Starchworks team was the forerunner of the mighty Chicago Bears. But he was in his own words "never any better than a Class D catcher" in baseball.

As a matter of fact, he had quit the game *forever,* long before he ever thought of umpiring. "I had given up the game and taken a good job in a Moline plant when the postwar depression of 1922 threw me right back into it. After I'd lost my job, Mike Sexton, president of the Mississippi Valley League, called me up and asked me how I'd like to umpire. 'No,' I told him. 'I'm not cut out for that.' " But the money finally broke him down. "You can't feed five kids on air," he added.

He had a few tiffs that first summer, including a locker-room argument with Iron Man Joe McGinnity, who was managing Dubuque at the time. "I told him he was too old to fight and took on his first baseman in his place," Maje chuckles. "Afterward, Joe and I became close friends. He was the first guy to predict that I'd hit the big time. 'You're a big-league ump, Maje,' he used to say. And later when I did get up there, he used to come around to the Polo Grounds and say I told you so."

That fall, Maje was sold to the International League for $500—from Class D to Double A in one year. He had his high spots there, including four riots in four days at Newark, "when Fred Brainerd kept telling me how to run a ball game."

"The toughest afternoon I ever had, though," he insists, "was at Baltimore in 1923. The Orioles had Lefty Grove, George Earnshaw, Max Bishop and Joe Boley and a lot of other fellows who were going to make history for Connie Mack in Philadelphia. They were the Yankees of that loop, the best minor-league team of all time.

"One day they were playing Buffalo and beating them as usual. The Bisons didn't like one of my decisions. After the game Jimmy Webb, Bill Kelly and a few others were waiting for me under the stands. One of them hit me in the puss with a bag of balls. Another jumped me from the rear; and a third around the knees. There were about six of 'em altogether and it was a whale of a scrap. I gave 'em as good as I got, too. I threw one of them clear through the clubhouse door."

The next stop was the American Association, and from there he would probably have gone to the American League but for the fact that Ban Johnson and Thomas J. Hickey, president of the A.A. weren't speaking, and Hickey wouldn't let him take Johnson's offer. That really burned him.

"I was spoiling for a fight when the '27 season opened," he admits, "and I got it—with Ivy Griffin of Milwaukee. Hickey fired me and fined me every cent of my salary. I went to Judge Landis and he fixed things up so that I could accept Harry Williams' bid of a job in the Coast League. I'll never stop being grateful to the Judge for that."

Baseball was pretty rough in the Coast loop in the late twenties. The umpires had lost control of the players. But it didn't take Maje long to snuff the fire out. After he had thrown Ossie Vitt, then Hollywood manager, out of both games of a double-header before the largest crowd in Coast history—29,000—and had been backed up by the league heads for doing it, it was obvious that the umpire was back to stay. "They didn't have any trouble after that," he added.

Two years later, he was called to the majors, threw McGraw out, and the turbulence, now in its 21st season, really rolled into high gear. For all its bellicosity, the moment he recalls best was a pleasant one. Strangely enough, it's one that few recall.

### The Babe Strikes Out

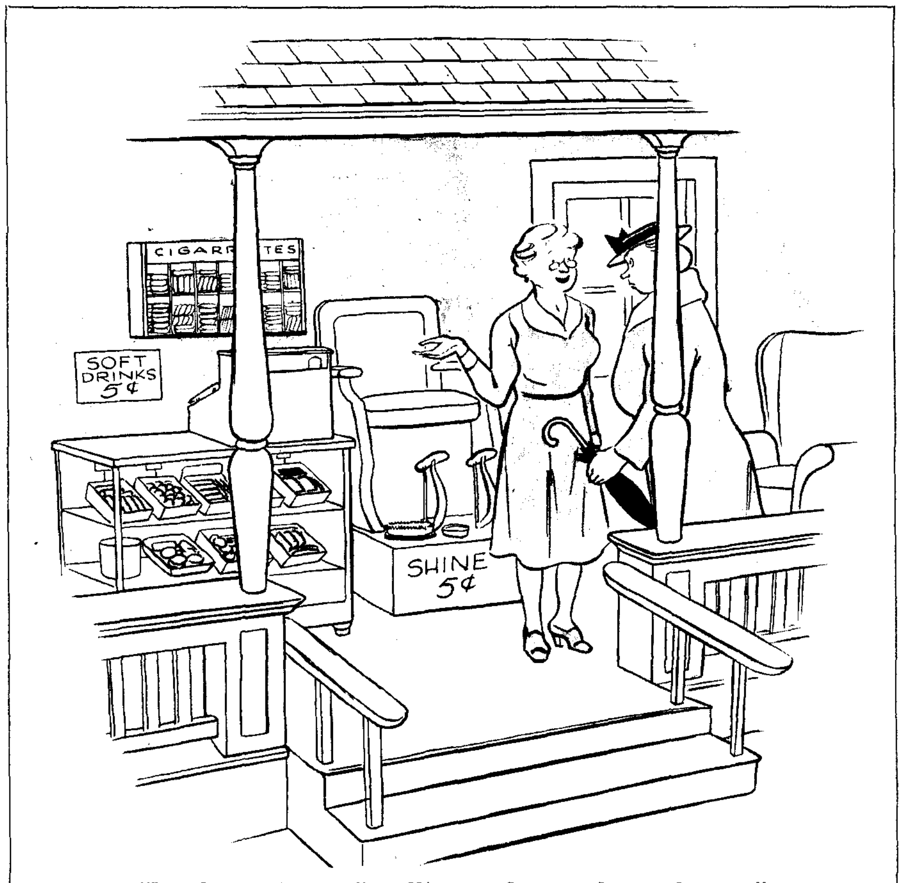
"The time at bat," he recalls, "before Babe Ruth hit the most famous home run of his career—the one off Charlie Root of the Cubs in the 1932 World Series at Wrigley Field on which he called the turn—he struck out. I called the third one on him. The Babe wheeled as if to protest. 'Right down the slot, Babe,' I snapped before he could say a word. He looked at me, chuckled and started toward the dugout. 'Ain't it the truth,' he grinned as he threw his bat away."

The Maje paused, his eyes gleaming.

"Yes, it's been a great life," he went on. "I wouldn't change it if I could. Sure we make mistakes every now and then—especially when we're back of the plate. The average ball game has 276 pitches, and there isn't a guy alive or dead who can call every one of them. Maybe, I've gotten a little too hot at times, too. But it wouldn't be Maje if I didn't."

No, it wouldn't. And baseball would be the loser, too. He may not be a perfectionist like Dolly Stark or Bill Klem, but he's the Maje—fifty-three years young; the Maje with a chip on each shoulder and a heart as big as the earth.

THE END



"I make a tidy profit selling to door-to-door salesmen"

## Hurry-Up Joe

Continued from page 19

school at the University of California at Berkeley, learning Chinese. Thus equipped, he went out to the Orient to be attached to the American embassy at Peking.

One way and another, he had learned a lot about civil engineering, and the embassy lent him to the Chinese government to build an eighty-mile highway in mountain country near the Yellow River in Shansi Province. Uncle Joe remembers this as quite a job. He had 12,000 coolies working, speaking nineteen varying dialects and knowing nothing about road building. The country was thick with grave mounds, and the road had to go around every one of them, lest some ancestral spirit, shoveled from its grave, should cause calamity to bust loose.

The general's reputation for pithy comment on the trials of Army life dates from this stretch of highway.

His Oriental tour ended in '23; he came back to the Infantry School at Fort Benning, Georgia, finished that and took courses at the Command and General Staff schools. Then he went to China again, to serve with the famous Fifteenth Infantry—the "Can Do" regiment—at Tientsin. A few months of this and he went up again to become Chief of Staff for American Army forces in China.

In this period he grew to know Chiang Kai-shek and other Chinese leaders and so became a "natural" when we needed a good man in the Orient early this year.

In '29, he was back at Benning teaching infantry tactics; six years later, he was in Peking again. During this service he gained several definite ideas about the Japanese, who were shoving Westerners off the sidewalks wherever they could get away with it. Mrs. Stilwell herself was threatened by a dagger-bearing Nipponese soldier—something Uncle Joe remembers very frequently today.

Back again in America in '39, Stilwell was sent to Houston, Texas, to command the Third Infantry Brigade. In July of that year, he was made a brigadier general. In October, 1940, he went up again to major general and took over command of the Seventh Division at Fort Ord, on Monterey Bay, and later of the Third Army Corps. He got his present rank of lieutenant general at—of all places—Cairo, Egypt, early in 1942.

### Officers Who Disappeared

The Fort Ord job with the Seventh Division brought out Stilwell's genius for licking raw recruits into hard, fast fighting units. He didn't spare himself or his officers. If the officers failed to come up to his exacting physical and mental standards, they just disappeared into easier-going outfits. During field maneuvers he spent his nights in a sleeping bag more often than not and usually passed up the officers' mess for chow with his men.

He summed up his creed in a talk to the Seventh: "We don't expect you to do more than you're capable of," he said, and added with a grin, "but we hope you'll try it!" He rewarded initiative and inventiveness, and officers with a tendency to drift along on the methods of past wars came to know why Stilwell was sometimes known as Vinegar Joe.

Mrs. Stilwell was Miss Winifred Smith, a belle of Syracuse, New York. She accompanied her husband on most of his Oriental tours of duty and together they became impressed with the Chinese philosophy of the importance of the family unit. Two of their children were born in China: Ben, now thirteen, in Tientsin; and Alison, also in her teens, in Peking.

The other three children are Nancy, now Mrs. E. F. Easterbrook and the wife of an Army captain; Winifred; and Captain J. W. Stilwell, Jr., who is with the Seventh Division. Both Nancy and Joe, Jr., have sons of their own.

All the Stilwells speak Mandarin, and Ol' Pappy, in addition, knows several Chinese dialects. When they were all together at Llanfair before we got into the war, they often staged playlets for schools and clubs around Carmel, appearing in Chinese costumes they'd brought from the Orient.

Alison and Winifred both are proficient in Chinese art and music. The grandchildren—John Edmond Easterbrook and Joseph Warren Stilwell III—both seem to be headed for West Point.

During peacetimes, the Stilwell family is a closely knit unit. The custom for years was to designate one member to prepare and deliver a talk on some interesting subject, at dinner one evening each week. The rest of the family quizzed the talker afterward, and thus all of them became well versed in widely varied subjects.

### His Philosophy of Attack

Uncle Joe has a dry humor, but seldom laughs out loud. His face is lined and tanned, and his specs give him a mild, schoolteacherish appearance. His men say he's "common as an old shoe"—and they respect him for it and his lack of pose. His feats of pedestrianism are famous.

Down at Fort Ord, the colored boys of the Quartermaster Corps used to threaten to "put General Stilwell's shoes on yo' lazy feet" to stir up recalcitrant mules.

Uncle Joe's main objective in training troops is to "develop an army that can think for itself." The result, at his training station, was a group of mobile, highly trained units that could work well singly or in any combination. Test after test turned a mob of civilians into one of the world's best fighting forces. In maneuvers simulating warfare, the Seventh's units were always turning up, embarrassingly, where they weren't expected, paying little attention to slightly antiquated "rules of warfare."

According to war dispatches, Vinegar Joe was breaking rules out in Burma not long ago, leading Chinese troops, in shirt sleeves, on the Irrawaddy and Sittang River fronts. Americans out there were predicting he'd have more medals to hang alongside the French Medal of Honor and his World War medal with three citations.

His grim determination, his insistence on fighting a 1942 war with 1942—or maybe 1943—methods, and his philosophy of attack instead of defense, are his strongest assets—and probably ours—in his present job. Waiting for the other guy to hit you and then warding off the blow is something Uncle Joe doesn't believe in.

"We mean business," Uncle Joe says briefly. "We won't be satisfied until we see American and Chinese troops marching together through Tokyo."

When they do, it's a safe bet Uncle Joe with his little stick will be 'way out in front, and the boys in khaki will have to double-time every once in a while to catch up.

THE END

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to the
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PROTECT HEALTH WITH FULLY PROTECTED MILK!

# All Hands on Deck!

Continued from page 16

control most, if not all, of the world trade routes once dominated by Great Britain. Whether the peacemakers will try to hand these routes back to Britain is a matter of conjecture. But there isn't any guesswork about what the policy of our Maritime Commission will be.

According to some of the best-informed practical minds in Washington, it will fight to the last congressman any idealistic attempt to re-enact the tragedy that followed Versailles. There may be a lot of forgiving and forgetting, but it will not be at the expense of our merchant marine, the Washington prophets declare, amid a chorus of "Amens" from American ship operators.

In order to give you a long view of the Commission's training program and why 15,000 youngsters are enrolled at the Commission's six schools, we must see what happened to our old merchant fleet back in the early 1930's. We built about 2,300 steel, wood and concrete ships during the World War and about 800 of these had been sold to private operators prior to 1920. The shipping board, that year, pointed out that of the 1,502 ships then under the board's control 479 were laid up. By the end of 1920, however, the shipping industry was hit by a world-wide depression. Every wooden freighter flying our flag and 750 steel ships, 5,000,000 deadweight tons of steel, were idle at the docks. Only 485 ships remained under the board's control.

Atop this, the equipment was becoming obsolete. The life of a ship is twenty years. The bulk of our merchant fleet was headed for the dismantling yards when Congress, in 1936, decided to do something. It set up the United States Maritime Commission, and the fiery Joseph P. Kennedy, who later became our Ambassador to Great Britain, was made its first chairman.

### Digging for Evidence

Chairman Kennedy and investigators spent a year in taking the merchant marine apart to find why it wouldn't tick. Among other things, including subsidies and the wide variance between American and foreign ship construction and operating costs, the survey dug into the whys and wherefores of a plague of water-front strikes. Some of the evidence, especially that portion dealing with the activities of racketeers and agitators within the maritime unions, is revolting.

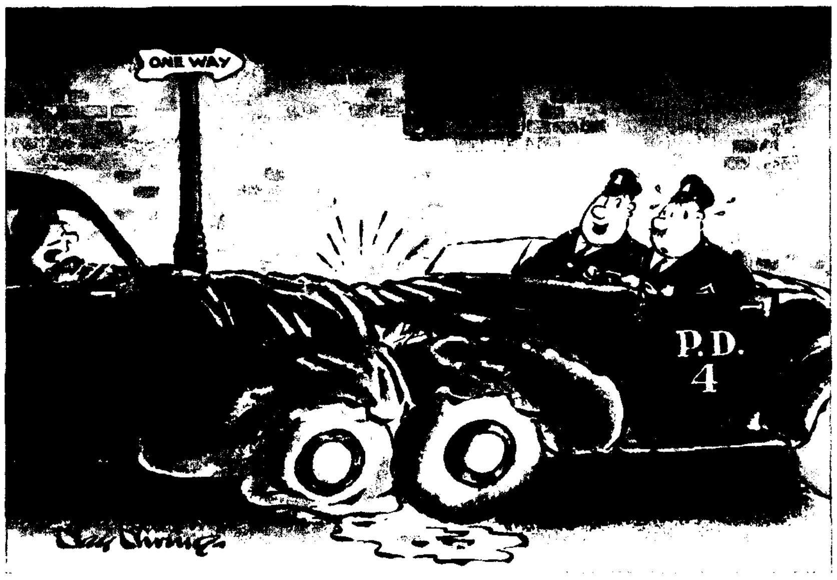
Conditions in the merchant marine were bad. After the Morro Castle fire horror, the Coast Guard reported that "leadership and direction of the crew were conspicuous by their absence. There had been no regular fire drills . . ." The mutiny of the crew of the Algic in the harbor at Montevideo was another danger signal. In spite of these things, Labor Secretary Frances Perkins calmly told a congressional committee that "the time is not ripe for special maritime labor legislation."

Kennedy made public the whole grisly story of conditions aboard passenger ships, including thousands of bitter complaints from travelers—which showed Congress why passengers were boycotting American vessels. He produced letters from women protesting against being awakened in the staterooms by union stewards with a cheery, "Hi, Babe, get up!" Other stewards, the file showed, had conducted escort bureaus for lonely women and had molested girls in dark corridors.

The Kennedy revelations were equally frank concerning conditions under which some ship operators forced their crews to exist at sea—cold, crowded, dirty forecastles, lack of bathing facilities, poor food.

Using the Kennedy report as his Bible and adding his own ideas, Admiral Emory S. Land, who is Chairman of the U. S. Maritime Commission, had gone a long way toward putting our anemic merchant marine back on its feet when Hitler sent his legions into Czechoslovakia. Through generous construction subsidies, scores of worn-out ships had been replaced by new, fast freighters. Ship designs, such as the popular C-2's—Diesel-driven speedsters ranging from 6,000 to 10,000 tons—were standardized. A lot of old equipment was sold and the proceeds were turned back into the building program.

When Congress passed the Neutrality Act that barred American ships from the war zones, the admiral and our heavily subsidized operators had built up a fleet of around 1,500 vessels. Out of these, 350 were engaged in foreign trade when the Act forced the transfer of 80 to new routes. Meanwhile, Axis submarines, bombers and surface raiders were taking a terrific toll from Great Britain's merchant armada that had dominated the seas. Route after route, once served exclusively by British merchantmen, slipped quietly into the hands of American operators. And all this meant increased demand for new American-built ships, aside from Britain's frantic call for anything that could float.



**"Think fast, Sergeant! Think fast!"**

JAY IRVING

Consequently, Congress voted $3,000,000,000 for new ship construction, which means a postwar American merchant fleet of more than 2,500 ships.

### Speeding Up the Ship Program

By midsummer, 1941, two new ships were sliding down the ways every day and they're coming off now at an ever-increasing rate. So we're getting the ships and the men to run them, too, because the Maritime Commission's shipbuilding and personnel training programs are operating like parallel assembly lines. For every new ship, there's a crew waiting.

This brings us back to the parade ground at St. Petersburg. There are counterparts of the St. Petersburg school at Hoffman Island, in New York harbor; Fort Hueneme, just up the California coast from Los Angeles, and Gallup's Island, near Boston. In addition, the Commission operates two schools for officers—one at New London, Connecticut, hard by the Coast Guard Academy, and the other at Government Island in San Francisco Bay. It also contributes to the upkeep of state schools for merchant-fleet cadets operated by New York, California and Pennsylvania.

"You'll find boys here from every state," explains Commandant William Kenner, of the St. Petersburg training school. "Sixty per cent of them are Irish and very few—not more than ten per cent—have ever been to sea. We like them that way. The greener they are, in most cases, the better sailors they make."

To get into the Commission's apprentice-seamen schools, the applicant must be a citizen between the ages of eighteen and twenty-three and be able to pass a pretty stiff physical examination. Youngsters under twenty-one must get the consent of parents or guardians. Once a trainee graduates and joins the fleet, he is classified as a worker vital to defense. Draft exemption ceases the moment the trainee is washed out. However, less than two per cent ask for a discharge and few are sent home for misconduct.

Once a boy feels the urge to go to sea with the merchant fleet, just as Trainee Wade got the idea from reading Moby Dick and other briny tales, he writes the nearest Coast Guard or Maritime Commission recruiting station for an application blank. If he doesn't know the address, any postmaster will tell him.

"Within a week, he will be notified to report to one of our schools," explained Commandant Kenner. "He must pay his way here and, if he fails to pass the physical examination, he must pay his way home. Our tests are not unusually severe. Once the applicant is okayed by the doctors, he takes the oath and goes right on the pay roll at $21 a month. He must promise to serve one year with the fleet after completing the course."

Trainee Wade and his shipmates had spent their first eight weeks at the station under Chief Bos'n Donegan. He had driven them hard. They had marched miles in close-order drill. They had toiled on the business end of a lifeboat oar until they were bug-eyed from exhaustion. They had been taught the mysteries of twenty kinds of knots. Master sailmakers showed them the ritual of the marlinspike and hours had been spent in launching lifeboats from wharfside davits. They had lived in one of the eight big steel-and-concrete barracks, each man with a comfortable bed and a locker for his gear.

Our entry into the war found Maritime Commission trainees already receiving instruction from Navy and Coast Guard veterans in naval gunnery. Farsighted Coast Guard officers had begun classes in both antiaircraft guns and heavier-caliber weapons for use against submarines weeks before Japanese bombers struck Pearl Harbor. Today gunnery instruction at all Maritime Commission training stations goes forward with redoubled intensity.

"We are confident," said an officer at the St. Petersburg station, "that our young seamen will be able to match shell for shell with the best the Axis forces can throw against them. All hands, from the captain on the bridge right down to the humblest mess boy, will be able to point, load and fire any piece of the ship's armament, and they're just itching for the chance to go into action against the enemy."

### Trainees Choose Their Service

Trainee Wade and the rest of Platoon Four had gained an average of ten pounds per man, thanks to the finest mess you'll find at any of our military or naval establishments. They could choose one of four branches of maritime service—deck, engine room, steward department or radio communication—before they had completed their first period and were transferred to the 7,000-ton freighter, American Seamen, which the Coast Guard has converted into a seagoing school.

Once aboard the American Seamen, the trainees were assigned to the departments of their choice. Young Mr. Wade had picked the deck since his sights were on an able seaman's ticket.

For four glorious months, Trainee Wade had cruised the Caribbean. He had stood watch in fair weather and howling gale. From the navigating bridge, Trainee Wade had talked with signalers on passing ships with flag, semaphore and Aldis lamp. He had helped launch lifeboats with the American Seamen steaming full-speed ahead—a maneuver that requires split-second timing. He had returned to St. Petersburg a better seaman than half the men in our old merchant marine, ready to be sent to the Maritime Commission's "pool" at Gallup's Island, from which are dipped the crews for our new merchant fleet.

In the early days of the training program, the unions sat in judgment on the fate of most of the Commission's graduates. Once the embryo mariner had received his able seaman's ticket from the steamboat inspectors, he found a choice of three roads—membership in an A. F. of L. or C. I. O. union or a job on an open-shop or company-union ship. If he joined either the A. F. of L. or C. I. O. he was compelled to take his chance on a long waiting list. Waterfronts were jammed with the unions' unemployed. How many were on the beach nobody knows. Union officials, testifying before congressional committees in an all-out battle to block the establishment of the Maritime Commission schools, put the total at 15,000.

Union spokesmen didn't tell the committee, though, that most of these jobless sailors were physically unfit, dangerous agitators and had found more profitable jobs ashore. They did not tell of the assorted rackets in union "hiring halls"—how job seekers were moved up on the lists after paying heavy fees and were forced to pay from $2 to $50 for the privilege of working.

Today, the Commission figures 40,000 seamen will be needed, of which the unions may possibly supply half. There is brisk competition between C. I. O. and A. F. of L. to corral youngsters into the union fold as fast as they leave the schools. While in training, the youngsters don't hear a word for or against any union.

It takes six months to make a seaman, an oiler, a steward or a radio operator. But the road to an officer's ticket at the Maritime Commission's schools for licensed personnel stretches over four long years. Age limits are eighteen to twenty-five—but the scholastic requirements are pretty stiff. Candidates must possess at least sixteen units, divided between algebra, plane geometry, English, chemistry or general science, physics and one foreign language.

There are two courses of training, deck and engineering. The first two years are spent at sea with the merchant fleet, under the supervision of the ship's officers or, when in port, Commission instructors. The third year finds the cadets ashore at one of the academies and the seniors go to sea again.

But Trainee Wade, once he joins the fleet as an able seaman, can win his way to the top, if he studies hard, keeps his discharge book clean of black marks and remembers the lessons taught by Chief Bos'n Donegan. A class of 200 unlicensed seamen last July formed the first class of a special five months' course the Maritime Commission is offering ambitious youngsters who want to become third mates or third assistant engineers. This class was put in school at New London, Connecticut, and another class of 150 men was formed later at Government Island, California.

So the future is strictly up to young Mr. Wade. He can stay with the merchant fleet for the duration and then come back to that farm in the Ozarks. Or he can follow the way to promotion and pay until, one fine day, he'll dazzle the homefolks back in Mountain View with a peek at Third Mate Wallace Wade wearing his first dress blues.

THE END

## Castle in the Air

Continued from page 38

years largely in terms of his employers. The roll reads like a layer of circus posters on a country barn—Seal Brothers, Wheeler & Sautelle, Shell Brothers, Seils-Sterling, Tom Mix, Al G. Barnes-Sells Floto, Cole Brothers . . .

Ask Castle what happened in 1935 and, as do most performers, he has to stop and count back. But put it this way: "What happened when you were with Tom Mix?" and the answer comes promptly: "That's when I met Mary. We were playing Dallas day-and-date with Paris Nights, and Mary was one of the Tanner Sisters' singing act."

Mary works in the "spec" and on the ladders, and dresses her husband's act —hands him his props when he is on the wire, and stands on his shoulders when he is on the bowling ball. She could pass for eighteen, but Hal, Jr., is six years old.

Another milestone in the Hal Silver years was his separation from Bunny Dryden. It was perfectly friendly. They simply decided they could do better apart. Besides, Hal was specializing on the bounding wire and Bunny on the high wire.

### How to Make the Front Page

"That scissorbill was the best high-wire performer that ever lived," Castle says, "but, boy, what a screwball! Remember the Sky-Ride at the Chicago Fair? About 300 feet high, wasn't it? Bunny didn't care. Some way or other, he climbed out on the cables and walked around. The cops didn't dare go after him, and next morning he was on every front page in the city.

"It was tough how his number came up. He was doing giant swings on the high wire, wearing gloves to keep from cutting his hands, and one afternoon the strap on the glove broke and the palm rucked up and broke his grip. He was still spinning when he hit the ground. Some scissorbill, old Bunny . . ."

If Castle gets killed in his act, he thinks he knows how it will happen. He'll turn a back somersault too far, and the wire will break either his back or his neck. That full gainer he has added to his act in the past two seasons is making him worry about a possible accident for the first time in five years.

He once had a close call in Houston, Texas. He used to make his entrance as a drunk—stagger along the wire, lurch around, and finally take a fourteen-foot fall on the back of his neck in the ring. That night he lit half a degree crooked and smacked himself silly. He finished the act by instinct, but his strained neck muscles wouldn't let him sleep for three weeks.

He carries a death or total disability policy for $10,000, which is the maximum Lloyd's will allow him, and he has saved three quarters of his salary over the years. The sock ought to be bulging by now. Castle is not with Ringling this year. He's with Cole Brothers Circus which opened in Louisville, Ky., this spring.

Each season he introduces a new trick. One year it was a "half-twisting jerk"—he stood on his hands on the wire, then sprang back to his feet, facing the other way. Another year it was the back somersault through the hoop. Then he did "rocks" on his unicycle on the wire—swinging it back and forth with one foot on the pedals. He now has three new ones—the full gainer from the bar, the bowling-ball trick, and a somersault to the wire from a knee-hang on the bar.

A new trick will top them all, *if* he can master it—a forward somersault through the hoop. A simple forward is no harder than a back, but it's more dangerous. If his feet miss the wire, he hits it with his face. But a forward through the hoop is far harder, as well as riskier. In a back, his feet turn toward the hoop. In a forward, they turn away from it; the hoop has to chase them around.

Castle admits that he has doubts about this trick, but only because he doesn't think the audience will realize how extremely difficult it is. Something that makes him more indignant is reading an "eyewitness" description of a wire trick physically impossible—say, a double somersault, feet to feet.

"Nobody in the world has ever done it," Castle declares, "and nobody ever will! You'd be turning too fast to see the wire, and if you can't see it, you can't hit it and stick . . . and that guy Blondin, too—doing his impossible somersaults on stilts, in the encyclopedia!"

"Hush, Hal," reminds Mary.

THE END

THE JOB IS BIGGER NOW!

*Here is 1942's*

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Hats off to the woman of the year! For the duration, she has abandoned her typewriter to volunteer her quick hands and steady nerves where they can speed the biggest job our Uncle Sam ever had.

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PROFESSION[illegible]LICATIONS AT YOUR BARBER

# Farmer's Daughter

Continued from page 13

wasn't looking. The only problem in her life was the drought, which went on discouragingly year after year like a session of Congress.

She wasn't a very sophisticated kid, at that time. The farm, remember, was seven miles from town and there was always work to be done at home, work which meant rising with the cock and retiring eight-and-a-half minutes after bossy. She only really saw the bright lights of Denison on Saturday night. Then her father loaded the entire tribe into a somewhat exhausted car, put the surplus butter and eggs into the back for the market, and made the pilgrimage to civilization.

Saturday was a big night in Denison. Every farmer for miles around shut up his barn, put his house key under the mat, and gathered kith and kin into some kind of a conveyance. He joined his friends in the metropolis as the lights were lit, and greeted them like long-lost sailors. The stores and the streets became crowded with gossiping housewives, idly chatting men, and children of all ages and sizes. The movie house was packed for both the early and late shows. The soda fountain did a roaring business.

It was there that Donna got her training for Hollywood. For it was on those Saturday nights that the real dirt of Denison was dished. No one was spared. News circulated up and down the main drag, into the theater, through the booths in the drugstore. The housewives buying salt and the men paying a nickel for a chew threw out seines of hearsay and brought in catches of solid information. It was a fascinating three hours. Everybody knew everybody else and everybody's business. On Saturday, after the week's work was finished, the town caught up with current affairs.

That's just like Hollywood: Everybody knows everybody else and everybody's business. The only difference is that the gossiping is not reserved for Saturday night. It goes on, week in and week out, year in and year out, with a reckless abandon that is terrifying. Careers are made and broken by it. Slander and scandal are taken for granted. If one stays in the city long enough, in fact, one begins to forget that the rest of the world exists.

And any newcomer who can skip it all is bound to be a sensation.

Donna was. She knew the technique before she even got her contract. After that, it was a cinch; she just didn't do anything scandalous that people could discuss. It was as simple as that.

### College Girl in Hollywood

She didn't come to Hollywood to get into pictures, oddly enough. She came in acceptance of an invitation from her aunt, who offered her a year at Los Angeles City College. Without this parentally approved haven, she would undoubtedly still be in Denison. Anyway, the year lengthened into three and, though she was aware that movies were being made a few miles from her, she didn't pay much attention to them. She was too busy studying drama and learning how to be a passably good secretary. (Iowa is notoriously devoid of millionaires to marry. Donna knew, therefore, that she had to prepare for her own shekel-making.)

Then she was elected Campus Queen of City College. It was great stuff in the school. But a thousand girls get that sort of publicity every year and nothing comes of it. A photography major took a picture of her. That, too, is done with revolting regularity. A journalism major sent the print to the Los Angeles papers, just to see if he could "plant" something.

"The shot arrived at the Los Angeles Times late one Saturday afternoon," Donna says now. "And the editor evidently didn't have anything to fill in the Sunday editions. So he put it on the front page."

That also has been a Hollywood custom since back in '02. The town's newspaper readers regard a cut of a pretty girl with much the same excitement as a vegetarian holds for a gallon of cornbeef hash.

But, for some reason, this picture and Donna Reed's face were unusual. Perhaps she looked like a farm girl. Perhaps her make-up had not been put on with a trowel and she wasn't swathed in silver fox. At any rate, the following day brought seven telephone calls, three from studios and four from the strange mutations the world calls "agents." All seven wanted a look at her. And, depending on the verdict after the gander, all seven wanted a piece of her future earning power, if possible.

This was when Donna first showed the bright boys that her noggin was still screwed on with Midwestern straightness, that the studios and their henchmen could not impress her.

She talked to the people, yes. Then she talked to some other people who could tell her about the first people. She came out of this series of conferences with the information that one firm of agents, Feldman and Blum, was among the best and biggest in the city. So she went to see them.

They wanted to put her under contract as soon as they heard about the two years of dramatic training she had received at City College. When she read for them, they wanted to get her a test immediately, see that she went to work, collect their ten per cent. Blissfully, they began dreaming up a new handle to substitute for the moniker of Mullinger. But Donna had other ideas.

"I want to finish the courses I'm taking," she said, very quietly and very firmly, smiling across the expensive desks of Mr. Feldman and Mr. Blum. "You see, I might not be any good in the movies. Then what would I do? If I finish this semester, I shall at least know how to be a secretary."

"How much longer do the courses continue?" F. and B. asked.

"Three months," Donna replied.

"Three months!" they yelled, in anguished chorus. "But Hollywood will have forgotten all about you by then!"

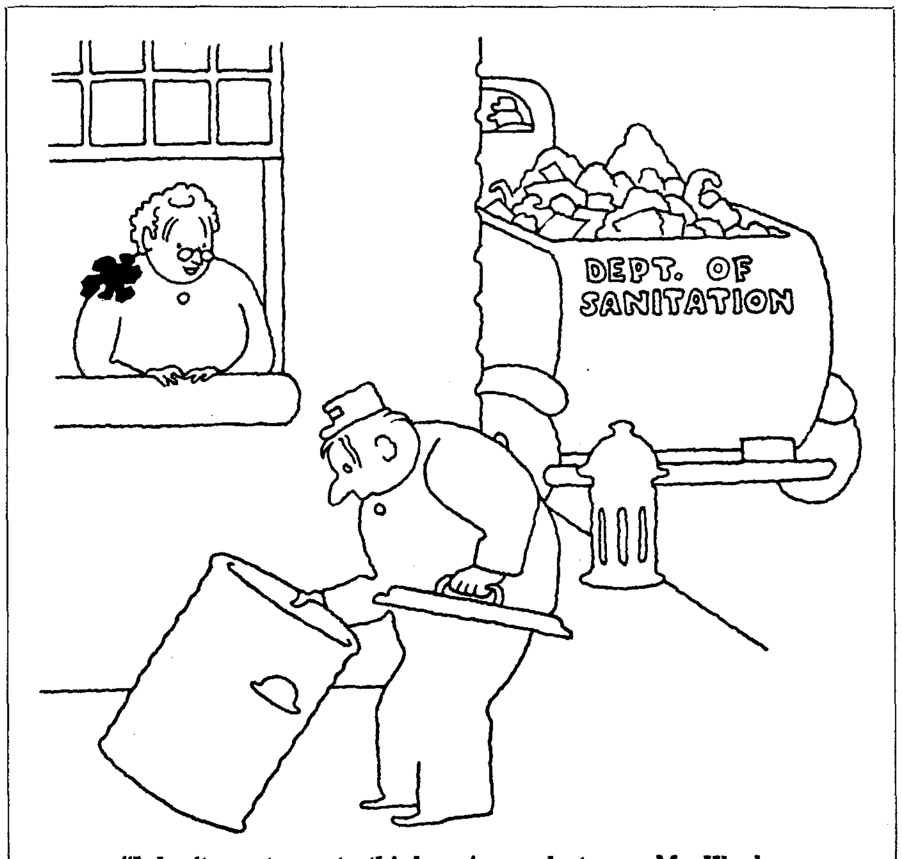
"What does Hollywood know about me now?" Donna inquired.

### The Heretic Miss Reed

It was heresy. Here was one of the biggest outfits in town, which never took unknowns, *wanting* to take an unknown, practically assuring her a screen test at a major studio and a subsequent contract—and the girl insisted on finishing a secretarial course! Messrs. Feldman and Blum were appalled. They were shaken. But they were also so bowled over by her sane, casual view of the motion picture business in general that they acquiesced. Wagging their heads, they pulled out a forty-page contract which read, "Commencing three months hence . . ." and Donna signed it. Then, she went back to learning to beat a typewriter.

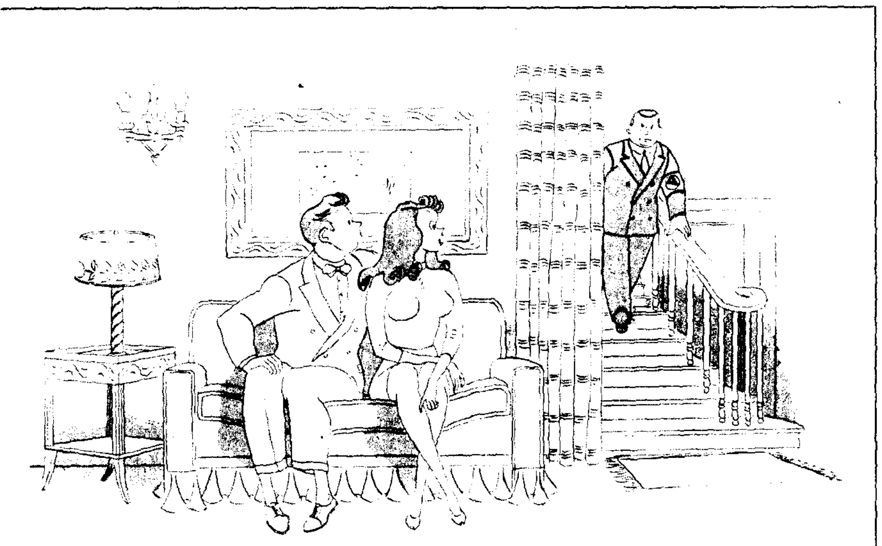
It was a Midwestern way of doing business. It was the careful way she had learned on a farm. She was looking ahead, as she had watched her father look ahead in years of drought. She was protecting herself in case of failure in an unknown field by learning another trade which she could always use.

Three months later, a secretary to her finger tips, Donna once more appeared on the hallowed doorstep of Feldman and Blum. She went into training to become movie material. This consisted, in the main, of six weeks' coaching on



"I don't want you to think we're mad at you, Mr. Klusk. It's just that we're saving everything for the government"

GARDNER REA



"Here comes my dad. You'd better put out the lights if you know what's good for you"

SALO ROTH

her voice and diction and a quick switch in the name department. The boys did a few things to her appearance, too, but not much. She could stand alone. She had a soap-and-water kind of beauty that made her noticeable among the make-up-slathered maidens already in pictures.

After that, she had a test at M-G-M. They gave her a contract. Then she had another test. They gave her a lead in a B picture called The Getaway. She was a little nervous about that. She thought the moguls were being a mite premature. Anyway, as simply as that, she began her career. Ever since, she has been making movies, better and better movies. (M-G-M got her out of the B-opus class in a hurry.) Her last three were Shadow of the Thin Man, The Courtship of Andy Hardy, in which she stole scenes from Rooney, and Random Harvest. And, brother, that ain't bad for a farmer's daughter!

But she continued to astound the natives as much as she had upset the mental balance of Feldman and Blum, Inc. The wolves, for instance, couldn't date her, batter on her door as they would. She was "busy." Which, incidentally, was true. Since the fifth of December, 1941, she has not had a day off. She has staggered out of bed at five-forty-five A. M., faced a camera all day, come home to dinner, studied a script, retired at nine o'clock, and risen with the farmhands again. (Reed: "But even on a farm there's an *occasional* holiday!")

### A Quiet Saturday Night

Instead of Ciro's, on Saturday nights she has gone to some quiet spot with a boy named Bert Todd, whom she knew at City College. He's a nice lad, totally un-Hollywood, who works for a construction company. He isn't glamorous, not a "name," but he's fun. And he knows that when Donna falls asleep watching Kay Kyser it has nothing whatsoever to do with that gentleman's screen personality—or his. It's just that her regime has worn her out.

She destroyed the routine, too, when she continued to live where she had chosen when her contract first made her independent of her aunt: The Hollywood Studio Club. This, as you may have heard, is an abode for professional girls. No man is allowed above the first floor. The rent is comparatively low. And, even though M-G-M has lately donated Donna a salary bonus as a pat on the head for excellence, she has not moved any nearer to a swimming pool and a nine-acre garden.

Hollywood doesn't get it. The pseudo-suave think she's kidding when she says, seriously, "I'd like to win an Academy Award some day, and then get married. Maybe I'd like to get married first, though, and have five or six children." She'll do it, too, all of it. They think it's a new kind of gag when she remarks, forthrightly, "I'd like to buy the very best farm in Iowa. Farming's the only thing I know for sure!" The painted fillies are completely boxed up when they hear their escorts muttering about Donna's simple clothes and clean appearance, about how vastly attractive she is, just as she is. "What goes?" they scream, red fingernails reaching for the Reed head. The town can't fathom her sense in buying a dark, conservative coupé for her first car, when she could have purchased a flaming convertible with a top that went up and down automatically.

She's changed very little, really, since she got her contract. She could go back right now to her original plan of becoming a secretary.

She still likes to design her own clothes, but they're usually quiet things of excellent taste. She sits and dreams up superfancy outfits for her friends which she'd be terrified to wear. She goes beautifully and blissfully mad on the subject of shoes, and has four versions of one high-heeled pump with gold nailheads on the soles. But she doesn't truly like getting dressed up like a "movie star."

"It's awful of me, I suppose," she says. "I really get sharp for my one date on Saturday night. The studio—God love it!—would completely approve. But about nine o'clock, off come my hat and my earrings and I put my gloves in my pocket. Then I have fun!"

She still likes to ride horseback, too, but seldom does so any more because her manner of doing same knocks Hollywood into a figure-eight. She learned on a farm, remember.

"There's nothing Central Park about my riding," she reports. "It's bareback and it's wild. I wouldn't know how to stay on a saddle!"

This, in the home of Gene Autry!

The result of all this is that Donna Reed is a very much discussed gal in cinema circles.

In the cocktail lounges and the supper clubs, she's an enigma. For she's never seen in the joints. She's as much a hermit as Garbo, as far as café society is concerned. So they chat about her for hours. And they discuss her, too, in the offices of the gents who cast the pictures. She's up for stardom. They talk of borrowing her now. They talk of her last performance and her next option. They team her with Colman and Rooney. They worship the wench.

And all because she's a kid of twenty-one who learned something that utterly befuddled Hollywood. Normalcy. No, I'm wrong. She didn't learn it. She was born with it—on an Iowa farm!

THE END

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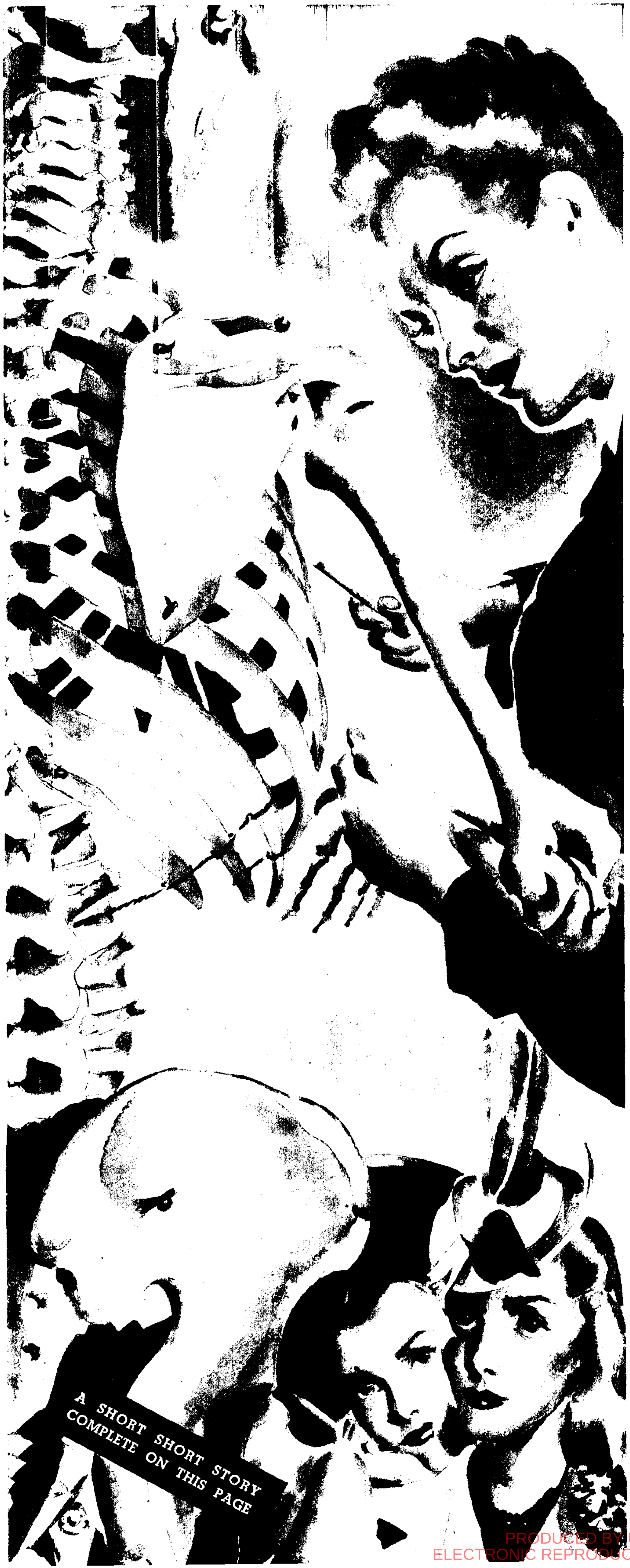

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

# POTLUCK

## By Kyle Crichton

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

FRED knew he was getting into something when Amy started raving about the Lockwoods. Amy had met Kate Lockwood at First Aid and the friendship had quickened rapidly and now the Mitchells were going over to have dinner with the Lockwoods.

Fred worked in the heavy armament purchasing division of OPM. Harold Lockwood was feature editor of the Gazette and a man of some importance around town. Not everybody was invited to the Lockwoods, said Amy proudly.

Kate Lockwood met them at the door with shouts of joy and they were no sooner in the living room than Harold came forward. This would have been pleasant enough except that Harold was wearing an apron. Harold was the cook.

"Can't wait for the maid's night out," cried Kate, pointing ecstatically at Harold. "They don't fool *him* with the woman's page recipes; he *tries* them."

She went out and came back with a tray of glasses and a decanter. Fred perked up. He perked down when he had a taste of what Kate was serving.

"You're going to like this," bubbled Kate. "It's an aperitif. The French always have it before a meal."

Amy cooed in appreciation but what Fred needed then and for the rest of the evening was a succession of slugs that would knock him unconscious. For Fred the meal was a nightmare, with the proper wine for each course, and much talk about condiments, garlic-rubbings, enbrochette, and something called saffron.

Fred was a plain man. He had nothing against fancy cooking except that it didn't agree with him. In fact, all night after the Lockwood meal he tossed in his sleep, and straggled off to his office next morning more dead than alive.

What was worse, the Lockwoods admired the sterling qualities of the Mitchells so greatly that they started dragging them around to strange little restaurants where Harold presided as a connoisseur of fine cooking.

As Fred's misery mounted, Amy's enthusiasm waxed and the ultimate was reached that night when she welcomed him home from work with the triumphant words: "I've landed them! They're coming over Thursday night."

Fred groaned inwardly but said nothing. When he came down for breakfast Thursday morning, Amy was already making tentative dabs in the kitchen. She was also worried about something.

"Your sister *would* pick this time to send the children over," she said. "They're coming for lunch tomorrow, and I have to be at Red Cross in the morning."

"You invited them to the circus, didn't you?" said Fred.

"Oh, it's all right," said Amy. "I'll cook something ahead for them today, a pot roast or something. . . . And, Fred, don't forget the wine."

Fred said ummm and took the list and grunted and departed.

When Fred left the office that afternoon, he decided to drop in at a bar and have a drink before he bought the wine. In fact he had five drinks.

When he got home, Amy was working furiously in the kitchen. Shortly afterward the Lockwoods arrived, and Fred and Amy went out to meet them. They talked a while and then Fred said, "Well, I guess a little shot of something wouldn't hurt," and went out to prepare it.

It was no surprise to Fred to find that he had something besides wine because he had ordered the liquor very carefully. He had brandy and bourbon and rye and scotch. He took a cocktail shaker and threw a sizable gob of each into same. Then he shook well and put the shaker on a tray and added glasses and came out.

"Ah," cried Kate, "an aperitif."

"No, it's a little mixture I learned from the Russians," said Fred. "Something like vodka but they call it—uh—kabooshka. Bottoms up."

"Kabooshka," said Kate. "What a strange name."

She reached for a glass and Harold also took one. Kate tilted the glass and downed it, gulping a bit hard but seemingly enjoying it. She took another. Fred took another. Harold considered the matter for a moment and decided on a second. This proved such a happy notion that they took a third, all around. . . . All but Amy.

Amy went out to the kitchen and brought back the soup. They clattered to their places a bit ostentatiously. Fred made a sort of noise with his soup. Later he gulped. Amy got red in the face.

"Fred," she said hastily. "I think you should get the wine."

FRED got up and went out and was gone a long time. When he came back he had no wine but he had a large tray loaded with four plates, filled with something that looked like the next course. He shoved the plates in front of the guests.

"*Fred!*" screamed Amy, but Harold and Kate seemed not to hear. They were tasting the food avidly.

"Amy," cried Kate happily. "How did you ever happen to think of this? It's wonderful!"

"Did you ever taste such seasoning!" Harold cried loudly.

"Oh, Amy," caroled Kate. "What *is* it?"

"Pot roast," said Amy icily.

"No, but the way you've fixed it. You *must* tell Harold how you've done it."

"No, no," said Harold, his mouth rather full. "It isn't sporting to steal another chef's secret."

They were still exclaiming and congratulating Amy and themselves when they left. Fred had said little all evening. His first definite words came after the Lockwoods had gone.

"Amy," he said, "what *did* you season that with?"

"Salt," said Amy furiously. "You know those brats won't eat a bite if you put even a pinch of pepper in it." She buried her face in her hands. "Pot roast!" she said venomously. "And I spent five hours over a hot stove making *Boeuf Bourguinon* and *Zucchini alla Milano* and—"

"Oh, you know how children are," said Fred consolingly.

"Don't talk to me about the children or your silly Lockwood friends or anything else," wailed Amy.

"*My* friends!" exclaimed Fred.

"Yes, you and your drunken friends," cried Amy, and broke into sobs. Fred patted her shoulder and thought of the dinner and of the future. He felt the future was going to be all right.

**Amy met Kate Lockwood at First Aid and the friendship quickened rapidly. Now the Mitchells were asked to dine with the Lockwoods**

# Flight to the Sun

Continued from page 42

"You know, it's funny, John." Tap was laughing.

"What?"

"Well, look at us. Like a couple of broken-down ducks. I'll bet Hickey would laugh if he could only see us now."

"I wonder where he and the others are."

"I suppose they're in it somewhere. I hope they've gone back to Egypt."

"I don't think so," Quayle said. "What difference would it make anyway?"

"Hickey must have a whole new crowd on his hands."

"He'll like that." Quayle laughed quietly and lifted the second can to pour it into the tank.

"Wait till he sees you," Tap said.

"I hope they've got some planes. Maybe they've got Hurricanes."

"You won't be flying for a while," Tap reminded.

"You'd be surprised," Quayle said. "There's nothing wrong with me."

"Are you still going to marry her? Helen, I mean."

QUAYLE looked up suddenly. He tilted the can a little higher. "What do you think?" Again he had the old feeling he'd experienced back at the hospital. There was the strangeness and the thought about Tap and Helen that he was not sure about.

Quayle poured the last of the can into the tank and threw the can away. He looked around and said to Tap, "We ought to get some water for the radiator."

Tap walked to the ditch at the side of the road. He told Quayle there was dirty water there. Quayle threw him the tin, and Tap crawled down the incline to get it filled. He came back with the water slopping over him. The corporal took the tin from him and poured it into the radiator. Tap was standing near Quayle as he closed the boot of the car.

"What are you going to do with Helen if we have to leave this place?" Tap asked.

"Leave Greece," Quayle told him.

"Yes?"

"Take her with me."

"In a Gladiator?"

"Come off it, Tap. There'll be a way. If there isn't. . . . Sure, I'll fly her out in a Gladiator."

"What about in Egypt? No wives allowed. They sent the last lot home."

"We'll see when we get there, Tap. Come on, we're wasting time."

Helen had been walking into the timber and she came back again. John Quayle looked at her as she walked easily down the road. She swung her head twice to throw her hair back. She had combed it and had washed her face. He smiled at her quickly, with the warmth that was possessing him. She smiled back and when she reached him she put her arm through his and placed her warm hand in his cut one.

"Your face is not so black now," she said quietly, and smiled.

"It feels all right."

"You should let me change the bandage on your head. I have some in my pocket."

"Later," he said. "How're you feeling?"

"I am good. One would never believe about war around here," she said.

"Tap thinks it's too quiet," he said.

"Perhaps. I hope it will be all right."

THEY were making their fast way along a dirt road. Quayle pulled the car to a quick stop when he thought he heard planes. He took a quick look out but there were none. They were nearing the high rocks which were close enough to shadow the white road between the poplars. Then Quayle saw the airplanes. They were flying low and in large formation. He stopped the car and everybody got out.

"What are they?" Tap asked him.

"I don't know. Could be Blenheims but we haven't got that many."

"They're heading south."

"Come on. We'll keep going. They won't come near us. That's the first we've seen all day. I hope this petrol lasts till we can get more. There may be some in this town."

They could see the timbered and stone outline of Kalabaka ahead of them and they could see the form of the monasteries high on the rocks. They started again.

As they came into the village they could see it was smashed like Ioannina and there was still the white smoke clinging to the wood that smoldered. There was the nakedness of the shells of the buildings. There was the complete loneliness and the splinters of wood, long and jagged, scattered in confusion, and the cold air that was quiet in the warm sun.

"We won't find anything here. It's been bombed too much," Quayle said when they stopped because the road was blocked by a log. Quayle and the corporal pulled it aside.

"We need some more petrol," Quayle said to the corporal. "Do you know where we can get any?"

"We might look around here," the corporal said.

"Ask the little Greek."

The corporal asked the little Greek about the petrol and the little Greek got out of the car and smiled.

"There should be some somewhere here," he said. "We could look."

"Well," Quayle said when the corporal told him. "We can spread out and look. It would be in cans, I suppose, and not in drums. Five minutes. We haven't got time for more. We'll just have to take a chance. Will you wait here, Helen? Tell them to wander out and look about for drums or tins of petrol."

HELEN told the other two and they all walked along the smashed black road and divided into the ruins along the edges of the small village and looked for the cans.

It was death in the village because there was no one there . . . no one, and the great silence dominated the place. Then the little Greek became quickly surprised when he saw an old man sitting on a heap of ruins, wide-eyed and with puzzlement in his face.

"Hullo, Father," the little Greek said. "Where is everybody?"

The old man was silent, then he looked up blankly. "They have all gone into the hills," he said flatly.

"And they leave you?"

"I am old," he said.

"Shouldn't you go too?"

"I am old," he said again.

"Do you know where there is any gasoline?" the little Greek said.

"I am old," was the blank reply.

The little Greek looked at the old man for a moment, made a loud clicking noise with his tongue and walked away.

Quayle was walking through the ruins of a small house to the back where there were wire chicken runs. He could see the mess of domestic utensils strewn out on the earth and the chairs and

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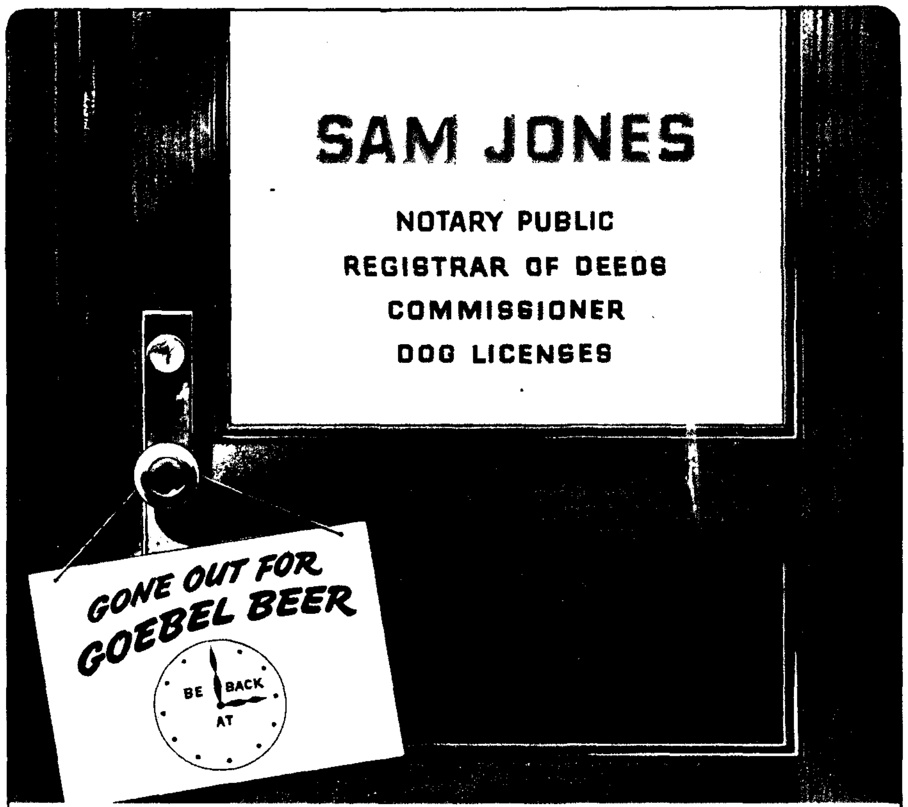

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tables smashed. He walked to the next place, kicking the rubble and looking in the hollows for any signs of cans. From one smashed place to another he walked over the wreckage and when it crumbled under his feet he noticed how the noise made big the quiet of the place. There was nobody about, and he looked up at the monasteries and wondered if there was anyone in them.

Helen, standing near the car, was wondering about the quiet too. She did not like it so quiet when Quayle was not around. It was not an entirely feminine fear, either. There was uncertainty and hopelessness in the quiet, as it had been back at the hospital in the confusion. It was waiting for something. She could see the quiet in the smashed village as she could physically see the quiet in the confused hospital. It was all the same and it was very depressing. The very desertedness of the place was depressing. She was feeling the quietness getting into her when Tap came back.

"Nothing here," he said to her. "Not even food."

"How far will the petrol get us?" she asked.

"To this next place maybe. This village looks as though everybody just up and left it."

The corporal came back, wiping his hand on his trousers.

"If we were only nearer Germany and could do this to their towns," he said to Helen.

"Did you find any fuel?"

"Nothing. I thought I saw a tin but there was a man very squashed." He wiped his hand again.

"Nothing doing," Quayle said when he came up.

Only the little Greek was not back. "Maybe he's left us," the corporal said as he got into the car.

"He will not do that," Helen said. "And please let him be."

The little Greek came, and Helen watched his small face, with its tight eyes over the creased nose and cheeks furrowed like his forehead; and she studied the black stiff hair of his head and beard and the smallness and bentness of his frame. His eyes blinked quietly when he was near her but he said nothing and got into the car. Quayle started the engine and moved off quickly. He did not go fast but he went fast enough, so that too much of the gasoline was not used. They passed the long shadow caused by the rock with the monasteries and they were on the flat road again, passing over the small bridges that were bomb-cratered around. All along the road now there were the fresh-earthed craters from the fifty- and hundred-pound bombs.

THEN it was quietness again. It was flat, and the green rolled quietly on each side of them. There were numbers of small bridges, and Quayle expected them to be blown up but none of them was. The long canal that he could see winding at one side had been hit by light bombs but nothing had been damaged.

There was quietness between them too. Sometimes they crossed railroad tracks that had suddenly appeared, and it was more like a returning to inhabited parts because of the long stretch behind them. They passed peasants and their sheep at the side of the road too. Tap wanted to stop and have Helen ask them about the Germans.

"They might know," Tap said.

"I don't think so, Tap," Quayle said. "We haven't time. We waste petrol anyway."

"I hope it lasts through this next place," Tap said.

"Maybe the Australians are there."

"I think that was part of the Greek front."

"I suppose this will all end in another Dunkirk," Quayle said quietly.

"It's too bad if it does. What could we do, though?"

"I don't know," Quayle said. "There seems to be something wrong."

"Maybe. We just haven't got enough equipment," Tap suggested.

"It's more than that."

"We could do with more men, John. We haven't got a front, either. I get sore every time I think of France caving in like that."

"I don't think it would have made any difference," Quayle said.

"Well," Tap said, "we would have had a front."

"I think we would be badly off even if we had the front."

"Why doesn't somebody do something about it?"

"I don't know," Quayle said. "I don't know."

THEY were crossing the railroad often now, and the trees were definite in the way they lined the road. They passed through the quiet mud of a bombed village.

The village was deserted; Quayle saw a broken poplar for the first time as it flicked by the window and he did not like it. There were definite mountain shapes to the left of them, and more obscure ones to the right, and a river with trees along it.

At high noon Quayle heard the bombers again. He stopped and stood on the running board and looked up. He could see the planes coming straight along the road from the pass toward them. The planes were sure and flying very low.

"Better get out," he said to Helen. "Tell the others."

"Are they to bomb us?" the little Greek asked Helen as the voice of the engines became distinct.

"I don't know," she said. "They surely will not. They probably can't see us."

"Gosh, fellers, I'm sorry!"

GEORGE WOLFE

"Walk away from the car," Tap said to her.

They walked through the ditch at the side and into the green wheat field. Quayle was looking at the bombers as he walked. They were obviously following the road. There were about twenty, in four groups in V formation.

"They're following the road all right," Tap said.

"They're pretty sure of themselves too, flying so low," Quayle said.

The little Greek was standing near Quayle because he was sure of his safety in his nearness to Quayle. He was completely confident of all things and his safety when Quayle laid a hand on his shoulder to steady himself. He looked at the bombers with Quayle.

"*Airoplanos,*" he said to Quayle and smiled. "*Inglisi?*" He knew they were not.

"No," Quayle said. He smiled at the little Greek. "*Germanos.*"

The little Greek spat and lifted his face again. The planes were almost over them now. They were making steady noise that ran flat along the earth.

"Better get down in case they let one go for luck," Quayle advised.

THEY all sat down in the green wheat and watched as the bombers came directly above them at about a thousand feet. The first group of planes passed; they could see the straight cross on the fuselage and the wings of each.

"That's hellish good formation," Tap said.

"They're good fliers," Quayle agreed.

The second group came over. The corporal was raising his rifle. He sighted, allowed for deflection and fired. Quayle and Tap had been looking at the bombers and had not noticed him but they heard the shot behind them.

"Stop that!" Quayle said. "What do you want to do? Bring them all down on us? Put that bloody thing down."

The corporal looked at him, then put the rifle down. Quayle was looking tensely at the bombers now. He could see the third group come by and pass over.

"I'm glad they didn't see that," he muttered.

"They probably did but have more important things to do," Tap said. "The dumb fool."

"What would they have done?" Helen asked.

"I don't know," Tap said. "Probably dropped a blast."

"A what?"

"A bomb. They don't like being fired at by rifles," Quayle said.

"I am sorry, *Inglisi,*" the corporal said. "I feel bad to let them pass."

"I know," Quayle said to him. "It's just as well they didn't take any notice of it."

They were walking through the waist-high wheat back to the car.

"It is fine wheat," the corporal said in Greek.

The little Greek said, "It will never be bread."

"There is plenty of time. It will be some months before it is to be reaped." The corporal was pulling the long green blades as he walked.

"Then the Germans will have it," the little Greek said.

"Yes," the corporal said.

"You know about wheat?"

"In my youth I was of a land-owning family. We had wheat like this," the corporal replied.

"I have never seen wheat so close before," the little Greek said.

"This is fine wheat. It has been good this season."

The little Greek held out his hand to help the corporal over the ditch, and both of them got into the car.

They were traveling with the monotony of the steady engine roar again. It was warm in the car and there was the haste and anxiety to see if the petrol would last to Trikkala and beyond, because the Germans would be almost there.

They were getting close and they could all feel it. There was the group of poplars and the plane trees—always the rough indication of a village.

"That must be it," Tap said.

"There are the bombers again too." Quayle could see them through the windshield. They all got out again and went to the side of the road. This time it was a different group. They passed over the village and went on south.

The fugitives got back into the car and drove carefully forward. They were moving easily when they came to the outskirts of the village. There was the same quiet here. But this was bigger and it was more unpleasant because of this. This was Trikkala. They were almost through the town's complicated streets. Quayle had followed the widest one.

It came out at the end of the smashed buildings and it was the only main road, so he guessed it was right. When they had left the town Quayle could hear the bombing.

"Come on," he said. "We'd better get moving. They're not bombing that place for nothing. Whoever's bombing it doesn't look so good for us," he added to Tap, who was now in the front seat with him.

"What's the next place?"

"Larissa. I don't know how we're going to get there," Quayle said quietly.

IT WAS afternoon and they were bumping over the rough road, waiting definitely now for the petrol to run out. The road was good in some places and Quayle was nursing the car. They were silent among themselves again, quietly expectant in the way they sat and waited. Quayle was getting sleepy because of the engine heat. He knew he should stop to fill the radiator with water but he kept going because he was scared that if they stopped now they would never start again. They kept passing the tattered Greeks and the dilapidated trucks that seemed abstract things.

They were crossing one river over a small bridge that had been bombed, when Quayle thought he could feel a splutter in his engine but it kept going.

"Can't go much longer," Tap finally said.

"We must be a good thirty miles past that place," Quayle said.

"What are we going to do if it runs out on us?"

"We'll probably be all right if we get to Larissa." Quayle moved his hands around the steering wheel of the car to wipe the sweat that had collected. He half closed his eyes to clear them of the sun which was making a long shadow before them of the trees, of the rise in the ground. They could not be far from Larissa either. If the petrol would last a little longer they would be within reach of it. He refused to think the Germans were there.

The road seemed to wind unnecessarily and it was very empty here. Quayle was almost counting to himself from one to ten, then backward, and making abrupt noises with his mouth. The pastoral terrain was low and rolling out on each side until they came to a narrowing of a sudden rise from the south. They had been following the river all the way and now they climbed a little, crossed the river and kept going on the high level.

"I remember this when I came up. I walked here. This is near Larissa," Helen told Quayle.

The slight incline was keeping them in second gear. There were wide turns, and thick mud surfaced the road, so that you could almost hear the gasoline being swallowed by the cylinders. It was while turning one of these wide curves that the engine spluttered, started again, then stopped dead.

"That's that," Tap said. Quayle had eased the car to the side of the road.

"What do we do now?" the little Greek asked Helen.

She said she did not know and waited for Quayle to move. He was sitting with his hands on the wheel looking at the road ahead, trying to remember the map of the Larissa area they had used when they were stationed here. They might be able to take a short cut. It would be too risky, since it might involve walking just off course and overstepping the road to Athens.

"It's certainly empty," Tap said. He had been shaking the car and listening to see if there was the swish in the tank.

"All right," Quayle said. "We might as well get going. We'll walk from here."

The others got out and Quayle looked around to see if there was anything worth taking with him. There was nothing that would serve a purpose equal to the drag of its bulk.

He stepped out, slammed the car door and started out behind the others who were already walking along the road. The little Greek was waiting for him and smiled when he caught up and kept in step with him as he took long strides up the incline. Helen looked behind to see if he was coming and saw the car tucked in the side of the road. She thought of it as one of Quayle's deliberately careful acts.

Quayle caught up with her and the three of them walked together. The corporal and Tap were about twenty yards ahead of them. In this order they walked up the incline to the top, keeping steady pace and not talking much. Once Quayle called, "Not too fast, Tap. We've got some ways to go."

"Okay, Johnny," Tap had shouted back and kept going at the same pace.

Over the incline there was the flat winding road cut into the slight mountain that had made the incline. They walked unevenly along the earth road and felt the warmth of the sun on their bodies.

"Did we have any food left?" Quayle asked Helen.

"No."

"I'm pretty hungry too. I could do with a drink," Tap said.

"How's your arm feeling now, Tap?" Quayle asked.

"Stiff. How's your head?"

"All right."

"I should change that bandage," Helen told him as they walked along a very muddy stretch.

Quayle was taking his jacket off. "Later. Wait until we know how we stand," he said.

"I think I can hear bombing," the corporal called back to them. He was walking ahead and Tap was back with Quayle, the little Greek and Helen.

Quayle lifted one side of his head as he walked. He could hear the deep explosions but they did not have enough *krumph* in them to be bombs, he was thinking. It was too flat a sound and without resonance; it was made up of separate sounds each time there was an explosion and was not like the indistinguishable deep-running explosions of bombing.

QUAYLE knew that it was artillery. They were walking even atop the incline now and it would soon go down. When they turned the wide corner they could see the stretch of flat leading to Larissa and the outline of the town spreading wide across the river, with the timber in clumps around it and within it, and the white houses distinguishing themselves.

"Here we are!" Tap shouted. He was ahead again.

"I can still hear the bombing," Helen said.

"I knew we were near," the little Greek told her. He walked ahead to catch up with Tap and the corporal.

"They don't seem to be bombing it," Tap called back.

"It's artillery," Quayle told him.

"There's a truck on that road." Helen pointed to the northeast. They could see the one truck moving steadily toward Larissa, and the white dust it left behind swirling and disappearing in the viscous air.

"What about that artillery? Where's that?" Tap asked.

"Somewhere to the left." That would be north, Quayle was thinking as he spoke. That would be in the mountains too, probably, and he remembered from the flying that the nearest mountains to Larissa were those they were in now. The nearest to the north were some distance, maybe five miles away.

"I think they're fighting somewhere near here," Quayle said to Tap.

"Come on, then."

They walked in a group along the road and they could see the smoke from the town settling low into the sun. They had left the incline and were now on the flat. It seemed farther away than ever.

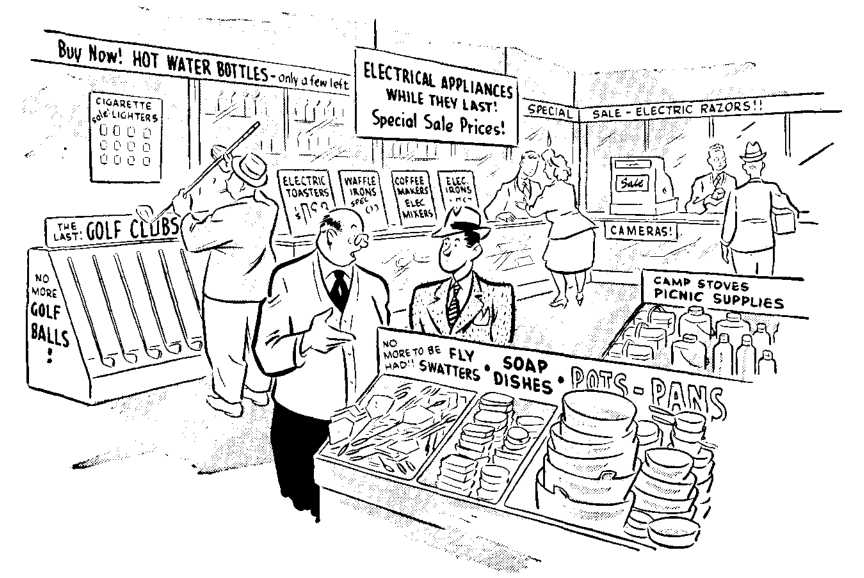
"Won't the Germans see us?" Helen asked Quayle.

"We might as well take a chance."

"We could keep in the fields," Tap suggested.

"No, we'll walk along the road," Quayle decided.

When they passed the first house he half expected a German patrol to walk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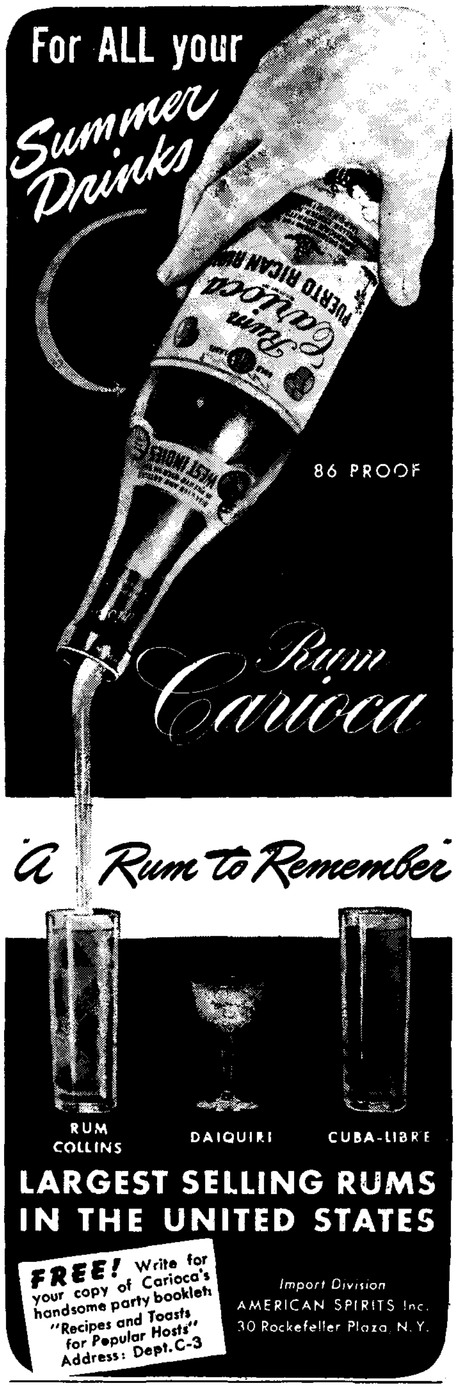
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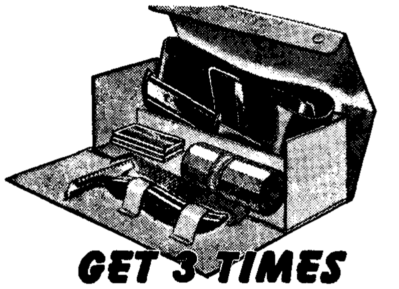

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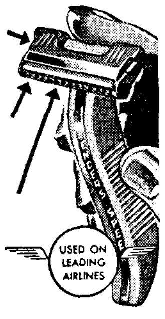

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out. But they passed by the scattered houses on the outskirts and there was only the noise of the artillery now. It was long and wide. There was the black smoke too and that was clearer; they could see the mess of craters along the road. Then Quayle caught sight of the figure at the long bridge they were coming to.

"Do you see what I see?" Tap said to him.

"Yes."

"Well?"

"Well?"

"I hope it isn't a German."

They walked straight to the bridge. The corporal was in the lead with Quayle. Tap was unsurely walking on the edge of the road. Helen and the little Greek were behind him. They were all trying to make out the shape at the end of the bridge. Then Tap recognized it.

"Look at the hat," he said to Quayle.

They were right at the end of the bridge now. They saw the figure come up to them. He had on the wide-brimmed hat of the Australians.

"What's this?" the Australian said to them. Quayle noticed the MP band on his arm.

"Are we lucky!" Tap was laughing happily now.

"I was ready to drop to death," Helen said.

"It's very lucky. My look at the *Australos*," the corporal said.

The little Greek was quiet.

"What's up?" the Australian asked. He was looking at them. He saw Quayle with the dirty bandage on his head and the black face and the torn jacket and the worn dusty boots and the ripped Irvin jacket on his arm. He saw the girl Helen, with sunburned face and warmth in her wide cheeks, smiling, and looking at him happily. And he saw the tall Greek with the pointed beard and the mist in his eyes and the rifle on his back, and, behind him, the little Greek with the black beard, and Tap, with his blue uniform buttoned, one arm hanging loose and the other obviously bandaged to his chest, and the collar without a tie though it was open.

"We're certainly glad to see you," Tap said to the Australian.

"We have come from Ioannina," Quayle said.

THE Australian was facing them in the middle of the road. He was being careful.

"We're English," Quayle told him and pointed to the wings on his pocket.

"What about the others?"

"They're Greek. They're all right. The girl is a nurse who came with us."

"I'll have to see your papers," the Australian said. He was speaking with a broad A and the "OI" sound for the I; Quayle was thinking it sounded like cockney and remembered Vain. He took out the papers that were wet and the yellow folding pass that was the British-Forces-in-Greece pass. Tap handed him his pass, too. Helen gave him a plain sheet of paper with Greek writing on it. The Greeks handed over their soldier's books.

"We're all right," Quayle said. "We were in Ioannina. We are from Eighty Squadron. I was shot down and he was in the hospital. We got a car some of the way but we ran out of petrol on the mountain back there. What's it like ahead?"

"I suppose you're all right," the Australian said. He looked at Quayle's black-bruised face and was convinced. He gave them back their papers.

"We're just getting out of here," the Australian said.

"Can we get to Athens?"

"There's a signal truck coming through sometime. That's about all that's left."

"How's the war?" Quayle asked him.

"Bloody awful. They've been strafing us all day."

"What's been happening? We don't know what's going on."

"It's a mess. You don't know what's been happening at all?"

"No."

"We evacuated Florina. Then we left Ellasson. We've been getting slaughtered. They got too much stuff in the air and too many tanks. We didn't have a chance. We haven't got anything in the air. The boys held them up a lot but they're outnumbered now."

"What's going on now?"

"I suppose we'll hold the next mountain pass. I've got orders to go back to Pharsala. The sappers are going to blow this bridge when the signal truck comes through. The Germans are a couple of miles away. You can hear the artillery."

"When will this signal truck be along?"

"Any minute. Say, there's those so-and-sos again," the Australian said.

They could hear the high drum of numerous airplane engines again.

"They've been over all day," the Australian added. "You'd better get away from the bridge." He pulled off his big hat and pulled on a tin hat. Then he looked at Helen and offered the tin hat to her, but she smiled at him and shook her head and said, "No, thanks," and walked with him in the soft field away from the bridge.

Quayle was behind her. He could see the outline of Larissa just ahead of them. It was fading now because it was getting late and the sun was below the mountain to the west. He could see the line of poplars and the white plane trees with the clear dust pink in the air caught by the sun. He looked up for the planes. They came from due north over the ridge of mountains.

"I hope we get out of here in time," Tap said.

They walked to where Helen and the Greeks and the Australian were sitting down.

"We haven't much time," the Australian said. "The Germans will be coming down the road soon if that signal truck doesn't turn up. That's why they're bombing Larissa, I suppose."

They could see the planes now. They were in four uneven groups, with a small flying escort above and behind them. As they approached the town, the first group merely inclined itself on Larissa, and they could see the sun catching the bombs in clusters as they dropped from the planes. The other planes following did the same, as the others climbed and came around for another run-up. There was the second burst of the string of bombs, and the black smoke was now straight and widening like a train's smoke and filtering through the poplars into the redness of the sky in flat quiet and stillness and warmth.

The third group of planes flew over the town and went to the south slightly. Quayle watched them diving individually and then the black smoke climbing high.

"They're after the airdrome," the Australian said. "Looks like they got it too. They had Hurricane fighters there."

"We ought to head for there," Tap said to Quayle.

QUAYLE nodded and watched the bombers come down again and the smoke grow black, and he knew it was a plane or oil dumps on fire. They walked back to the road.

"Look," Quayle said to the Australian. "If we walk on, will you tell the signal truck to pick us up? We'll be on the road. We want to get to the airdrome."

"I'll tell them," the Australian promised.

"Is the airdrome off this road?"

"Yes. Just keep walking through the town. It goes straight through. When you get to the other side you'll see the turn-off place. You can see the tents. If that truck doesn't come soon, I'll start walking myself. The Germans will be coming down that road any minute."

"Thanks," Tap said.

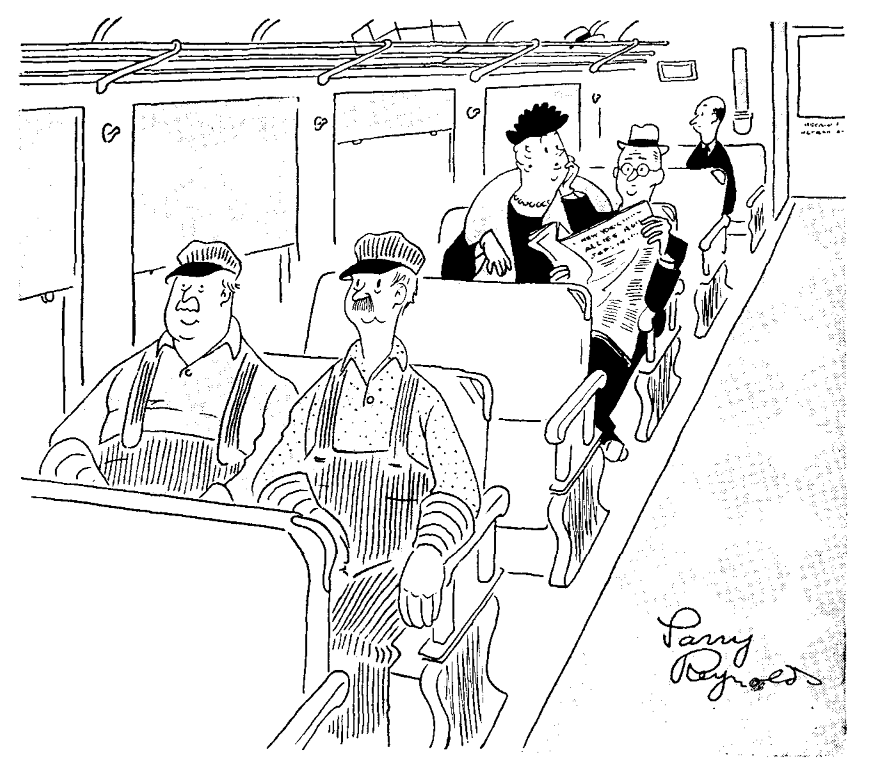
"It's a bloody mess, isn't it?" the Australian said.

"Certainly is," Tap agreed.

"Come on," Quayle told Helen.

"S'long," Tap said to the Australian.

The Australian watched the five of them walking down the road slowly and with no energy. They're certainly a bloody mess, too, he was thinking. I'll bet that signal truck got it in the neck. . . . This is certainly like the country around Rose Bay. . . . It's certainly funny being here. . . . I wish that signal truck would hurry up. . . . I'll wait till they get down a bit and if there's no truck by then I'll take to the hoof. . . .



"Just the same, dear, I'd feel better if you had a look into that locomotive"

LARRY REYNOLDS

It's certainly a bloody mess, a bloody mess all right.

He watched them disappear into the redness of the horizon and the black pall of smoke and the poplars. He was alone right in the middle of this whole world, in the warmth and the quietness, with just the wide flat river and the pleasant greenness and the poplars—and absolutely nothing around him. And soon the Germans would be here. This country is certainly like Rose Bay, I think I'll get out of here now.

And he started to walk down the road.

THEY could see the Hurricane burning as they walked along the edge of the grass field that had been made an airdrome. They could see the two high trucks at the end of the field and the other two Hurricanes at a short distance from each other. This looks as if they're clearing out, Quayle was thinking. We can probably climb on one of their trucks.

They reached the men loading the truck with large boxes.

"Is there an officer around?" Tap asked.

"Over there," one of the aircraftsmen said. They were all looking at the five of them. Helen waited while Quayle and Tap walked urgently to the group near the burning plane.

"Are you clearing out?" Quayle said to the flight lieutenant who was looking at the plane.

"Well, where did you spring from?"

"We came from Ioannina. We'd like a lift on your truck."

"We're from Eighty Squadron," Tap said. "You're Seventy-three, aren't you?"

"Yes," the flight lieutenant said. "What have you been doing?"

"This is John Quayle," Tap said to the flight lieutenant.

"Well, for heaven's sake! You're certainly good and alive," the flight lieutenant said. "They all thought you were dead. You're quite a hero. What happened to you?"

"I crashed. What about the truck?"

"They're leaving now."

"Can you let HQ know we're coming down?" Tap asked.

"We've no communication now. But I'll tell them. I'm flying back. Those blighters just shot us up. Did you see it?"

"Yes."

"We lost this one. Come on over and I'll tell the sergeant you can go with him."

They walked back to the truck. The flight lieutenant told the sergeant that the two were coming with him.

"We've got a couple of Greeks and a Greek girl I'm going to marry," Quayle said. He did not like to say that, but he knew it was better to tell it now and save explanations.

"I doubt about the Greeks. We're pretty well loaded down," the flight lieutenant objected.

"We had better get moving, too," the sergeant said. "Are you taking off now?"

"Yes. Look, take the Greeks, will you, Sergeant? They've brought these officers from Ioannina. Afraid you'll have to give them a lift. Pitch something off if it's too heavy. All right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, the others are waiting for me," the flight lieutenant said. "There's a pilot officer in the first truck. That's his Hurricane that's burning. He'll look after you. Give you some food. Look after them, will you, Sergeant?"

"Yes, sir."

"S'long. Glad you're all right, Quayle."

"S'long," Quayle said to him and shook hands. "Thanks for everything!"

"I'll tell them when I get to Athens," the flight lieutenant said as he walked quickly to his plane.

They stood and watched him climb in. The fitter was there and had already started the engine. He was walking toward them as they watched the flight lieutenant taxi with the others to the end of the field to form a rough V. The Hurricanes had just turned around and were in line when Quayle heard the quiet roar. He looked quickly toward where he had heard it and saw the large flight coming from behind the mountains. He saw immediately their square shorn wings and knew they were Messerschmitts. He wanted to run and warn the Hurricanes but they were already taxiing down to lift and take off.

"Look," Tap shouted. He was pointing to the Messerschmitts coming down in a steep dive from the glide.

The fitter groaned as he came. Quayle was silent. He could feel and see and know now what was going to happen.

"Get down!" Tap shouted. They were all lying flat on the grass, waiting.

Only Quayle stood there. He could see this happening. The Messerschmitts came straight onto the Hurricanes just as their wheels were off the ground and they were lame, with their undercarriages still down.

"You dogs!" Quayle shouted as loud as he could.

The Messerschmitts came in threes, and then there was the burst. He heard the roaring of the Hurricanes and knew they did not know the Messerschmitts were almost on them. There was all roaring and nothing else now. The Hurricanes were nearly above him when the first three Messerschmitts were pulling out of their dive and firing.

There was the quick burst, then the long one and the quick one and the roaring. The Messerschmitts pulled up. Quayle saw the kicking of the machine-gun bullets along the field near him. He stood there and looked at death. The Hurricanes were aware now.

THE second three Messerschmitts came on them—and there was the burst. The Hurricanes were beating it flat and trying to climb but there was the burst from each one and the lick of flame and the tracers and the terrific noise. Quayle was standing up shouting, as the Hurricane in the lead burst into flames and fell in the split fraction of a second, the white flat *plumph* of it exploding into ten thousand pieces. And still the noise of the flying continued, and the other two Hurricanes were loping flat and climbing, and the third three Messerschmitts were coming down. Quayle was still standing there, shouting and watching the Hurricanes because they had got more height. They were good and climbing now and were doing the right thing—weaving and climbing—and Quayle knew they would be all right because the Messerschmitts had used up too much height value in their initial dive and were disappearing over the mountain. And there was the smell of the Hurricane burning.

"It was the flight loot," he heard the fitter say to the sergeant.

"Proper goner, too. The bloody hounds!"

"Come on, we'll take a look."

"It's no use," the sergeant said. "He's a goner."

"The skunks. The filthy skunks, fancy them doing that!"

"What do you expect them to do? Wait for us to ask them?" Tap said. He was angry, standing next to Quayle and watching the high black smoke that added to the smoke in the air from Larissa and from the other Hurricane that had been shot up on the ground.

Helen walked to Quayle and he looked at her slowly when she touched him. He could see that she was crying without sound.

"It is all terrible!" She said it to the earth and not to the people around her.

(*To be continued next week*)

Richard Decker

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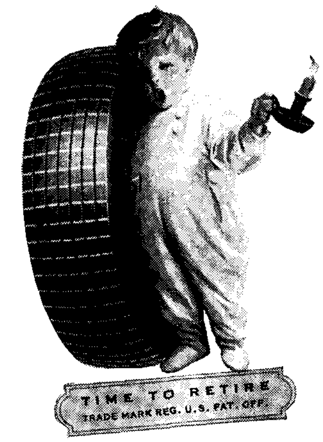
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# Good and Married

Continued from page 26

Most people don't know what marriage counseling is. Some people, if they've any contact with Joe and Betty College, know that a good many colleges and universities are now giving courses with names like Preparation for Marriage, Marriage and Family Relationships, and so on, but that's all they do know.

Actually marriage counseling is pretty closely tied up with both courts of domestic relations and with Joe and Betty College. Particularly Joe and Betty College, because though sociologists and home economists and psychologists have worried their heads over marriage for a long time, feeling that a relationship that was supposed to last for life was maybe something worth studying, they couldn't make much progress until the boys and girls in college decided the same thing. And they have. Ten years ago there were possibly half a dozen courses in marriage in all the colleges in the United States. Today there are 234, all of them elective, all of them jammed. And in the coeducational colleges a good many of the courses are nearly as crowded with boys as with girls.

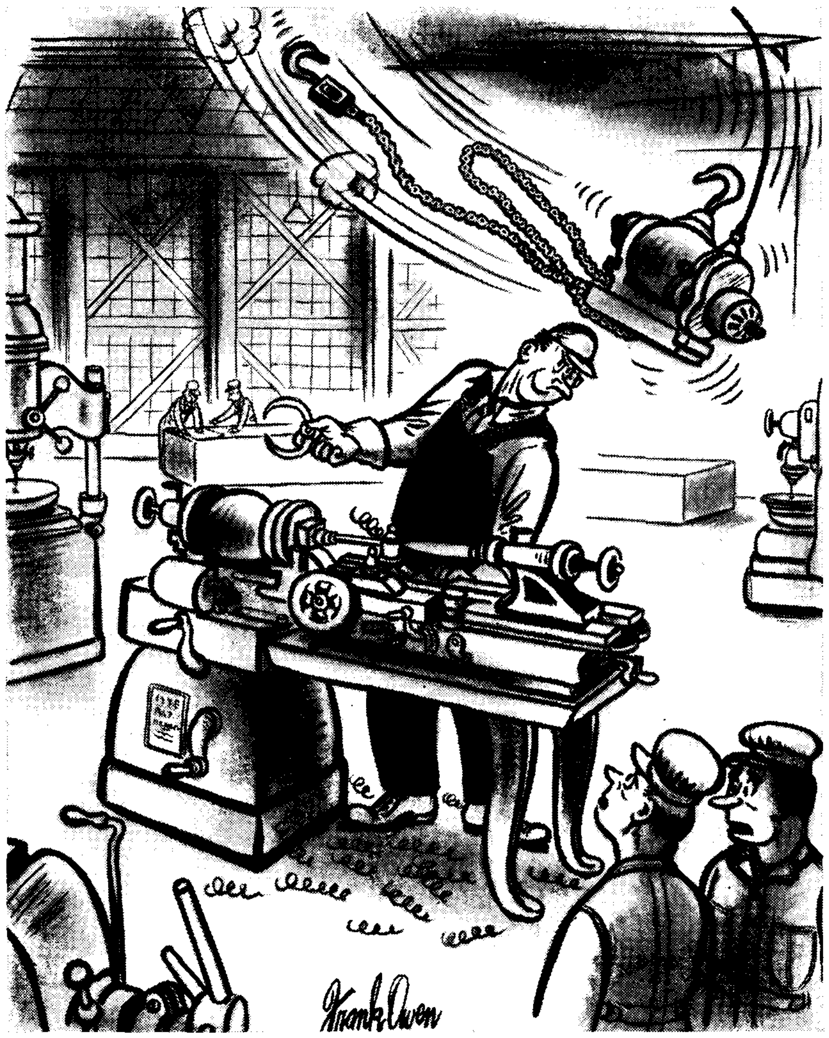
Ten years ago there were possibly one or two marriage counsel bureaus in the United States, all of them brand new. Today there are twenty-five busily counseling in twelve different states; not many, considering that divorce rate and how much marriage counseling is needed, but enough, anyway, to show that young people, whether they go to college or not, must be feeling the need of lessons in living together.

### Friendly, Expert Guidance

Marriage counsel bureaus are the friendly places where married or about-to-be-married people can discuss privately with an expert all the questions about marriage that they have been unable to answer for themselves, all the problems, usually minor but sometimes frighteningly major, that they have been unable to solve for themselves. They are usually nonprofit organizations, privately run, but almost always with the ardent co-operation of the local colleges, churches and Y.W.C.A.'s. The best known and probably the oldest is the Institute of Family Relations in Los Angeles under the direction of Paul Popenoe. It runs to four directors, a dozen or so assorted counselors, and a fairly complicated organization. But Marriage Counsel in Philadelphia, another one of the pioneers, which has been at work for ten years under the direction of Mrs. Stuart Mudd, is probably more typical with its three or four trained counselors, a secretary, a lending library and some consulting physicians and psychiatrists.

Marriage counselors are apt to be trained psychologists, social workers, sociologists or doctors, though they don't have to be. What they do have to be is well adjusted to life themselves, with a talent for understanding and interviewing people, and a good deal of specific education in the economics, psychology and physiology of marriage. Usually, since some men would rather talk to a man about their problems, there is a man among the counselors, but most of them are women.

In case you're wondering with a faint dismay who could possibly bring themselves to go to an impersonal organization to discuss anything as personal as their own marriage, here is how it has worked out in something like a thousand cases in Marriage Counsel in Philadelphia. The clients seem to be pretty evenly divided, half already married and half about to be married. Of the married ones, most have been married less than five years and nearly all have come in before their marriages have reached a definite breaking point. Marriage Counsel thinks this is one of the strongest proofs of how necessary such a service is. At the breaking point these people could go to court or to a psychiatrist. But there is no other organization ready to give help to fairly normal young people with fairly normal problems. And young is the proper adjective; three quarters of all the people coming to Marriage Counsel for help are under thirty. Three quarters are women and a quarter men. Over half are Protestants, about a third Jewish and about ten per cent are Catholics. The clients pay if they can, but are never refused because they cannot pay. As for education, about a quarter of the clients have been through college and another half through high school.



"He's a precision-machine operator—works in 1,000th-inch tolerances—that's as far away as his pride will let him duck!"

FRANK OWEN

A recent Marriage Counsel survey is revealing an interesting little tie-up between marriage counseling and education. Almost never, they are discovering, does a person who has no more than grade-school education come in for premarital counseling, though a good many with this type of education have come for help when their marriages were in really serious shape. As people have more education, apparently, they are more and more likely to come to Marriage Counsel for premarital advice. Among these who had been through high school the proportion of premarital to postmarital clients was much more equal. And by the time you reach the college group the number of people who came for advance advice about their marriages is much greater.

As to how these young people find their way to Marriage Counsel—well, take a young girl who is going to be married. She comes from what is known as a strict home. Her mother is what is known as a good woman. Perhaps it has never occurred to the girl that she could ask her mother any questions about the physical side of marriage. Perhaps—and Marriage Counsel's records are full of such cases—she has asked her mother and has been answered by tears or bitter silence. But this girl, for all her repressed background, is intelligent enough to realize that everybody doesn't feel that way about marriage. She may have a friend who has been to Marriage Counsel before her own marriage. Or she may go regularly to the Y.W.C.A. and happen to mention her feeling of inadequacy to one of the leaders there. Marriage Counsel has had any number of clients referred in just those ways.

Or take a young man. His wife cries all the time. No matter what he does or says to try to make her happier she still cries if he so much as mentions the weather or that the meat is a little tough. Perhaps he knows his minister or his doctor well enough to mention casually that his marriage is not all laughter and kisses. The minister or more often the doctor is very apt to send him and his problem along to Marriage Counsel.

Other clients are referred by social-service agencies, by the courts and by the local maternal health center. And perhaps most of all are sent by college professors in the schools where marriage courses are taught but still not early enough or widely enough. Educators, of course, feel that the very best place for education for marriage is at home, and the best time the twenty or so years from birth to marriage but not many homes so far are wise enough or relaxed enough to graduate boys and girls who need no further marriage counseling.

Now let's get back to the hundreds of engaged men and women who have come in to Marriage Counsel, sometimes singly, sometimes in pairs, to talk to an expert about their marriages. They are the least dramatic group the Counsel sees. They have no broken hearts to mend and no serious mistakes to make up for. But they're the most important group all the same. They're the future of marriage. They're the future of democracy. They're the lower divorce rate for 1950.

So here they are, a little shy but very much in earnest, and here is the expert. She doesn't lecture them. She doesn't wrap up and deliver so many fixed ideas or bits of information. She tries to find out what it is basically that bothered them enough to send them to a total stranger for advice. Obviously things they couldn't discuss satisfactorily with anyone closer. And what are they?

### Sex and Marriage

Well, most of them want to know first of all about the physical side of this marriage they're getting into for life. It's rather odd, actually, how carefully the connection between marriage and sex is guarded by society at large. As far as the reading public is concerned, there is a lot closer relationship between sex and college proms than between sex and marriage, and a lot closer relationship between marriage and cooking than between marriage and making love. Which is pretty ridiculous, and one big reason, experts agree, why so many marriages fall to pieces. Because whether you admit it publicly or privately or not at all, the fact still remains that a happy marriage is pretty generally dependent on a happy love relationship, and a happy love relationship is as complicated and a lot more important than balancing a budget.

Joe and Betty College are beginning to think so, too. That's why they crowd these courses in marriage all over the country. And don't think it's salacious interest. You only want to be told about sex when you don't know. Once you know, it becomes part of your education, part of your background. It isn't the ones who have learned what they felt they needed at marriage courses that come to Marriage Counsel, but the ones who haven't.

So the marriage counselor tries to tell them what they want to know about themselves and each other, again not with a fixed lecture but trying to follow the client's lead and answer his or her spoken or unspoken questions. She explains pretty specifically that men and women are not only physically different but also emotionally and psychologically, and how important it is for each to make allowances for those differences. Individual men and women differ too, in their desires and needs, she explains, but most impulses are normal and ought to be considered so. There is no one correct way of making love and many couples find that their love grows on subtle change and variety. The basic philosophy behind all her words is that happiness in marriage is an achievement, not a discovery, and that with a little time and patience a love relationship can usually be worked out which is joyous to both the man and woman, and grows more rather than less joyous with years of living together.

Since people often can absorb ideas through reading, which they can't accept in conversation, Marriage Counsel has a wide variety of sound books on all aspects of marriage which the client may borrow. It is important for the counselor to lend books which the client will be able to accept and absorb, and this is one of the most difficult and delicate aspects of her job. Very occasionally a client will return a book with horror at its frankness, but this is not the fault of either the book, the client or Marriage Counsel. It's the fault of society and some of its ostrich attitudes, and the sort of fault marriage counseling is busy trying to make up for. In general the books are intelligently and appreciatively read.

### Not Afraid of Responsibility

Along with information about love relationships, most engaged couples—like it or not—want to know about contraception. Marriage Counsel doesn't find this at all alarming. Only once in its ten years of existence has it run into a client who didn't want children at all. This was a girl who thought, mistakenly, that she had a hereditary strain of insanity and the marriage counselor was able to convince her that she was wrong. Generally, it is a case of couples wanting to be a little more economically secure before they take on anything as permanent as a baby. They aren't afraid of responsibility, they just want to be sure they are equal to it. A good many, for instance, want premarital examinations to see that they are in good shape to undertake both marriage and children.

Marriage Counsel isn't equipped, of course, to give physical examinations or contraceptive help, but the counselor discusses the problems pretty carefully with the client and then refers him or her to a competent doctor. She has to refer her unmarried clients to a doctor in private practice, regardless of their economic position, for it is another of the idiocies of our society that less than half a dozen planned parenthood clinics in the whole United States are able to give help or information to people when they are about to be married and need this help the most.

But physical problems are by no means the only problems that are brought to Marriage Counsel. One of the commonest questions is whether a girl should keep on working after she is married. The problem, of course, is largely whether it will hurt her husband's pride or his standing in the community. A good many think it will, and if either the man or woman feels pretty strongly about this, the counselor is apt to advise the girl to give up her job even though it means a much lower standard of living. But there are two sides of the problem to consider, for some women need an outside job to keep them from being restless and unhappy, and all the love in the world isn't going to make up for this need. So if a man with a sole-protector psychology is engaged to a girl who is basically a career girl there is almost sure trouble ahead. Mrs. Mudd, who has done a good deal of lecturing at various Philadelphia colleges and organizations, says she has run into more intense feeling and emotional conflict over this question of working wives than over any other problem.

The next most frequent problem is, not surprisingly, in-laws. Marriage Counsel's advice here is, just about always, Don't. Don't live with your in-laws. If it means one room and a bare table, have the room and table for your own. Marriage Counsel has seen too many marriages at the breaking point in the past ten years from the inability of the wife or husband to change over from dependence on father or mother to dependence on husband or wife. Be tolerant, be polite, be affectionate to your in-laws, advises Marriage Counsel, but fight your own fights, solve your own problems, make your own decisions. Ida and Jakey back there in the beginning didn't know they were running into two of the toughest problems young married people can face when they decided to get married and have Ida live at home and keep on working.

The married clients who come in are apt to have much more difficult and more complicated problems. Often the question that brings them in is physical but, and this is both surprising and interesting, it frequently turns out that the sexual difficulty is an outgrowth of some psychological or social difficulty.

One woman who came to Marriage Counsel to discuss her lack of emotional response to her husband turned out to be bitterly jealous of his first wife and to feel miserably inferior to her. When the counselor made her see this and helped her understand that a person could, after all, have two loves in a lifetime, she was able to return her husband's love without reservations.

And there are plenty of other kinds of problems. One bride who had always thought her parents were blissfully happy together discovered the day before her marriage that they had only stuck it out because of her, and that her mother personally doubted if marriage could ever bring anything but misery. Add to the sense of insecurity this gave her an abnormal possessiveness on her mother's part and you have a nice problem for Marriage Counsel to work on. It might have failed, too, Mrs. Mudd admits, if it hadn't been for the draft. The girl's husband was sent to camp and wanted his wife to come live near him. She did, and they now show signs of living happily ever after.

One young man whose wife was working so that he could finish an important course he was taking suddenly decided because she was always too tired at night to be entertaining that he and she had nothing in common. They were on the verge of separation when the young wife came to Marriage Counsel. The counselor saw that the husband was clearly a little boy who hadn't learned to take his gingerbread without gilt. She talked to both of them and then advised the wife to walk out on her husband for a while and give him a chance to grow up. The effect of a few homely truths and a little solitude on the young man was remarkable. When his wife returned after a few weeks, she shifted to a job which was related to his work so that they had more things to talk about together and when last seen, by chance by the counselor, were walking happily down the aisle of a theater, arm in arm.

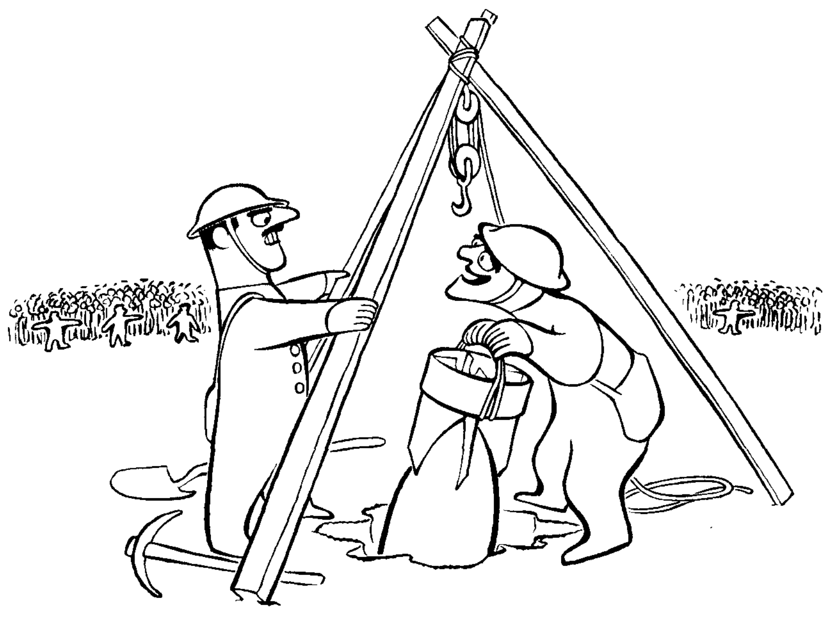
### The Root of Marriage Difficulties

The counselor tries very hard to find out the real problem and help the client to look at it with grown-up eyes. You are not going to get very far with the problem of your husband's rudeness to your parents if the facts are that you have never broken away from their domination and your husband is treated a good deal like an outsider by all of you, and you don't know these facts. Often just getting the husband and wife to see their troubles from the same point of view is all that is necessary.

But occasionally there are situations where no amount of discussion is going to solve the problem: if the husband is a pathological drunkard, for instance, and has no desire to get over it. Or if the wife is so immature and neurotic that she is unable to cope with even the simple marriage responsibilities of meals and laundry. In cases like these, though, Marriage Counsel feels that divorce is always like a major operation. It sometimes seems the only solution and the counselor has to be brave enough to say so. After all, one of the partners in an ill-matched marriage of this sort may be perfectly normal and deserving of a chance for happiness. Moreover, there is a good deal of evidence that children brought up in homes of perpetual conflict are more likely to grow up ineffective citizens than children brought up by one affectionate parent.

Marriage Counsel in Philadelphia, like all the other marriage counseling organizations, wants to help build stable, intelligent homes that can produce brave, intelligent citizens for a world that is going to need them badly. But it believes that, in war or peace, in feast time or famine, the only stable homes are intrinsically happy ones. A wise columnist remarked in print some years ago that marriage survived as an institution not because of the church or because of children or for any other high moral or sociological reason, but because it was more fun than a picnic. Marriage Counsel, accepting the fact that the best picnics have spiders and mosquitoes and sometimes even poison ivy, thinks this should be true.

THE END



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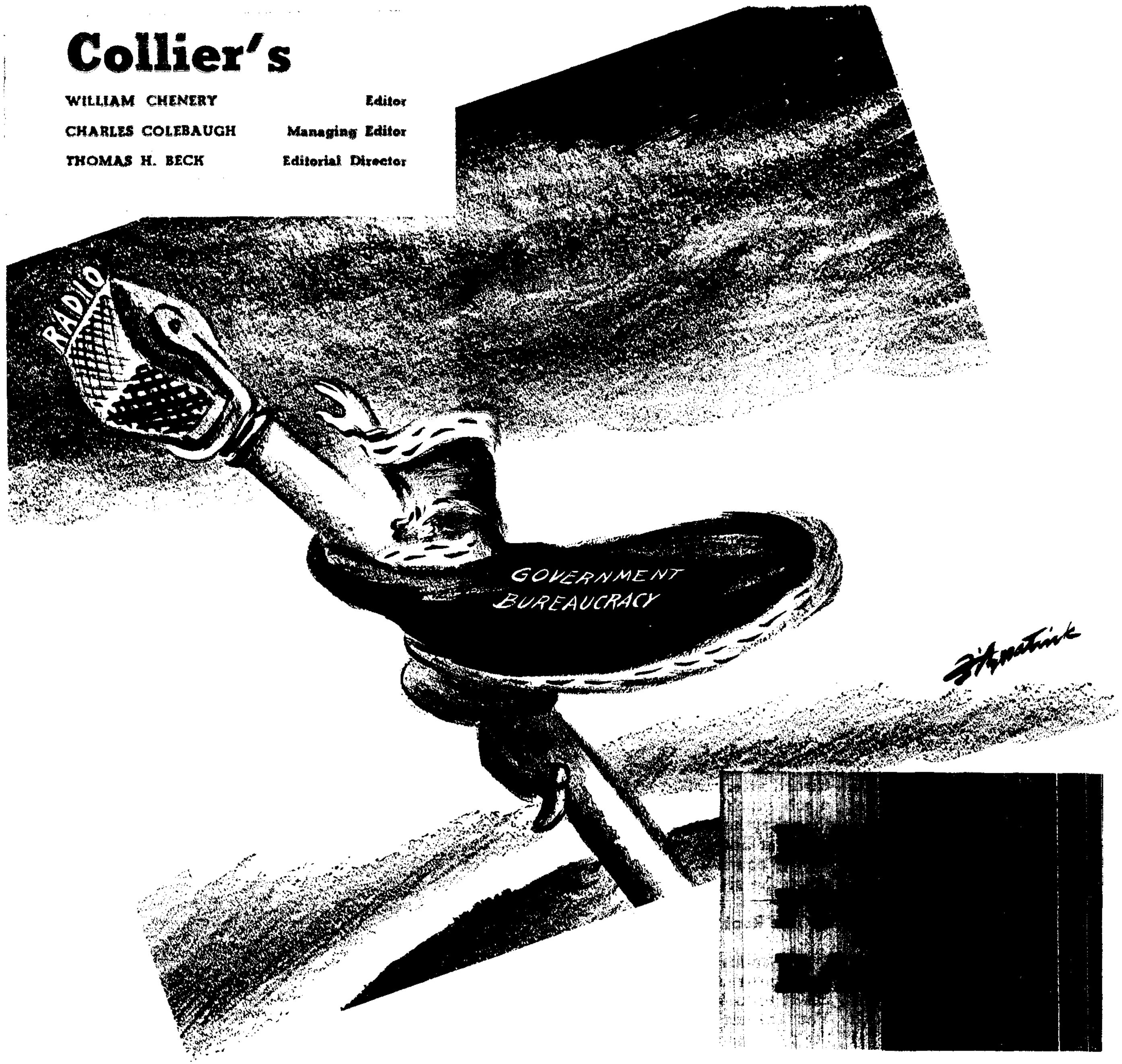


WHEN William S. Paley, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, stood up recently before the House Interstate Commerce Committee and let fly some broadsides at the Federal Communications Commission, we could not forbear to cheer.

Paley wants Congress to limit the FCC strictly to regulating traffic on the air waves by allocating wave lengths to keep stations from interfering with one another.

The FCC's majority members, led by Chairman James L. Fly, have long been angling for power to regulate the character of the programs that the various networks and stations broadcast. These men want to pass on the morality, quality and general desirability of those programs. Thus, they seek a power over radio which no bureaucrats have yet succeeded in gaining over the press in this country, though plenty have tried.

If the FCC should get that power, as Mr. Paley points out, it would get the power to say what should and should not be broadcast—and there would go glimmering a huge piece of the constitutional guaranty of freedom of speech in the United States.

CBS's president puts the matter in these words:

> "Great danger exists, whether the commission can censor in advance or whether it is in position to revoke a license or to hand over a wave length to someone else by an ex-post-facto judgment that programs have not been in the public interest. Let the commission once be able to say, 'We do not like the advertising,' or 'There was too much jazz music,' or 'We disapprove of the quality of dramatic programs,' or 'We think the news should be handled differently,' or 'Broadcast Station A should have taken programs from Network B,' and the broadcaster is bound hand and foot, subject to subservient compliance or the death penalty. One victory for the commission in any such judgment after the fact, and from then on, its whispered wishes will be amplified over all the kilocycles in the land. So, in effect, power of censorship after publication in the hands of a licensing authority in reality can always be power of censorship before publication, which is contrary to the whole theory of freedom of speech and of publication in America."

In other words: Give the FCC power to pass on the character of radio programs, and if the FCC thinks Charlie McCarthy isn't elevating enough, Charlie will have to get off the air, and too bad about the fact that millions of people like to listen to his inspired idiocies; if the FCC doesn't like Raymond Gram Swing's mental processes, Swing will have to fall silent; if the FCC feels that the Metropolitan Opera is a little too good for the common people, the Met will have to drop the broadcasts which have endeared it to some 10,000,000 listeners. And so on.

We hope radio will keep on fighting any and all FCC attempts to regulate any part of radio except the wave lengths, and we hope Congress will prevent any and all such FCC grabs for power to censor radio.

The best censorship for radio is the censorship which has operated on it from the beginning —customer censorship, exercised whenever listeners turn away in mass from a program which has lost their approval. That is the only kind of censorship (aside, of course, from the necessary withholding of military secrets in time of war) that can be consistent with the Bill of Rights.

## Rationing and Rot

WE KNOW of no American who is unwil ing to endure any privations that may b necessary to help us win the war. Gasoline ra tioning, sugar rationing, the rationing of dozen more items by October 1st, as predicte by Leon Henderson—it's all okay if it contrib utes to the building up of our fighting strengt by land, sea or air.

But we dislike intensely, and have yet t meet up with anybody who doesn't dislike in tensely, the talk that emanates from some c our leaders about how the American peopl have gone fat and soft and all this rationing i going to be good for them.

That is rot. Bataan, Corregidor and the Bat tle of the Coral Sea, not to mention Jimm Doolittle & Co.'s bombing of Tokyo, give th lie to the charge that we're fat and soft. Eco nomics and common sense give the lie to th claim that these restrictions are going to b good for us.

They are not going to be good for us They are already cutting into our standard of living and will cut much deeper before w are finished with them. They will dilute th quality of many manufactured articles, stimu late bootlegging of various kinds, stir up wide spread resentment, injure business, breed al manner of injustices and inequities, and plant a lot of people in public jobs from which it will be difficult if not impossible to blast those people after the war.

That is the plain truth about rationing. necessary though it may be. Why not look the truth in the face? Why try to pretty up something that is not pretty, or kid ourselves that an unmitigated curse is a blessing in disguise?

The trouble is that war itself is a curse—which is the chief reason for fighting a war to the uttermost in the hope of ending it as soon as possible. Let's take all the miseries that necessarily go with war, but let's not like them or try to like them. That would be the first step toward falling in love with war—a mistake for which the Germans and the Italians are now paying through the nose, and for which the Japanese will pay through the nose in due time.

## White Feather and Glass Eye

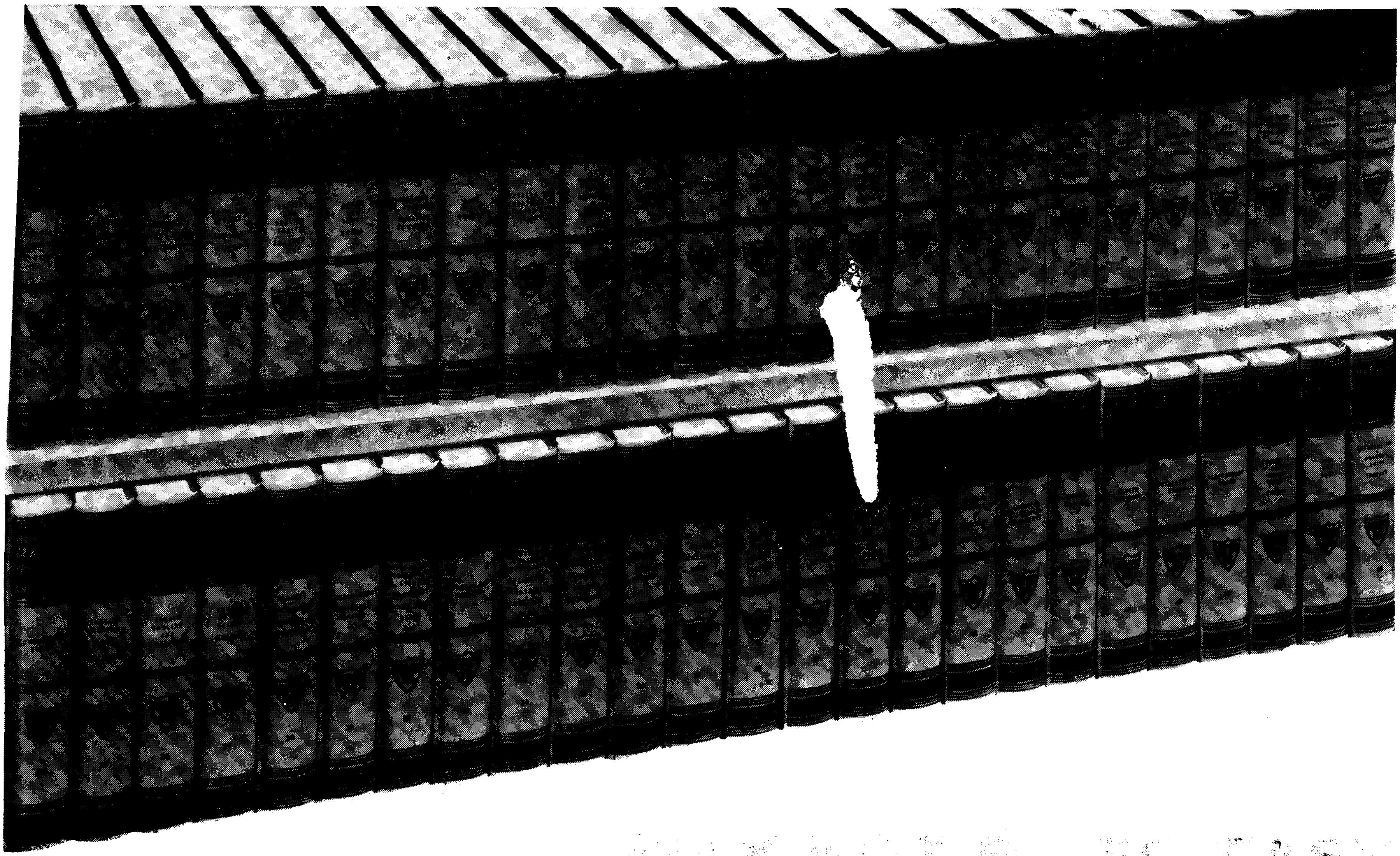
HERE is as poignant a story as we've ever seen come out of a war:

> SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—Lieut. Jack Leslie Perry, who lost an eye in action, was handed a white feather by a young woman as he walked along the street in civilian clothes. Perry said nothing, but dropped his glass eye in the woman's hand.

That writes its own editorial, poem, epic. Indeed, it was all anticipated some 1909 years ago, in the Sermon on the Mount: "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

The incident is a good one to call to mind now and then, in this time of war and hatred, strained emotions and suspicion. Hasty judgments are more dangerous in wartime than at any other time. Give people the benefit of the doubt, now more than ever before; don't jump to conclusions about them.

But we're wandering off into generalities. If you'll think for a minute or so about the story of the white feather and the glass eye, and all the implications thereof, you'll see more clearly than we can tell you what we're driving at.



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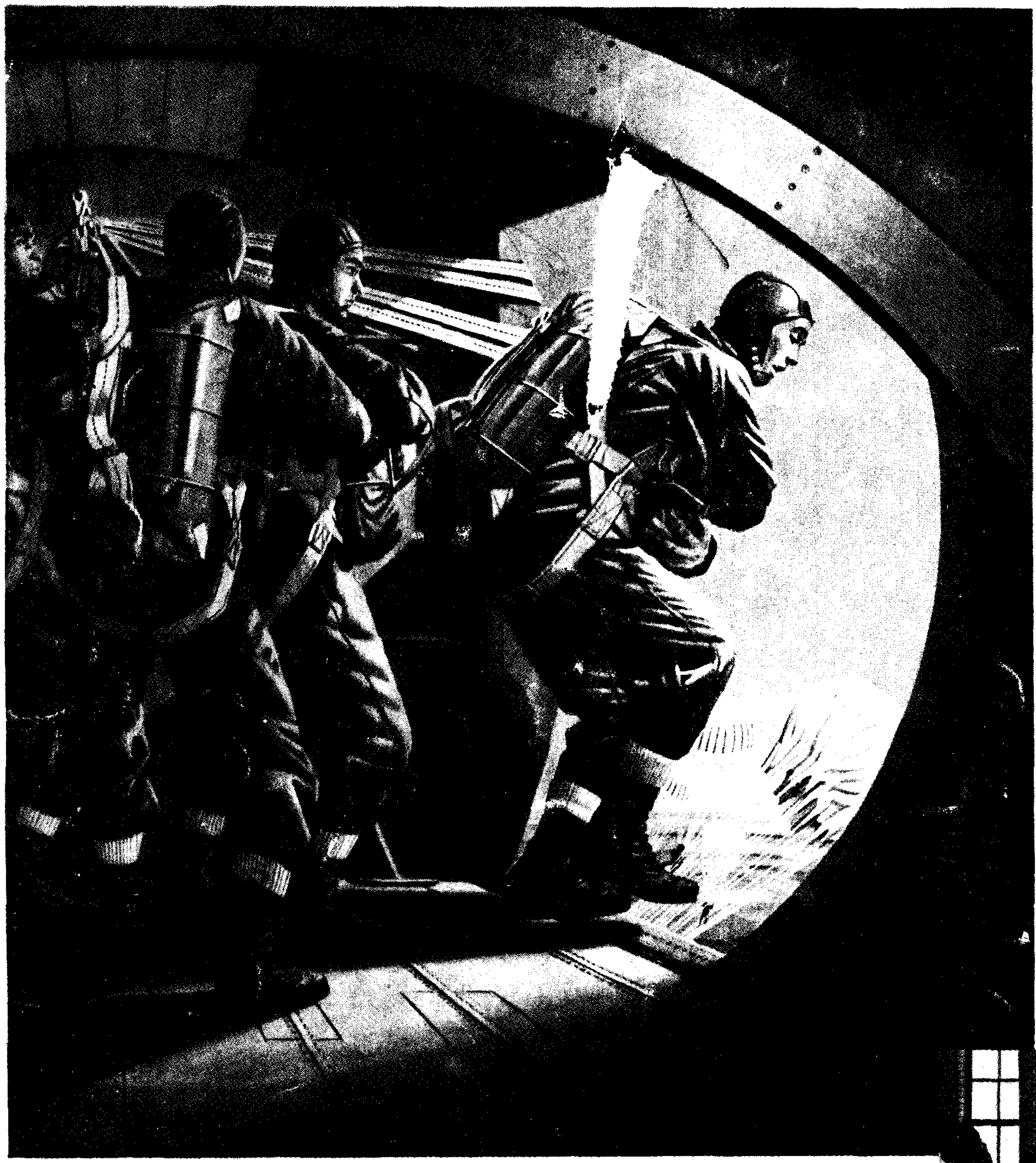

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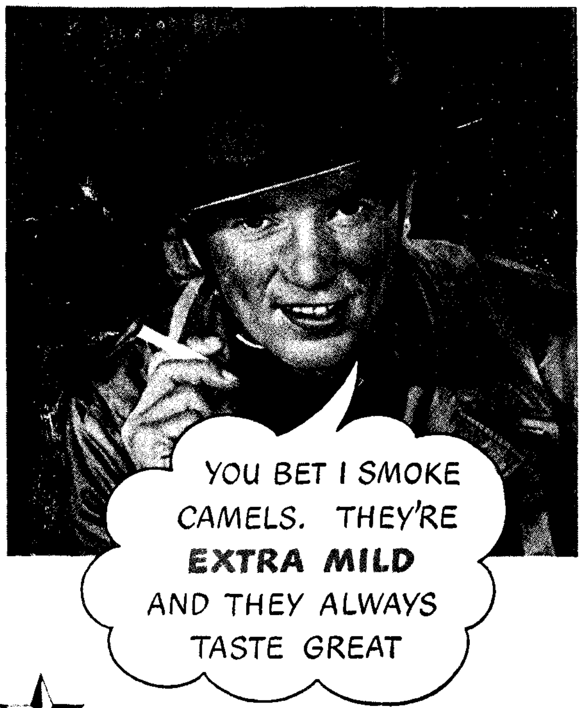
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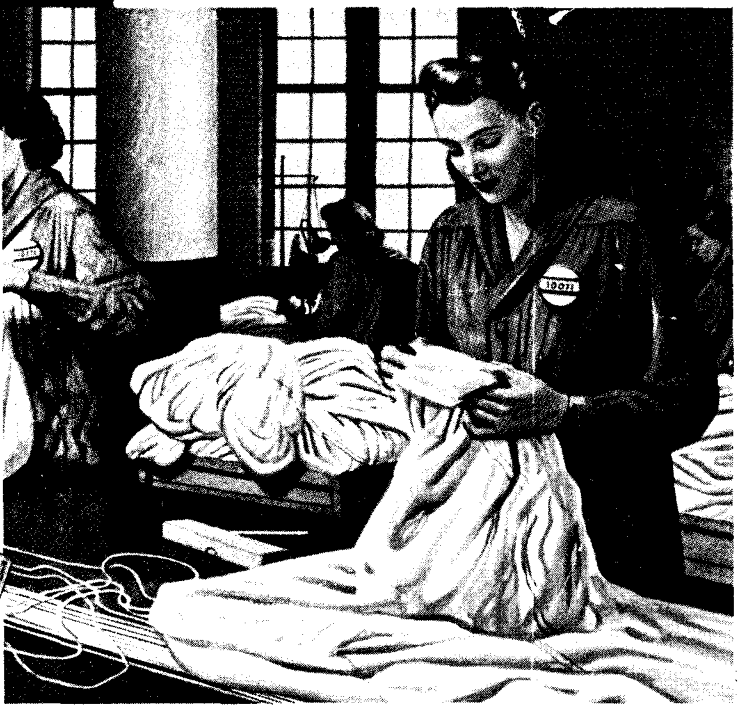

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